February
1928

The BOOKMAN

A Revue of Life and Letters

Beginning—

BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Edited by
BURTON RASCOE

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Coming in **The BOOKMAN** *for March*

BOSTON: *A Contemporary Historical Novel* *by* UPTON SINCLAIR

The second installment of "Boston", equal in length to the first, completes the background of the story and introduces us to the remaining important characters. We see the main lines of the story shaping themselves as the characters begin to be caught up in the drama of their inevitable conflict.

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How The Outstanding Books Are Chosen Each Month

The Book-of-the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important new books each month—Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. They also choose the most outstanding book amongst these, and this is sent to all subscribers, *unless they want some other book which they may specify*. Or they need take none at all! Over 50,000 discriminating people now use this sensible and convenient service, to keep themselves from missing the best new books. It has, however, met with this interesting criticism: "I don't want anyone to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

HAVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you *must* read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation, *from some source*, that determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely free, but you exercise your choice *among recommended books*.

Now, what would be the difference, if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice *you would be enabled to exercise a greater liberty of choice* and, above all, you would actually *get* the books—without fail—that you decided to read. How?

How the "Book-of-the-Month" is Chosen

The publishers of the country submit what they themselves consider their important books to the Book-of-the-Month Club, far in advance of publication. Each member of the Committee reads these books independently. Once a month they meet, and choose the one they agree upon as being the most outstanding among those submitted—this is called the "book-of-the-month"—and usually they select from ten to fifteen other books, which they consider worthy of being recommended for one reason or another.

What is the effect of this? You will readily admit that books so chosen are *likely* to be ones you would not care to miss. Certainly, they will have as strong a recommendation behind them as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not considered infallible, and you are not compelled, willy-nilly, to accept it.

Before the "book-of-the-month" comes to you, and a month before it is published, you receive a carefully written report describing the sort of book it is. If you don't want it, you specify that some other book be sent instead. You make your choice from the other important new books, which are recommended by the Committee, *and carefully described in order to guide you in your choice*. If you want no book at all, in any one month, if none of them appeal to you, you specify that none be sent. If, however, you decide to take the "book-of-the-month" or any recommended book, and then find you are disappointed, *you can still exchange it for any other book you prefer*.

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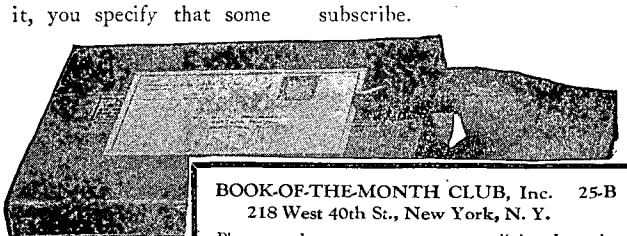

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In the BOOKMAN OFFICE

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

MR. SINCLAIR has written the following preface to "Boston":

The decision to write this novel was taken at nine-fifteen P.M. (Pacific Coast time), August 22nd, 1927: the occasion being the receipt of a telephone message from a newspaper, to the effect that Sacco and Vanzetti were dead. It seemed to the writer that the world would want to know the truth about this case; and his judgment proved correct, because there began a flood of cablegrams and letters from five continents, asking him to do the very thing he had decided upon.

A "contemporary historical novel" is an unusual art-form, and may call for explanation. So far as concerns the two individuals, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, this book is not fiction, but an effort at history; everything they are represented as doing they actually did, and their words have been taken from their letters, or from the dictation of friends a d enemies. Likewise these friends and enemies appear in their own persons and under their own names.

The story of business and high finance which parallels the Sacco-Vanzetti case throughout the book is a section of contemporary Boston history. It will be recognized as a famous case recently carried to the United States Supreme Court. But the persons who play parts in this melodrama of banking are fictional — or rather they have been so shuffled about in character, appearance and family history, that no one will have his feelings hurt. There is one simple rule for guidance in reading the novel: the characters who are real persons bear real names, while those who bear imaginary names are imaginary.

The writer has been visiting Boston off and on for twenty-five years. The first visits had to do with the novel "Manassas", and involved meetings with the city's old-time heroes, such as Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Frank B. Sanborn, Julia Ward Howe. The later visits, having to do with "The Brass Check", "The Goose-step" and "Oil!", involved a change of view-point not without its interest to students of our history. Nevertheless, it should be said at the outset that what is great in Boston will find its due recognition in this story. Those who have made the city's glory have never been its rulers, but always a "saving minority", and that minority is there today, and it is active.

The task has not been approached in a spirit of grudge; on the contrary, the writer regards with a mixture of gratitude and amusement those Boston officials who provided for "Oil!" an advertisement which went around the world several times. To them he owes the fact that he is almost out of debt to his printer, for the first time in twenty-five years as publisher of his own writings. An honest effort will here be made to portray a complex community exactly as it is. The story has no hero but the truth, and its heroines are two women, one old and the other young, who are ardently seeking the truth.

GEORGE HARTMAN is a portrait painter, born in Hoboken and now resident in New

THE BOOKMAN

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SEWARD COLLINS, *Publisher and Associate Editor*

Dorothea Brande, Managing Editor; George G. Livermore, Circulation Manager; Ethel Kelley, Advertising Manager.

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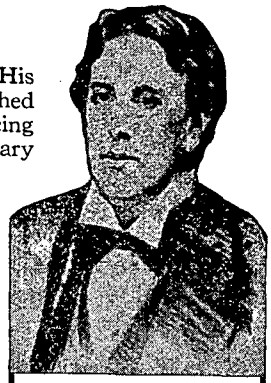

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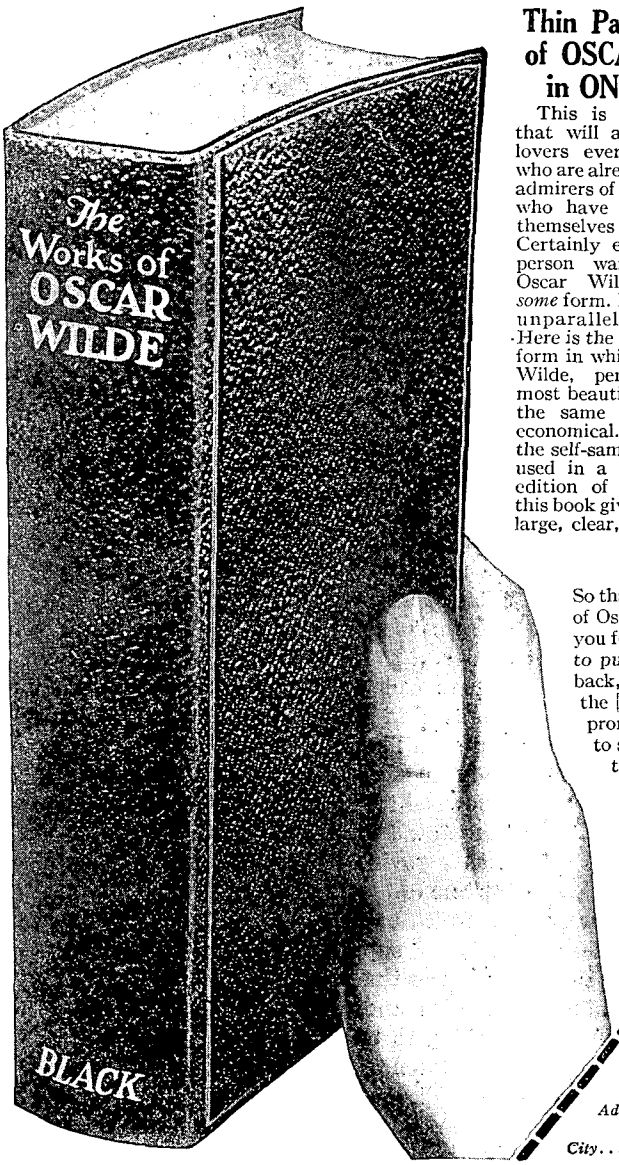

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York, who has gained considerable recognition with his portraits of literary celebrities, notably Ford Madox Ford, Sinclair Lewis, Isa Glenn, and Dorothy Parker.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH has had a varied editorial career, his work including *Hampton's, Travel, McCall's*, the *National Sunday Magazine*, and *Current Opinion*. He is the author of nine books of fiction, history, essays, and poetry. He was a close friend of the late O. Henry and he has been associated with the literary life of New York for many years. In his leisure he reads Greek and Latin, and it was from his meditations upon the Greek Anthology that he was moved to compose the poems printed in this issue.

KENNETH WALZ is an instructor in English at Cornell University.

CHARLES NORMAN is a young poet whose home is Provincetown, Mass., but who is now living in Paris.

SHANE LESLIE, the Irish novelist and essayist, contributed another article on Swift to last month's issue of THE BOOKMAN.

CHARLES G. SHAW has for some years been a contributor of light, satirical pieces to the magazines. A number of portraits in the style of the one on William Beebe in this issue will shortly appear in book form.

ROY L. MCCARDELL, newspaper man, fiction writer and motion picture scenarist, holds the record for the number of prizes won in contests open to the public. He has won a total of over $50,000 in first and second prizes, beginning with a cash prize of $2,000 and a silver trophy worth $1,000, won in the "Leaders of the World" competition for advertising ideas in 1911. In 1915 he won the $10,000 prize offered by the *Chicago Tribune*, the New York *Globe*, and the American Film Manufacturing company for the best motion picture serial — "The Diamond from the Sky". In 1922 he triumphed over 151,000 contestants in the United Cigar Stores prize competition for "Better Business Suggestions", winning $2,000. Since then he has won first or second prize in many contests. He was the originator of the newspaper colored comic sections, while on the staff of the New York *World* in 1896. For many years he wrote a daily newspaper serial called "The Jarr Family". Subsequently he conducted a humorous column on the New York *Morning Telegraph*. He is now engaged in writing photoplays and contributing to various magazines.

JENNETTE DOWLING is 18 years old and has two years to go yet before graduation at college. Her father is a Boston clergyman.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK contributed an article to the September, 1927, issue of THE BOOKMAN on "The High Cost of Economic Independence". She is a poet, playwright, and essayist who is a frequent contributor to the magazines. She is a Chicagoan, at present living at Croton-on-Hudson, New York.

WILLIAM A. MACDONALD, winner of the first news-story award, writes: "You ask something about my career as a newspaper man. If I believed in quotation marks, I would quote the word career. In the beginning, Mr. C. C. Cain, editor of the *Attleboro Sun*, one of the best of newspaper men, taught me the business. I came to the *Transcript* from the *Brockton Times*. For almost fifteen years I read copy on the news desk here. This copy reading was mixed with some honest reporting and a good deal of feature writing. Thus before being detached from the desk I had covered one corner of the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1920, the Scopes-Evolution trial in Tennessee, quite a bit of politics and such like. I have also done some book reviewing, ten years of play reviewing, and a few editorials. For what seems a long time now I have been a member of the staff with a roving commission and with no departmental connection. I propose assignments to or accept them from almost anybody. I suppose I have covered more sled dog races than any newspaper man in North America and most of them tell me it is nothing to be proud of. I was assigned to the Florence Mills story by Mr. George S. Mandell, managing editor of the *Transcript*. The assignment was at my own suggestion. You are in error in supposing that it is a

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departure for the *Transcript* to assign a staff man to cover such a story as that. That work is the sort that I have been doing for several years".

PAUL PATTERSON, president and executive editor of The Baltimore *Sun* and the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, is also president of the A. S. Abell company, publishers. He began his newspaper career as a reporter on the *Chicago Tribune* after leaving the University of Chicago. He subsequently served in various capacities on the *Chicago Journal*, the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, the *Chicago Examiner*, the *Washington Herald* and the *Washington Times*, until 1911 when he became managing editor of the Baltimore *Sun*. He has been with the Sunpapers ever since and has been largely responsible for the high standards and financial success of those dailies.

Commenting upon his selection of Mr. Macdonald's story Mr. Patterson added:

"Another story of a very different character, a description of a concert in an insane asylum, written by Meyer Levin and published in the *Chicago Daily News* of November 12, was so excellent that it compelled serious consideration for first choice, and certainly deserves special mention. Mr. Levin's story is a gem, a delicate, finely drawn picture of a difficult scene. It is marked by its restraint in tone; moreover, it is ideal from a newspaper standpoint, as to length. But Mr. Levin dealt with an episode, while Mr. Macdonald was faced with the task of describing an event of particular importance from many standpoints and a very emotional scene."

Mr. Patterson added that he would like to see Mr. Levin's story republished, if space permitted. We share his enthusiasm over Mr. Levin's story and wish we had the space for it.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER for many years has been one of the arbiters of poetic excellence in America. At the age of 17, he entered the business of his father, who was a manufacturer of jewelry, and wrote poetry in his spare time. In 1923 he resigned the vice-presidency of the concern to devote his entire time to study and writing. He has published many volumes of poems, parodies, criticism, translations, and anthologies. He is perhaps best known for "Challenge", "— And Other Poems", "The New Adam", and for his excellent translation of the poetry of Heinrich Heine. He has spent the last two years in Europe.

ROCKWELL KENT won instant public recognition not only as an artist but as an author with the publication of "Wilderness", a book of somewhat Blakean philosophical musings in words and in black and white drawings of a journey to Alaska with his son. He has since published "Voyaging", a book similar in character to his first one. He is a contributor to various magazines, and was until recently editor of *Adventure*. He is now editing the American section of *Creative Art*. Properly he is no longer a person but a corporation. He became Rockwell Kent, Inc., several years ago, and stock was sold with the view of the profit to be made out of his literary and artistic production.

HORACE M. KALLEN, graduate in philosophy at Harvard, Oxford and the University of Paris, was named by William James as editor of his unfinished work in philosophy. He taught philosophy at Harvard and logic at Clark College. He is now professor of philosophy in the New School for Social Research, New York City. His latest book is "Why Religion?"

B. H. HAGGIN is a writer on musical theory and composition for various magazines.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD is known internationally as "the glorifier of the American girl", through his work as the producer of the famous annual revue, "The Follies".

Miriam Colgate forwards to us this letter from Captain Dingle, the well-known writer of sea stories:

DEAR MISS COLGATE:

May I comment on your review of Gallions Reach in THE BOOKMAN? I was asked by *Harpers* to comment on this Tomlinson first novel, and I had to be honest and

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confess that the jacket blurbs damned it for me.

In your review you disagree with those who compare Tomlinson with Conrad. I agree with you there. Conrad never wrote anything half so formless, wandering, and trite as Gallions Reach.

Your own opinion, that "there is a shipwreck in this book for which I would trade three Niggers, etc.", gives me the first real insight into the causes of this book's surprising success. That shipwreck is the most impossible, unplausible, foolish bit of sea writing I ever saw; and I speak out of nearly forty years of seafaring, with just enough familiarity with authorship to allow for slight license where it is necessary to make a dramatic point.

If you can say what you say here, and mean it, I can understand why such rubbish gets praised by the mass of reviewers as comparable to Conrad. Poor Old Joe!

Tomlinson's prose is beautiful. Wonderful. He is worth reading for that alone. But as a sea novelist — Phew!

Most cordial regards,

Sincerely,

A. E. DINGLE
(Captain Dingle)

The article by Thoda Cocroft on Show Boats in the December BOOKMAN brought the following letter from Will Geer:

"It will not do for THE BOOKMAN'S readers to enter into the most exciting year with the impression that high-noon parades of actor-musicians are no longer held by the show-boat folk. Thoda Cocroft's article in the Christmas BOOKMAN anent the floating theater will bring a groan from many river-town people and house-boat actors that know Ferber's 'Show Boat' and THE BOOKMAN. For that matter, it is imperative that Benchley's readers know that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is still the most popular and frequently-played drama in The States.

"Last September I bobbed off at Vevay, Indiana—lured by Doc Bart's Ark Show Boat presenting 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'. Most of the company of twenty-four — including Simon Legree with a slide-trombone and a colored Uncle Tom, indecorously shirted and musically armed, fared forth *at high noon* in an elaborate parade that covered both the Indiana and Kentucky sides of the Ohio.

"This fanfare took place immediately after Doc Bart and Mrs. Doc had secured mayoral clemency from the old law that prohibits 'Tom' shows in Kentucky. The little Ark presented a good show — most of the actors doubling in brass as well as rôles, and the piece (down through the concert) held the audience that came across the river and out of the hills.

"Doc Bart had no trouble with his cook for the reason that the colored Uncle Tom acted as chef while his wife played Topsy with skill and gusto, and did a deal of the housekeeping besides! Their black Tom and their lawyer Marks had played their rôles years longer than Abie and his Rose."

A Woodcut by J. J. Lankes (Used without the artist's name in the Christmas Bookman)

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LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

LIFE in the publishing field is always an exciting affair, but never more so than in the early days of the year, when one is plunged from the rapids of Christmas gifts and holiday cheer into the whirlpool of publishers' lists. The spring flood of books is upon us again, and before the waters close over our head we grasp feebly but hopefully at the nearest ones, thinking to stay their course long enough to draw a few breaths of appreciation.

Titled appropriately for a companion in deep-sea diving among the books is *Tarka the Otter*, by Henry Williamson (Dutton). Remembrance of the still tragedy of "The Old Stag" is augur enough of the beauty of this animal story from England. Another importation which needs no press-agent is the collection of stories, *Etched in Moonlight*, by James Stephens (Macmillan). The same publisher presents Eden Phillpotts's *A Cornish Droll* — the Cornishman William, who says, "There's no doubt I was so wicked as I could be with my scanty gifts. The spirit was willing, but the pocket was empty and the brains was weak". "The little foolery that wise men have"!

As is true of practically every catalogue of the future's offerings, this spring's lists contain names of continental writers, with whose work Americans are already familiar. One of the most prominent — if only because the book has been announced for the past two seasons, is Hermann Sudermann's two-volume novel *The Mad Professor* (Boni & Liveright). This first novel from Sudermann's pen since "The Song of Songs" will find a representative welcoming committee, as will *The Son* of Hildur Dixelius (Dutton), in reality the son of Sara Alelia, "The Minister's Daughter". Now that Sigrid Undset has completed one trilogy with "The Cross", published last fall, she has started on a new one dealing again with mediaeval Norway, the first volume of which comes in the form of *The Axe* (Knopf).

But the game of familiar authors is not restricted to the continent. Sheila Kaye-Smith writes of *Iron and Smoke* (Dutton); Ruth Suckow of *The Bonney Family* (Knopf); Maxwell Bodenheim of *Georgia May* (Boni & Liveright); Arthur Somers Roche of *The Wise Wife* (Century); "Miss Tiverton" of *November Night* (Bobbs, Merrill); Roger Burlingame of *High Thursday* (Scribner); Anthony Pryde of *A Fool in the Forest* (Dodd, Mead); and Horace Walpole of *Wintersmoon* (Doubleday, Doran).

When it comes to the guessing game of new authors — a sport appealing strongly to publicational gamblers — tips are being given on Vina Delmar's *Bad Girl* (Harcourt) as well as on *Not Magnolia*, by Edith Everett Taylor (Dutton) and *The Hotel*, by Elizabeth Bowen (Dial Press). Perhaps the straightest tip of all is on Wilbur Daniel Steele's novel *Meat* (Harper), since his short stories have already been gambled on — to everybody's profit.

Detective stories, like travel books, are always with us in almost too great numbers to mention. Suffice it to say that among others J. J. Farjeon decides what casts *Shadows by the Sea* (Dial Press); Foster Johns finds the *Square Emerald* (John Day); with Ben Ames Williams we face *The Dreadful Night* (Dutton); and with Harry Stephen Keeler, in whose companionship we tried to "Find the Clock", we listen to *The Voice of the Seven Sparrows* (Dutton). John G. Brandon courageously explores *The Silent House* (Dial Press); and Kay Cleaver Strahan solves *The Desert Moon Mystery* (Doubleday, Doran).

Changelings are not so rare in the literary world as in the material one. Ramon Guthrie, whose "World Too Old" was a collection of poems, now casts off *Parachute*, a novel (Harcourt). On the other hand, the author of the novel "Shadows Waiting", Eleanor Carroll Chilton, has joined hands with Herbert S. Agar and William Fisher in poems of *Fire and Sleet and Candlelight* (John Day). Another community volume of verse is titled *Fugitives* (Harcourt), in which eleven poets, headed by Allen Tate,

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figure. Theodore Maynard sings of *Exiles* (Dial Press), but Humbert Wolfe puts in a gentle reminder that *Others Abide* (Doubleday, Doran). For diversified audiences are the volumes of poetry by Robert Hillyer, *The Seventh Hill* (Viking Press), and by Clinch Calkins, who modestly titles hers *Verse* (Knopf).

Perhaps the most widely-heralded biography, preceded as it was by the author's visit to America and its serial publication in a magazine is André Maurois's *Disraeli* (Appleton). Other political lights are taken care of in the three-volume *Life of Lord Curzon* (Stokes), Henry F. Pringle's *Roosevelt: The Man, not the Myth* and Hilaire Belloc's *Danton* (Putnam). Viking Press is following Langdon-Davies's, "Short History of Women" with a new series, titled "Representative Women" and edited by Francis Birrell, the first two volumes in which are *Mrs. Annie Besant*, by Geoffrey West; and *Aphra Behn* — the first woman in England to make her living by writing — by V. Sackville-West. Apropos of women writers, Ernest Dimnet deals with *The Brontë Sisters* (Harcourt), and Romer Wilson centers her attention on the *Life of Emily Brontë* (A. & C. Boni). Elizabeth Drew, the author of "The Modern Novel" now writes of *Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle* (Harcourt). On the male side of the ledger, Anthony Hope presents his *Memories and Notes* (Doubleday, Doran); Allan Nevins fills two volumes about *Frêmont* (Harper); Volume VI of Herzen's *Memoirs* (Knopf) is announced; and Claude M. Fuess tells of *Rufus Choate: The Wizard of the Law* (Minton, Balch). From the lighter side of life comes *Clowning Through Life*, by Eddie Foy and Alvin F. Harlow (Dutton); and *Wings of Song: The Story of Caruso*, by Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard (Minton, Balch). A publishing season without a Mussolini is incomplete, so once again attention is given to him, this time by Victor E. de Fiori in *Mussolini: The Man of Destiny* (Dutton).

Another figure in modern politics who is seldom neglected is Alfred E. Smith. Of him, Thomas H. Dickinson — the author of "Playwrights of the New American Theatre" — paints a *Portrait of a Man as Governor* (Macmillan). Evidently any stage serves to whet Mr. Dickinson's interest — and ours — whether it be political or theatrical. Turning to the more conventional use of the word, we have George Jean Nathan's stimulating comment on *Art of the Night* (Knopf). Sheldon Cheney gives his attention to *Stage Decorations* (John Day), while two plays which will undoubtedly be presented, but are now announced for book publication, are *Strange Interlude*, by Eugene O'Neill (Boni & Liveright); and *Twelve Thousand*, by Bruno Frank (Knopf).

For those interested particularly in the Elizabethan drama, Stopford Brooke has two volumes — *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare* and *Ten More Plays of Shakespeare*, both from the Oxford Press.

Criticism likely to interest more than the critics themselves is contained in *Beauty and the Beast*, by Joseph Gordon Macleod (Viking). As usual, the British critics and essayists are well represented among the early spring books. Arnold Bennett has a new volume *The Savour of Life* (Doubleday, Doran); Aldous Huxley carries on in *Proper Studies* (Doubleday, Doran); and G. K. Chesterton devotes himself to *The Myth of Stevenson* (Dodd, Mead). William A. Drake, the one American in the early group, talks of *Contemporary European Writers* (John Day).

With the critical eye turned upon life rather than on letters, England has seen *Possible Worlds*, by J. B. S. Haldane (Harper) and *Olives of Endless Age*, by H. N. *Brailsford* (Harper).

A provocative book which may have appeared before this announcement sees the light of day is Wyndham Lewis's attack on the philosophy of Time, *Time and Western Man* (Harcourt). The same publisher's list reveals *Defense of the West*, by Henry Massis; and a localized critique in *China: Where It Is Today — and Why!* by Thomas F. Millard.

Arthur Garfield Hays attacks what he believes is a concerted reactionary drive against liberty in *Let Freedom Ring* (Boni & Liveright). The widening circle of echoes from Patrick Henry's declaration takes

(*Continued on page XX*)

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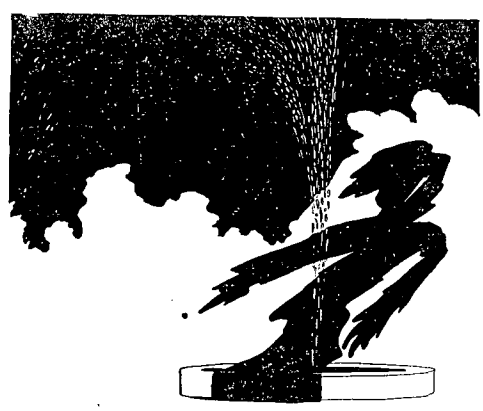

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of THE BOOKMAN, published monthly at Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1, 1927.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Seward B. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of The Bookman Publishing Company, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Seward B. Collins, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City;

Editor, Burton Rascoe, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City;

Managing Editor, Dorothea Brande, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City;

Business Managers, None.

2. That the owners are: The Bookman Publishing Co., Inc., 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Seward B. Collins, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) SEWARD B. COLLINS, President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of January, 1928.

NORA HUTTON.
Notary Public, New York County.
New York County Clerk's No. 297.
SEAL] New York Register's No. 9077.
(My commission expires March 30, 1929.)

(*Continued from page XVI*)

shape in Raymond Leslie Buell's *Native Problem in Africa* (Macmillan); in H. P. Davis's story of Haiti, *Black Democracy* (Dial Press); and in the *Rise of the German Republic*, by H. G. Daniels (Scribner).

In *Back of War* (Doubleday, Doran) Henry Kittredge Norton sees world politics. Certainly, the view is seconded by S. D. Sazonov in *Fateful Years* (Stokes), which deals with the Russian Revolution. From the pen of William E. Dodd comes *Lincoln or Lee* (Century).

Women receive dual attention among the early books. According to the publishers, *Constructive Citizenship*, by L. P. Jacks (Doubleday, Doran) is "a brutally frank survey of the status of womankind in the world of to-day"; while *The Road to Buenos Aires*, by Albert Londres (Boni & Liveright) is an exposure of the International White Slave Traffic. There is also *The New Criminology* by Dr. Max Schlapp and Edward H. Smith (Boni & Liveright).

Three notable books on education are to appear: Carleton Washburne and Myron M. Stearns have prepared a study of *Better Schools* (John Day), dealing with American schools; David Seabury tells of *Growing Into Life* (Boni & Liveright); and the college is handled in *The Campus*, by Robert Cooley Angell (Appleton).

The last of any list is like a fascinating grab-bag, full of treasures that cannot be put into separate compartments. Here is *The Modern Cat: Her Mind and Manners*, by Georgina Stickland Gates (Macmillan); *Glamour of Near East Excavation*, by James Baikie (Lippincott); *From Magic to Science*, by Charles Singer (Boni & Liveright). Alone in their own pigeon-holes, we find *Flemish Art*, by Roger Fry (Brentano); *Religio Militis*, "The Religion of the Soldier", by Austin Hopkinson (Scribner); *Greek Philosophy before Plato*, by Robert Scoon (Scribner); *Incredible Siberia*, by Junius Wood (Dial Press); and *The American Negro*, by Melville J. Herskovits (Knopf). And the delectable title *Men Atwhiles are Sober*, by Stephen Raushenbush (A. & C. Boni). Perhaps. But not after having drunk of the publishers' samples of spring floods.

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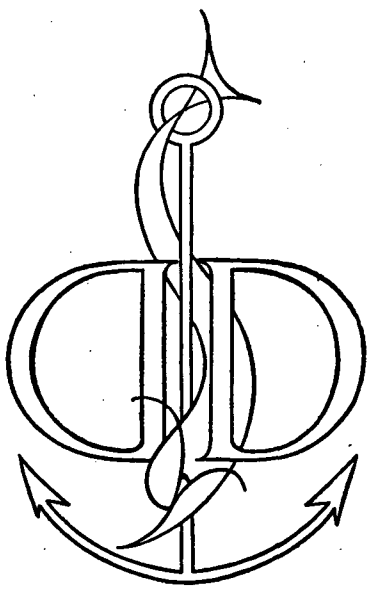

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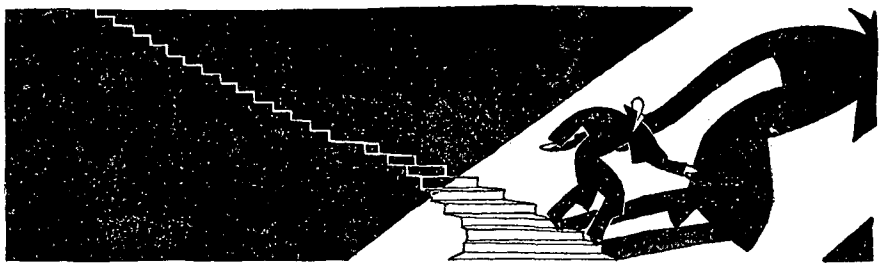

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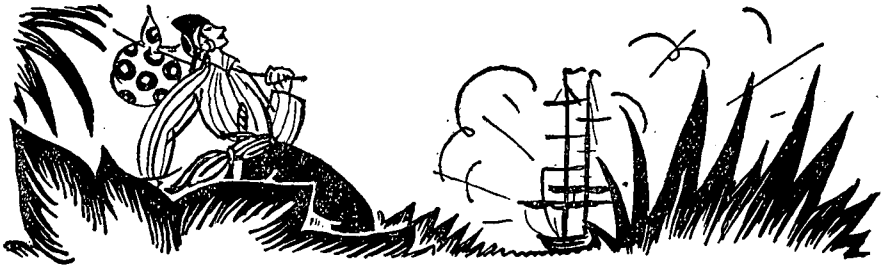

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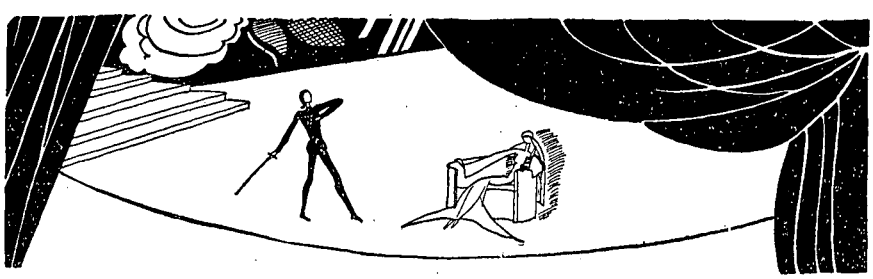

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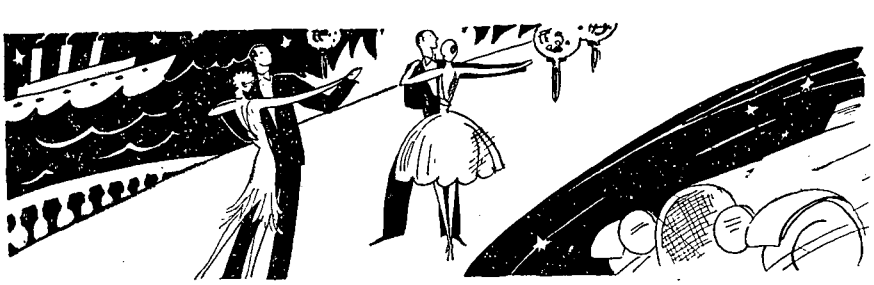

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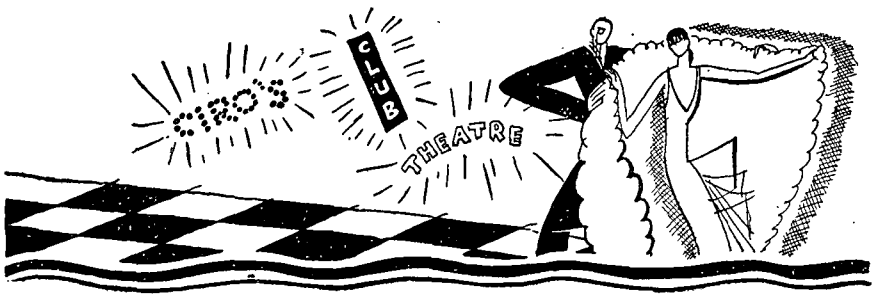

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City editors, managing editors and reporters on all newspapers throughout the country are urged to co-operate in making the contest comprehensive by sending us stories by members of their staff or stories they themselves have written, or stories that have been called to their attention.

In all cases two clippings of each story should be sent, with the date it appeared, the name of the newspaper in which it appeared, and the reporter's name plainly indicated. In cases where there has been collaboration, the name of the collaborator should also be given and the extent of his work indicated. In such cases the award will be shared by the collaborators in a manner specified by the juror.

One juror is sole arbiter for one month, another juror the next month, and so on. Stories are not to be sent to any individual juror direct, but addressed to:

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Clippings for the month of February will now be received

THE ARBITER FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY WILL BE JULIAN MASON

[THE FEBRUARY STORY SELECTED WILL APPEAR IN THE APRIL ISSUE]

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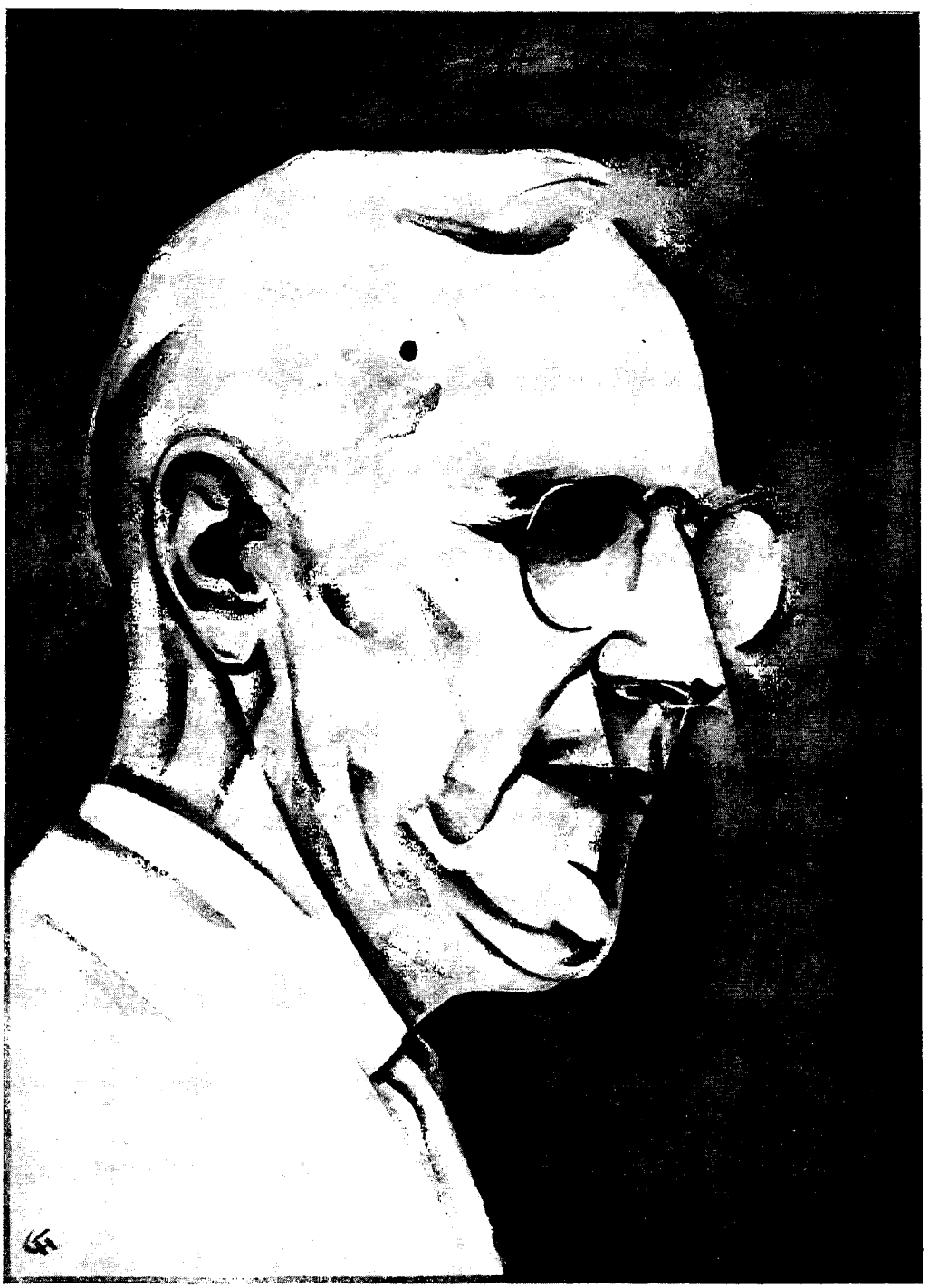

Upton Sinclair

By George Hartman

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FEBRUARY, 1928 VOLUME LXVI, NO. 6

The BOOKMAN

BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By Upton Sinclair

CHAPTER ONE

The Runaway Grandmother

IF Cornelia Thornwell had realized that night that she was hearing her husband's last words, no doubt she would have paid more attention. There is a certain importance attaching to the quality of lastness, even when it applies to the words of a man who has been your husband for forty years, and whose every mental reaction is known to you in advance.

Cornelia had been reading about the destruction of the Rheims cathedral; there was an engraving of it among the works of art she had brought back from her honeymoon, and she went down into her husband's study, and seated herself upon a hassock, and began rummaging in the drawers of a chest which had belonged to Great-grandfather Thornwell, holding the records of his ships in the East India trade. In a drawer bearing in faded gold letters the label, "Sylph of the Sea", she found the portfolio of engravings and sat turning them over for an hour or two.

And meantime Josiah was conversing with Rupert Alvin, one of his three sons-in-law. They paid no more attention to Cornelia than if she had been a mouse. They were talking about Jerry Walker and his felt-business; and Cornelia, even while thinking about cathedrals, could not help catching the drift of their remarks. Jerry Walker had been an errand boy in an institution of which Cornelia had been a patroness; and now it appeared that he was on the way to monopolizing the felt-business of New England. Rupert Alvin, who ran the Pilgrim National Bank, objected to monopolies in the hands of other people and was of the opinion that Jerry was dangerously impulsive — he had paid over a million dollars for the Atlas hat-works, while Rupert was in the midst of making up his mind whether the concern was good for a small loan.

Cornelia glanced at her son-in-law, who sat very straight, as he always did, in the big leather armchair; his dinner-coat bulging, his tucked shirt-front puffed out, so that he looked like a black and white pouter-pigeon. Rupert's face ran to bulges: his forehead a great pink bulge, with two minor ones over the eyes, his cheeks half a dozen rosy-red

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bulges, and his neck and chins a number of bigger and redder ones. To Cornelia there was something comical in his indignation that someone else had dared to think more quickly than he. But that was the kind of thought she had spent forty years learning to keep to herself.

Josiah gave his decision, in his old man's voice that was beginning to crack. Jerry Walker might break himself some day, but not now; these were the days to buy anything at any price; hats were necessary to armies and felt slippers were worn in hospitals. That led them to the subject which all men of affairs were discussing in this summer of 1915. Josiah repeated his well-known opinion that it would be a long war and that it was the part of wisdom to buy and buy. Cornelia sat thinking of human lives while they were thinking of money.

Rupert was of the opinion that the war couldn't last over the year, because the warring nations were heading for bankruptcy. But Josiah told him not to worry; we would lend them the money, provided they spent it for our goods. How would we get the money back? And Josiah said we wouldn't have to get it back — it would be like Jerry Walker's felt-business. "When Jerry can't pay what he owes us we'll take over his plants."

Cornelia got up, carrying her engraving. "Good-night," she said, and they answered in a perfunctory way; and that would have been the end of it if she had been the right sort of wife. But she could not resist the impulse to stop in front of her son-in-law and remark, "It'll be fine, Rupert, when we can bring Europe up to date". Rupert, a practical-minded man, assented; and Cornelia held up the picture of the cathedral. "We can widen out this Angel Tower and make it the branch office of Jerry Walker's felt-plants."

For forty years, even during the four that Josiah Quincy Thornwell had been governor of the Commonwealth, Cornelia had been saying things like this, and some people had found it roguish. But never Josiah; always he would frown, and remark, as now, "Your sense of humor is untimely, Cornelia". She put her hand lightly on the top of his white wig and said, "Some day, my husband, you will tell me the proper time for my sense of humor".

So she tripped out, the little old lady who had seen so much that was funny in this big household that the wrinkles around her eyes had got set in a pattern of laughter. Not even the destruction of the Rheims cathedral, not even the thought of the peasant-boys in the trenches, could wipe out her amusement at the moral impulse of Boston, which was driving Rupert Alvin to take charge of Jerry Walker's felt-business, and likewise of the geography and finance of Europe. Her last thought was "He'll do both those things". And he did.

II

It was the parlor-maid who found old Josiah the next morning, seated at his desk, his head fallen forward upon his arms. He might have been asleep, but his dinner-coat told her that he had not been to bed. She stood in the door-way, whispering his name feebly; then she fled to Addicks, the old servant, who was privileged to make intrusions. He touched his master's hand and found that it was cold. So Cornelia was awakened and told of her release.

She had had a right to expect it many years ago. Now that it had come, it seemed too late. Fright seized her, an indescribable sense of loneliness. What would life be like, without a husband to direct it? How would her grandchildren know what to do, without Josiah to incarnate the Thornwell tradition?

But she must not show emotion to servants. She slipped into her dressing-gown and came down to her husband's study. "Call Dr. Morrow," she said to the man. "And then notify Mr. James or Miss Clara." Her youngest daughter, wife of James Scatterbridge, lived upon the estate, in a house just visible through the distant trees. At this hour Clara would be getting her brood of seven started on the day, and James would be dressing for his work at the mills. Both would drop everything and hurry over to relieve Cornelia of care.

The daughter arrived in three or four minutes; very emotional, as always — it seemed as if she had come to be one more of

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the large brood she was raising. She was growing continually in bulk, as they did; she was chattering as eagerly as they, and her mind, like theirs, would fly from one small topic to the next. But she had a strong sense of what was proper and was shocked to discover no tears in her mother's eyes.

James Scatterbridge came with her. He ordered the body taken upstairs and called up his two brothers-in-law and gave the news; then he came to Cornelia. "Now, Mother, you are not to worry about the practical details. We'll attend to it all." James was solidly made, both in body and mind; a plain-looking and plain-thinking business man, with nothing of what he called "frills". He ran the great cotton-mills in the valley below them, and a little thing like a funeral presented no difficulties to his mind. "I'll notify Hobson, the undertakers; also, there will be the press to see to." He moved away; and Clara, drying her tears, started off upon the subject of a dressmaker for her mother's mourning costume and her own.

Such things had to be attended to, Cornelia realized. "But, Clara, I'm not going to wear a veil."

"Oh, Mother! Whoever heard of such a thing!" Clara's large china-blue eyes grew even larger and rounder with dismay.

"I am not going to be a Hindoo widow and jump on the funeral pyre."

"Mother, don't start making jokes! You of all people cannot be eccentric."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because everybody knows you weren't happy with father — you didn't really love him."

"Because I didn't really love him, I have to pretend that I did?"

"But mother, we don't want to set everybody talking! Surely you owe him one last tribute!"

The telephone rang in Cornelia's room. It was her oldest daughter, Deborah. "Mother, Henry and I will be right over. We'll be there in an hour, and meantime I want to make sure nothing is done about practical arrangements."

"How do you mean, dear?"

"I mean the funeral."

"James said he would notify Hobson's."

"Oh, mother, how perfectly atrocious! Don't you know that nobody has Hobson's?"

"I don't know anything about it, Deborah."

"Well, I do think we ought to be allowed to manage our own father's funeral without having our in-laws take everything out of our hands! Clara has no more taste than a sack of potatoes, and she lets James run her, and put the stamp of his commonness on everything in our lives. Won't you please see to it that those undertakers don't get into the house?"

"My dear," said Cornelia, "I shall follow my usual policy of letting my children do their own disputing." And she hung up the receiver.

It was not merely a matter of the social standing of undertakers, she realized; it was a deep-seated, bitter quarrel among her children, never to be assuaged. Deborah and Alice, the two oldest, considered that the husband of Clara had robbed them of their patrimony, and that Clara had compounded the felony by failing to make his life miserable. Originally the Thornwell mills had been Thornwell; established by Josiah's father and extended by the son, with James Scatterbridge an employee of low standing. But James had forced his way to the front, and after the panic of 1907, when a reorganization had been necessary, it had been he who possessed the confidence of the directors and bankers. So now a great block of shares, instead of being a family inheritance, were tucked away in James's safety-vaults.

Nor had the ex-employee helped matters by marrying the youngest daughter; that was a scandal, which the world would never forget. Three generations from now, you would hear whisperings at Boston dinner-tables: "Oh, but, my dear, don't you know that story? The original Scatterbridge was a clerk in the plant and he got all the stock away from them, and they had to marry him to get it back!"

It was not as if the other two sons-in-law had needed the money. Rupert Alvin was a banker who counted the year a failure if he had not added a million to his fortunes; and Cornelia had heard Henry Winters, the lawyer, boast that his firm never had less than

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twenty-five millions in litigation. But apparently this money game was one in which it was not possible to be satisfied. Rupert and Henry, who composed a team, would have liked to take in Jerry Walker's felt-plants and the Thornwell cotton-mills in the same bite. They had their "lines" on so many other properties that Cornelia could not keep track of them; the names were to her like those of ancient battles, famous in story, but which she had never looked up on a map.

III

Dr. Morrow came; the pink of fashion, rosy-faced and silver-haired, with sharply trimmed, dapper white moustaches. His manner reminded you that good breeding asserts superiority to every weakness of mortality. He went to the big four-poster bed, felt the cold hands, listened for the non-existent heart-beats, and then turned to the widow. "Well, Cornelia, old Josiah had fourteen years more than the Bible promised him, so we can't complain."

Hearing the verdict, the efficient James instructed Josiah's secretary to notify the papers. Some went to press early, and would need time to handle this important story. The secretary would begin with the *Transcript*, the family organ of all families that "count" in Massachusetts. The mischievously-minded assert that mortality records show a great increase upon Fridays, due to desire of the socially elect to appear in Saturday's obituary columns.

Meantime the efficient James was closeted in Josiah's study with the efficient head of the Hobson undertaking establishment, and these two were learning to understand each other. It was to be a great funeral, a matter of state, which would mean prestige and advertising to the concern which secured the contract. The family was wealthy, and would pay for the best, but there must be a distinct understanding that they were to get what they paid for. Mr. Hobson listened politely and replied that he understood Mr. Scatterbridge's position perfectly. There was no reason why a funeral should not be dealt with as any other matter of business; and certainly his firm appreciated the importance of social prestige and would be prepared to adjust its terms accordingly. After which he produced a portfolio about caskets, revealing that there were art-modelled items of burnished bronze for which it was possible to pay from twenty-five thousand up. James Scatterbridge gulped once and composed his features, and did not reveal his plebeian astonishment.

Meantime Deborah Thornwell Alvin was descending from her limousine, tall and stiff, always ready for a funeral, because she dressed in black, with only a touch of white at the neck and a double necklace of white pearls. She had her father's lean and stern features, and had served as his deputy in keeping the family traditions in effect. As soon as she was in the house she began objecting in decorous whispers; and presently there arrived her sister, Alice, her ally in war on the Scatterbridge clan. Who had given James authority to bring those vulgar Hobson people into the case? Who had taken the responsibility to rush the family into print, from who could tell what cheap and sensational angle?

"Mother," said Deborah, "do you know anything about father's will?"

"Nothing, my child; he never spoke of it to me in his life."

"We're going to find, of course, that James has got this house and the land. You know he took a mortgage on it when father lost his money in the New Haven jam."

"Let me remind you, Mother," put in Alice. "Father promised me my pick of the old furniture. He knew I was the only one that appreciated it — he told me that again and again."

"Yes, my dear. I hope he put it into the will."

"I can only say this, if James and Clara get that Mayflower cradle that I was rocked in, they may bury me in it." Alice Thornwell Winters's fair blonde features were set in a look which her beauty-specialists would have deplored, because it made sharp lines on each side of her mouth. Alice was the adventurous one of the family, going in for costly culture, inviting poets and artists and people of that dubious sort to her home. She had been painted several times and hung in exhibitions, and had learned to regard her-

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self as a work of art, a feature of the social landscape. She would explain that it was a service to give the world an example of gracious elegance. So now it was a serious matter when her fragile charms were ravaged.

IV

In the offices of half a dozen evening papers the "rewrite" men had dug out a column or two of copy which had waited for thirty years, being brought up to date every year or two. They inserted at the top the information that Josiah Quincy Thornwell, twice Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, leading manufacturer and philanthropist, for twenty years a member of the Republican State Committee, had been found that morning dead at his desk in the family home in the town of Thornwell, the probable cause being heart failure. The more sensational papers added how the body had been found by a parlor-maid; the sort of thing for which Deborah would hold James Scatterbridge responsible. Also they said that the funeral services would be held at Trinity Church, Boston — whereas Deborah and Alice were determined that they should be at the family home, so that the undesirables might be excluded.

Upstairs in the ex-governor's apartments Mr. Hobson's shirt-sleeved assistants were spreading their rubber-sheets and placing two tables end to end, at the same time listening to their employer set forth his conviction, that "ninety percent of this business is psychology. You meet a hard-boiled guy like that one downstairs and you have to let him talk himself out, and then he's ashamed of himself and you can do what you want with him. After all, what does he know about funerals and how a swell one ought to be conducted?"

And at the same time in Cornelia's sitting-room Deborah and Alice had brought up the subject of the Shah of Persia's rug. "It really is my property," Deborah was saying. "I only left it in the house because I knew father liked to have the heirlooms all together. For years I have seen to the cleaning of it every spring and sent a servant to make sure it was safe. You know that is true."

"Yes, of course," said Alice.

"And now if James and Clara think they are going to move in and find it here — "

Cornelia went downstairs and met Great-uncle Abner, Josiah's youngest brother; Abner Quincy Thornwell, burly and slow-moving, stoop-shouldered and very deaf. Like many thus afflicted, he considered it necessary to hear his own voice. "Well, Cornelia," he boomed, "well, well — so it has come at last! A hard day for you, I know! We'll stand back of you, my dear. Anything I can do?" There was a look of concern on his bland and rosy countenance — something that happened rarely, for he gave most of his time to chess and would sit for hours lost in a problem.

Clara appeared, and greeted her uncle. When he asked her what he could do, she shouted into his ear, "Make mother wear a veil."

"Veil?" said Abner. "Of course she'll wear a veil! Aren't veils made for widows?"

"Mother doesn't care, she wants to advertise to the world that she isn't grieving. I don't believe she has shed a single tear."

Said Cornelia, "I have read that moving picture actresses make tears out of glycerine. Perhaps I may do that for the funeral".

"Oh, mother, how can you say such horrid things?" Clara began wiping real tears from her nose and her uncle peered from one to the other, with the uneasiness of the deaf. "Glycerine?" said he. "I hear it cures cancer, but I don't know if it's true. What did Josiah die of?"

"Dr. Morrow called it heart failure."

"Heart failure, hey? Well, that's respectable enough. Where is he, up in his room? I wonder what those undertaker fellows are doing to him."

He ambled off, and Cornelia found herself escorted into the library for a formal conference with James Scatterbridge. This son-in-law did not possess the worldly art of concealing his purposes, but had to come directly to the point, like a business man. "Mother, I suppose you haven't had time to think what you are going to do, but I want to be the first to tell you that you'll be welcome to live with Clara and me. Nothing will give us greater pleasure, and we'll do

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everything we can to make it the same as your own home. Things will stay just as the governor loved to have them."

The meaning of that was plain enough: Deborah and Alice were right in their fears! "I suppose, James," she said, "this house will come to you?"

"It is already mine, mother. The governor gave me a deed several years ago. You know how his New Haven stock went all to pieces; and the money I advanced to him was more than the place was worth. The governor felt a little nearer to me because I had so much to do with managing the mills."

"Yes, of course, James. But the girls are going to be vexed. Does the deed include the furnishings?"

"Yes, mother; but Clara and I will do our best to satisfy the others. What I want to make clear to you is, it will be your home just the same. You need never know that anything has been changed."

"That is kind of you, James." She said this with her lips, but at the same time her mind was flying on. Clara would bring her brood of seven to this stately old house and they would possess it; she could hear their shouts resounding through the halls, their heels clattering on the stairs; she could see them sliding on the polished floors, using the Shah of Persia's rug to play marbles on. Against the wall of the library in front of her was a bookcase some ten feet tall and seven feet wide, of French walnut, hand-carved over every inch of its surface with rose-vines and blossoms; the morning sun streamed upon it, and a thousand facets shone like burnished gold. There was a companion-piece farther down the wall and Cornelia knew that the last dealer who had inspected her husband's treasures had mentioned eight thousand as a price for that pair.

"There are some valuable things in this house, James."

"I know, Mother, and don't you worry. We'll add a wing back of the conservatory and keep the children there till they've learned manners. I haven't been used to fine things, but Clara has and she's the boss of this family. You stay and help her."

"I don't know, James. I am sixty years old, and all that time I have done what other people have told me. Now I might want to please myself."

A troubled look appeared behind the large round spectacles of James Scatterbridge. He had a literal mind, adjusted to the production of seventy million yards of low-priced cotton goods per annum; this production was the real religion of his life, and, for the rest, he left everything to his wife, satisfied that he had done the best possible in the matrimonial line. And now here was this little old lady with the laughing eyes, bearing the sacred name of Thornwell, hinting at the revolutionary idea of pleasing herself.

V

He had no chance to question her, because the bell rang and through the wide double doors of the library he saw Addicks in conference with several well-dressed youngish men. Presently the servant came with a message which, repeated from one dinner table to another, became a standard jest of the inner circles of Boston. Addicks had been with the family more than fifty years and understood all possible social relationships. Now, after due meditation, he came to his master with a formula precisely adjusted: "Mr. James, there are three reporters and a gentleman from the *Transcript*".

James went out, took the three reporters and the gentleman into the privacy of the governor's study, and proceeded to enjoy the fruits of his own distinguished marriage. He reminded them that the Thornwell line went back to the Mayflower; there was in the mansion a cradle which had been brought over in that greatest of ships. He reminded them that there had been two colonial governors in the line, and two governors of the Commonwealth. He reminded them of the deeds which Josiah had performed in office, how he had sent the public thieves to jail. He verified the names of the ex-governor's children and gave the names of the grandchildren, not forgetting the seven of James, all of whom carried the blessed name: Josiah Thornwell Scatterbridge, Cornelia Thornwell Scatterbridge, James Thornwell Scatterbridge, Quincy Thornwell Scatterbridge — and so

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on. He was in the midst of telling them how the Thornwell mills were to be closed for a half day during the funeral, when a tap was heard on the door of the study, and there entered in full majesty Mrs. Rupert Alvin, *née* Deborah Quincy Thornwell.

"James, do I understand that these are representatives of the press? Good morning, gentlemen, I am Mrs. Alvin, the governor's oldest daughter. You will wish to know that I have been in communication over the telephone with the Reverend Doctor Wolverhampton, rector of St. Luke's Church here in Thornwell, which the governor built and endowed. He has agreed to officiate at the funeral services, which will be held in the family home. I understand that some of the papers have a report that the funeral will be held in Trinity Church, Boston, but that is a mistake; they will take place in this house on Friday afternoon at two o'clock, and be sure you get it correct so that our friends will be under no misapprehension. Yes, the name is pronounced Woolton, but spelled W-o-l-v-e-r-h-a-m-p-t-o-n — the Reverend Doctor James Lowell Wolverhampton, rector of St. Luke's Church, Thornwell. He will be assisted by the Reverend Mr. Quincy Adams Thornwell, a cousin of the governor's. The interment will be in the family vault at St. Alston's Cemetery."

After which Mrs. Rupert Alvin, *née* Deborah Quincy Thornwell, seated herself firmly upon the sofa, knowing that so long as she was there not even her plebeian brother-in-law would dare to contravene her. It was a legend of the family that in one of Deborah's disputes with her own husband she had said: "Take me into the closet and spit on me if you will, but when we are in public show me the respect that is due to my station".

The three reporters and one gentleman took their departure in a taxi-cab which they had hired jointly and were whirled down to the village, where each annexed himself to a telephone receiver and spelled out these details, which were first rushed out on a typewriter and then upon a linotype machine and then upon a printing-press. So in less than an hour after James had spoken and Deborah had revised him, the newsboys were crying the second edition of the afternoon papers, with all possible particulars about the life and death and coming state funeral of the ex-governor of the Commonwealth. They had a generous-sized picture of him on the front page; a lean face with thin, tight-shut lips and a long thin nose tapering to a point; a face that had reappeared continuously in the course of three centuries. In panels on the walls of his music-room were four oil paintings, life-size, of four different governors, in four different costumes, but unchanged in soul; personally incapable of wrong-doing and merciless to all wrong-doers. Statesman, manufacturer, philanthropist, said the newspapers in their editorials: a model to posterity, an exemplar of all things dignified and worthy of emulation —

And meantime, up in the big room with the four-poster bed and the windows shrouded with dark curtains, Hobson, the psychologist, was remarking to one of his assistants, "If you don't stop pumping on that carotid you'll have this old gent's face discolored and have to paint him".

VI

Rupert Alvin arrived, having stopped at the Pilgrim National Bank just long enough to glance at his mail and order his engagements postponed. Now he emerged from his purring limousine, drew himself up to his full height of six feet, composed all the bulges of his face, straightened his waistcoat and went in. He listened with politeness to James's account of the arrangements made, and then, in a room apart, he listened to his wife's emphatic opinions of Hobson, and Trinity Church, and the Shah of Persia's rug.

Finally he sought out Cornelia. "Mother. I want to tell you that Deborah and I will be more than glad to have you make your home with us and will do everything in human power to make you happy."

"Thank you, Rupert. I really can't say yet; I haven't had time to get myself together."

But her mind was quick, and was busy picturing life with Rupert and Deborah. They had a big house on Commonwealth Avenue, where they lived three months of

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the year; the rest of the time they occupied a castle on the rocks of the North Shore. Deborah had the lean face and thin nose of her father and held herself in the same stiff manner; for her that variety of chair is made, of which the backs go up in a straight vertical. Such chairs are assigned to the clergy in Episcopal churches and Deborah belonged to the very "highest" in the city. She gave her spare time to the management of charities — certain special ones — and she did not like other people to make contributions to them, because they would then expect to meddle with her administration. It was her complaint that there was no such thing as an efficient subordinate to be hired; impossible to delegate any responsibility, so she had given up trying.

As for Rupert, he was running a great banking industry which carried a general supervision of other industries and the gradual taking over of many of them. In between times he would advise about his wife's charities and their religious affairs. His hobby was church architecture; the rectors of parishes in eastern Massachusetts would come to him for advice about the proper proportions of an apse. Cornelia realized that if she went to live with them she would indeed feel "at home"; she would be told what to do, exactly as if Josiah were there.

Rupert was summoned to help his wife revise the list of the guests to be invited to the funeral; and Cornelia wandered into the music-room, where the services would be held. But she could not stand those four life-size governors, each with the same lean face and tightly shut lips and nose tapering to a point. She went into the conservatory, where there were beautiful plants and flowers, and benches for young lovers listening to music — even in the suburbs of Boston they did that. Cornelia's children had been young here and now her grandchildren were at the age of love, yet she had never felt at ease in the house; she had never been able to have her way, it always had to be the Thornwell way. A public career had not been enough for Josiah; he had insisted upon managing his household and had had the support of brothers and sisters, a whole phalanx of righteous people. Great-aunt Deborah had lived in the home until her death, quite recently, and had been the real mistress of the family, with the duty of teaching the daughters what Thornwell daughters ought to know and think.

For Cornelia there had been a little music and a little painting, a rose garden and some books, a few friends, a play now and then and symphony concerts. Gradually the family got used to the fact that they could expect no more of her than this — that she should conceal from them the fact that she found any element of fun in their sober traditions. They did not understand her smile, and it never occurred to them to want to understand it; what made them "Boston" was the fact that never by any possibility would it cross their minds that they had anything to learn from what was "not Boston". Cornelia's father had been a professor in a small college, which was decent enough, but his father had been a common immigrant; and three generations from now at Boston dinner-tables people would still be whispering to their neighbors, "Oh, yes, but, my dear, her grandfather came over in the steerage; they say he was a bog-trotter — the name was Irish, anyhow".

Nor had there been any fun in being the wife of a governor. Let those who wanted fame and prominence help themselves to Cornelia's share! It had meant long speeches to listen to, bores to talk to, indigestible dinners to eat. It had meant never speaking a natural word, never laughing a merry laugh; everything calculated, everything a matter of policy, to enhance a career which loyalty required a wife to believe in. Cornelia put her hands to her ears to drown out the roaring of crowds shouting victory on election night. She could hear a nasal, drawling voice pledging zeal for the public interest. "Fellow-citizens of the Commonwealth, upon this solemn occasion when you have summoned me by your suffrages —" and so on. Nowhere any charm, or humor, or touch of simplicity! Nothing but heavy pageantry and play-acting, from the cradle to the coffin!

Even now, when in the darkened bedroom the psychological Mr. Hobson had charge of

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Josiah's affairs. Said the assistant, "How shall I get this old buster's wig to stay in place? Can I ask one of the servants for some glue?" Said the psychologist, "No, you can't ask for glue in a house like this — what would they think? Look on that bureau for a couple of safety-pins".

VII

The news had spread, the telephone was ringing, messages of condolence were arriving — a constant coming and going and whispering in the house of death. The dressmaker to consult Cornelia about her costume; also the old lady who sold bonnets in the town and was patronized as a matter of charity. Cornelia was willing to be charitable — but Clara was using this old lady to persuade Cornelia to don a veil. A dozen other questions: who was to provide the flowers, and what kind? Who was to write the invitations and what should be the text? Should the mill-hands be given an opportunity to look upon the features of their employer and just how was that to be managed? Two keys of the organ failed to sound and must be seen to. Such details served to break the monotony of mourning.

Also there were relatives arriving: Quincy Thornwell, Great-uncle Abner's son, a clubman of fifty or so, prematurely white-haired, his wizened face full of gossip; he had the reputation of a ladies' man, in a decorous Boston way, and Cornelia liked him because he was not so proper as the others and would tell her funny stories about the city. Quincy had grown rich by using the family information on the stock-market. He spent his days in board rooms, watching the prices of stocks chalked upon a wall; and in the evening, when he was not visiting the ladies, he was playing bridge, or chess, with his deaf old father. They were regular cronies and got upon their hobby forthwith; you heard the voice of Abner booming through the hall: "The fellow that won the last round is a Jew, but they say he's French — kind of funny, ain't it?"

And then Priscilla and Elizabeth, the daughters of Deborah. Priscilla, the elder, was a perfect replica of her mother and planning at the age of eighteen to devote herself to settlement work. Betty, the younger one, gave Cornelia thrills; a little round face, a nose trying its best to turn up, soft brown eyes that shone with tenderness, and little puckers when she laughed. She sat in the councils of the women, demure and silent, as became a miss of sixteen, whose right of entrance might be challenged. Later, when Cornelia left the room, she followed. "Oh, Granny, I wish they didn't have to quarrel so!"

"So do I, Betty."

"Sister is just beside herself over that old Shah of Persia's rug. Of course its interesting to know that your grandfather travelled in Persia and had the Shah give him presents; but after all, there are plenty of rugs you can buy. But Mother says if Aunt Clara doesn't let us have it, she'll never speak to her again. Do you suppose she means that?"

"Such things have happened, dear. Your Great-uncle Abner has not spoken to your Great-uncle Ahab for fifty years."

"Oh, Granny! What extraordinary things in a family! Will Great-uncle Ahab come to the funeral?"

"Of course."

"And he won't speak to Great-uncle Abner?"

"In public he will, but not otherwise. Abner married the girl that Ahab was engaged to, so Ahab has stayed a bachelor all his life. Don't you remember that big house down at the shore that they sawed in half?"

"Oh, was that it?"

"They quarreled and divided it exactly, and Ahab moved his half to another part of the town."

Said Betty, "I'm so glad you're not going to cover yourself with a horrid black veil. It wouldn't become you a bit. And I'm glad you're not crying when you don't feel like it. I say for you to do what you want to".

"Thank you, Betty dear."

"It's a fact that Grandfather never felt the need of personal affection — or at least he never showed it — so why should other people show it?" Betty stopped for a moment, and then caught the old lady's hand. "Oh, Granny, you're crying now! I've hurt your feelings!"

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"No, dear, not that! It's just that I was thinking how much unhappiness I'd have saved if it had been the fashion for people to say what they mean."

"Well, Mother is cross with me; she says I'm an unnatural child, and she can't understand me. Do you find me so?"

"No, dear." And Cornelia smiled through her tears. "Don't mind me, I was really looking for a chance to cry. It's a great strain when you break the habits of forty years, no matter what they are."

"Oh, Granny dear. I wish you'd come and live with us, and wake up the family. I wish Mother wasn't so terribly strict with me. I wish I had a car of my own. Dear me," said Miss Betty, "what a lot of things I wish!"

VIII

There came Henry Winters, husband of Alice: later than the others, because he had had to appear in court. It is not customary to adjourn court for the death of fathers-in-law but when it was Governor Thornwell the case was different. Henry had been conscious of doing a distinguished thing when he asked for adjournment and the judge of doing a distinguished thing when he granted it, with a gracious little tribute to the eminent departed.

As Alice Thornwell Winters was a model of social elegance, so Henry Cabot Winters was a model of legal insouciance; a lawyer who was also a man of the world and of fashion. Four years in Harvard and three in the law-school had not sufficed to suppress his sense of humor and for this reason he was the nearest to Cornelia of her sons-in-law. He was a slender and rather dark man, dapper, dressed in the pink of fashion, his prematurely graying hair with a picturesque wave. He commanded enormous fees for his inside knowledge of the financial affairs of New England; and after business hours he became the man of pleasure, yachtsman, fox-hunter, favorite in the ball-rooms. He knew the right people and brought in the business; and left it for his partner to do the tiresome work of looking up the law and winning cases.

Henry now had need of all his urbanity. First he had to listen to his wife raging in whispers on the subject of the Mayflower cradle; and immediately afterwards he was trapped in the drawing-room by his sister-in-law, Deborah. "Henry, there is something that some member of the family simply has to speak to you about. I hope you understand that I have no wish to intrude upon your private affairs, but I have spoken to Alice and it seems that I can accomplish nothing — she absolutely insists that she will let Joyce Edgerton attend the funeral if he wishes."

"Why shouldn't she, Deborah?"

"Henry, the way you and your wife work out your marital problems is no affair of mine —"

"Exactly, Deborah!"

"— until it threatens to become a public scandal. Don't misunderstand me, I am not casting any doubts upon my sister's virtue — she assures me that her relationship to Joyce Edgerton is innocent and maybe it is — but there is a limit to what you can expect the world to believe — and when Alice continues to have some young man tagging after her everywhere she goes — and when she changes them so frequently — and they all go to the devil afterwards — you know what I mean, Henry! And of course it may be true that Joyce Edgerton is a great poet — or that he is going to be some day, and all that — nevertheless it seems to me that this is one time when the family has some rights and when the sacredness of our grief ought to be respected — and I really think we have a right to ask you to use your authority and see to it that Joyce Edgerton finds some other way to amuse himself on Friday afternoon — surely he can find an unmarried woman to go somewhere with him — just this one day, that's all I am asking —"

And so on; until Henry Cabot Winters got up and excused himself and went up to his mother-in-law's sunny rooms, where none of the curtains had been drawn, and he could sink into any easy chair and laugh. Cornelia knew about it, of course; Deborah had not failed to put the problem up to her. They discussed it for a while and Henry remarked that Alice deserved much more admiration than any one man could supply.

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Later on he made the same little speech as the others, offering Cornelia a home and assuring her that everything they had would be at her disposal. The Winters had a great deal: a town house and a suburban estate and a camp on a lake up in New Hampshire. They had only one son, a lad who was preparing to enter St. Mark's school, so there would be plenty of space and freedom for Cornelia. She could laugh about life with Henry; but what would she do about Joyce Edgerton and about the young man who had preceded him and the one who would follow him?

Alice had her side, of course; it was pretty generally known that Henry was keeping a woman in an apartment in the Fenway. Also, Alice was "virtuous" — meaning that she never gave herself to any of her adorers. But living in the house with Alice meant that you had to know the details of these emotional entanglements; just what the new young genius found in the soul of Alice that was so especially wonderful and why he preferred it to what he found in any of the available unopened buds who had not been beaten upon by the storms of experience. You had to know whether these young geniuses were happy or unhappy, whether they were coming or going; and after they were gone, you had to know just why they had been so disappointing to Alice, so unworthy of the high faith she had placed in them.

"Henry," said Cornelia, "I suppose I'm going to have a little money left me out of the wreck of Josiah's fortune?"

"I hope so."

"I suppose James will tell me about it in due time. If it's enough, maybe you'll advise me about renting an apartment in the Fenway, where I understand things don't have to be so proper." And Henry laughed — he couldn't help laughing, of course; but at the same time he was somewhat shocked. How much did his mother-in-law know about such matters? How much should he admit to her that he knew that she knew? He had an impulse to look behind him at the open door of the room; for it would be a minor scandal if one of the servants should be passing and hear them laughing, with the body of the old master not yet dressed for his funeral. Both of them could imagine the stern voice of Josiah: "Your sense of humor is untimely, Cornelia!"

IX

The heavens, regardful of the dignity and standing of the late governor of the Commonwealth, sent rain on the night before the funeral to wash the air and make every blade of grass to shine. They sent the sun especially early to chase away the clouds, all but a few fleecy ones, setting off the deep blue of the sky. The expanses of lawn that stretched out on every side from "Hillview" were smoother and cleaner and brighter than any rug that a Shah of Persia ever trod. Under the great dark oaks a flock of sheep were feeding, and behind a steel fence a herd of deer. On the opposite slope in the distance were the white columns of the Scatterbridge home, and at one side the cottages of the tenants who worked the thousand acres of farmland. To the east, underneath the newly risen sun, were glimpses of the great mills, red brick stained with coal smoke; also of the river through the trees, and day and night came the music of water pouring over the dams.

The mansion had tall columns in front, going up over the second story, covering both the veranda and the gravelled driveway. The house was painted white, the paint, like everything else, being decently old. Wings had been added on each side, and in the rear the music-room, and beyond that the conservatory: nothing regular, because the architects had had to adjust themselves to the elm trees which bowered the structure.

All morning there was the sound of wheels on the driveway, and delivery men and chauffeurs in uniform ringing the bell, bringing wreaths and floral designs. "Say it with flowers," ran the formula; and every saying had a card attached, to identify the sayer: the Governor of the Commonwealth and his lady, the Bishop of the Diocese and his wife, the members of the Republican State Committee, the Society of the Sons of St. Andrew, the Society of Colonial Dames, the

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Class of '58 of Harvard University, the employees of the Pilgrim National Bank, the executives and managers of the Thornwell Mills Company, the Chamber of Commerce of Boston, the Board of Trade of Thornwell — so on through a long list. Addicks, the perfect family servant, received each offering with grave thanks, deposited the cards on a silver tray and handed the flowers to the footman, who took them to the music-room and placed them under Deborah's direction.

The room had been made into a church, the "highest" possible. There was an altar with a large cross made of white roses and at each side a seven-branched candle-stick, with tall candles burning. The casket was in place, holding the lean body of Josiah, his face upturned to the light for his last few hours, the long thin nose seeming longer and thinner than ever could have been possible in life. The skin was a pale waxy color, tinted with great skill — since Mr. Hobson was not merely a psychologist but a "cosmetologist" also. In his advertisements he said "Every funeral is *my* funeral"; which was why Deborah considered him so vulgar. Boston — the real Boston — does not wish its advertisements "peppy".

The three reporters and the gentleman from the *Transcript* came again; and this time there had been an understanding between James and his sister-in-law. It was like the case of the man who said that he and his wife had worked out a solution of the domestic problem; on all major issues he was to have his way and on minor issues she was to have hers; and so far, no major issues had arisen. The three reporters and the gentleman were received by James and Deborah, and James got the cards from the silver tray and dictated the names of those who had sent floral tributes; while every now and then Deborah would say, quietly, "Omit that name, if you please". Not everyone was entitled to send tributes to a Thornwell funeral!

The organist from St. Luke's Church arrived, and Addicks knew exactly what to say to him. "This way, if you please, sir. The choir will robe itself in the little room back of the governor's study. The ceremony will begin promptly at two." Attired in a flowing white day-gown, the visitor proceeded to test the organ and mysterious vibrations crept up and down the timbers of the building. "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly," whispered walls and ceilings; and at the same moment Deborah Thornwell Alvin was standing with her two hands clenched, addressing Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge: "I wish to say once for all, I consider one-third of the family heirlooms are my property; and if they are taken from me because of any mortgage I shall regard the taker as a pawnbroker for the rest of my days".

X

Members of the family arriving. The ladies went upstairs to put their hair and complexions in order, while the men stood about, exchanging phrases in soft whispers: a beautiful day, yes, ideal for the occasion, most fortunate; a fine editorial in the *Transcript*, the press had been dignified; a great man was gone, we don't have that kind any more; a very convincing tribute from the party, yes, they would find it hard to replace him; looked as if the Germans might get to the channel; amazing the way the market continued to boom.

There came John Quincy Thornwell, another son of Abner, with his father's heavy frame and his uncle's long nose; soft-voiced, semi-bald, vice-president of the Fifth National Bank. And Grandfather Porter Alvin, father of Rupert, and Andrew Alvin, his younger son, a polo player and sport, tanned as brown as a Kanaka, with a puffy checked necktie and every shiny strand of his black hair in exactly the right position. He stood in the library, listening to Great-uncle Abner shouting "Who will read Josiah's books now?" Andrew ran his eyes over the shelves of heavy works on political science and history and economics and law, and knew that he was not the one.

Two automobiles deposited six pairs of choir boys, subdued in voice but eager of eye; they were herded into the robing room by the Reverend Mr. Quincy Adams Thornwell, the cousin who was to assist in the ceremony; tall, flat-footed, with large bunion

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shoes and black suit and flat black hat like an English curate — its ugliness excused for the reason that it had ritual significance. Also came the rector and his lady; the Reverend Dr. James Lowell Wolverhampton, pronounced Woolton, physically and phonetically equipped to become a bishop; he gathered up the letter "rs" which the Boston Brahmins all drop and saved them and rolled them out two or three at a time in his sermons.

He received the final advice from Deborah: "The family will descend at one-fifty-five". After which he retired into Josiah's study, to instruct his assistant concerning the service. "First I recite, 'Lord, let me know mine end', and you make the responses. The choir sings, 'Lord, Thou hast been our refuge', and then, before the Lesson from the Epistle of St. Paul, we intone the anthem —"

"Then I will need both books?" broke in the Reverend Mr. Thornwell.

"No, no! You don't understand." And with Christian patience the rector said it all over again, but more slowly, pointing out the passages. He would have added the word "Dunce!" but that would not have been a Christian thing to say to a cousin of a governor.

XI

The guests arriving. They stepped onto the veranda and the chauffeurs parked the cars in a long line down the driveway. There were three policemen in blue uniforms stationed in front of the house, but in this well-trained community they had only to confer dignity. The guests did not chat, merely murmured a few greetings, after which they went to the music-room, which most of them knew well; walking softly, on padded feet, and not permitting their eyes to show signs of animation. They were old people for the most part; gentlemen with white heads or gray, flesh-colored or rosy; they wore black broadcloth, some with black stripes of braid down the side of the trousers. The ladies were in black, with now and then a touch of white at the collar and cuffs; many of them wore black-dotted veils and fur neck-pieces even in summer weather. They were much wrinkled and the older ones had hanging mouths; they let themselves carefully down the three polished steps into the music-room and took their seats, seeing only what it was possible to see without moving the eyes.

The place was open and airy, full of sunshine; divided into four sections by an aisle down the center and a cross aisle with open doors at each side. It had white Doric columns set in the walls, and panels with the stern ancestors painted. There were tall windows, with dark red curtains at the side, and seats upholstered in red velvet to match. The front of the room had a bower of flowers and in the center, where the two aisles crossed, stood the casket with the body of the great man, white chrysanthemums at his head and white roses at his feet; if you looked down through the glass, as a few did, you saw his thin nose of pale waxen color, and his white wig, resting securely in position with no trace of safety-pins.

Across the aisle was stretched a purple ribbon, marking the seats reserved for the family and the family servants; in this solemn hour class distinctions were abolished, there was only Thornwell or not-Thornwell. The governor of the Commonwealth — the living one — came in with his lady, but no one did them special honor; they seated themselves among the guests. So with the lieutenant-governor and his lady, and the senator who represented the Commonwealth in Washington; a "scholar in politics" with a very famous name, a dapper little gentleman with sharply trimmed moustaches and beard. If you knew the "blue bloods" of this community, you would recognize great bankers and lawyers, the presidents of two universities and several scholars of fame. You would not know the timid old ladies dressed in rusty black, who had got out of cars some distance down the driveway and walked about for a while so as not to get there too early; poor relations, who had been in receipt of pensions from Josiah, and were trembling with anxiety until the will should be read.

Through the side door you saw a throng of humble people standing as far back as the eye could see: a thousand or so of the em-

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ployees of the mills, which were shut down for the afternoon. They came streaming up the path from the road below, dressed in their pathetic best; they would stand patiently for an hour or two, listening to the strains of the organ and waiting their time to file through the room. A rare occasion for them; one might work in the mills another generation and gaze up at the white-painted castle amid its sheltering elm trees and never climb the path to glimpse the splendor. The rest of the village, which did not work in the mills, was clustered along the roadside to stare at the shining limousines and their stately occupants. It was feudalism in frock-coats.

The grandfather's clock at the head of the stairs pointed to one-fifty-four. The organ was pealing the summons, "Adeste, fideles"; and Alice Thornwell Winters, black of dress and white of face, was confronting Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge, demanding, "Once more and for the last time, do you admit that the Mayflower cradle is my property?"

Said Clara: "I think this a most unsuitable moment —"

Said Alice: "There could be no moment more suitable. It marks the break-up of our family, if you so decree. That Mayflower cradle has been the cradle of our destiny, and the symbol of our position. I was rocked in its arms, and the generations before me. I bore the first man-child —"

Said Clara: "Well, I have borne five — that might count for something".

Said Alice: "I have father's pledge and I stand on that. Give me your answer!"

Said Clara: "It is a matter about which James must be consulted —"

Said Alice: "You have had opportunity to consult James, and you have done so. If you do not answer my question, I understand that your answer is no".

The clock had moved one minute, and Cornelia came, saying, "It is time to descend. I hope my children are not going to advertise our family shame to the world".

XII

The procession of men and women and children was formed in the proper order, and down the stairs, two by two, they went: Cornelia first, with no veil over her features and no tears in her soft brown eyes; her gray hair was smoothed flat, and her little round face was solemn, her little nose facing straight ahead, her gaze fixed upon nothingness. One hand rested upon the arm of Great-uncle Abner; and behind her came Great-uncle Ahab, escorting Great-aunt Priscilla. Then Deborah, the oldest daughter, with her husband, Rupert Alvin; then Alice, the second daughter, with her husband, Henry Cabot Winters; then Clara, with her husband, James Scatterbridge; then the son of Alice, and the two daughters of Deborah, and the seven children of Clara, tapering to a small pair with a governess between them. The miscellaneous uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces and cousins had already been seated inside the magic purple ribbon, so the procession ended with the personal servants: Addicks, with his venerable black suit showing slightly green in the bright sunlight; the governor's private secretary, and his negro valet, and Cornelia's negro maid, and the handy man, and the gardener, and the cook — all persons who had been with the family so long that they alone knew the dates.

The six pairs of white-robed choir boys came down the center aisle, their cherub voices proclaiming, "Now the laborer's task is o'er; Now the battle day is past". The last and tallest bore a high jeweled cross and behind it strode the two clergymen, robed in white and black. All found their proper places, and the rector lifted his hands and pronounced, "Peace be upon this house". And, truly, whatever spells he might command were in order at this moment, with Clara Scatterbridge sitting with her teeth clenched on the thought, "They are ours and we shall keep them!" And Alice Winters glaring before her at the sentence, "They got it by a mortgage, like pawnbrokers!" And Priscilla Alvin, elder daughter of Deborah, shutting her fists tight upon the conviction, "When it comes to a show down, Mother will give up, but I will never give up!"

"I am the r-r-r-esur-r-ection and the life!" proclaimed the Reverend Dr. Wolverhamp-

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ton; and then, exactly as if he had known about Mayflower cradles and Shah of Persia's rugs, he added, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out". The choir chanted, "Lord, thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another"; and then the clergyman began to read the extract from the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. It is very long and somewhat involved, so there was no matter for surprise if here and there a member of the congregation found his attention straying. Rupert Alvin had seen, as he came down the aisle, the face of Jerry Walker gazing from one of the side seats; thus it was inevitable that Rupert should be thinking about the felt-plants and the hat-works which Jerry had bought, and would he be able to meet his notes, and how far should the Pilgrim National Bank lead him on? And Great-uncle Abner, who in the next match was to meet the French Jew, and could not help wondering about the fellow's tricks. And young Josiah Thornwell Winters, the infinitely precious son of Alice, who had a date with a girl and wondered how soon he would get off. And Betty Alvin, who sat behind her grandmother, thinking, "If only she'd come stay with us and liven things up!"

The voice of the rector was wrestling with the complicated Pauline metaphysics. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." Cornelia was thinking "Can all that really be true? Shall I really ever see Josiah again? Is he alive somewhere now, and does he know what I am thinking? If he does, am I really free?"

In the casket, within three feet of her, lay what St. Paul called the "natural body" of her husband. For three days it had been preserved by formaldehyde solutions; but an hour or two more and it would be shoved into a vault, and there would begin a process extremely unpleasant to think about. Cornelia had been reading Fabre, and had come upon the details; the maggots have no biting apparatus, but do their digesting before they eat, pouring out upon the body a substance which liquifies it, after which they suck it in and multiply their kind indefinitely. And now St. Paul said "This corruptible must put on incorruption".

XIII

The clergyman was praying; and Cornelia, down upon her knees, said a prayer of her own, "Oh, Lord, let my children stop quarreling!" Then she was back in her seat, listening to a eulogy of the great departed. "When the state was in peril, he was as a rock of refuge . . . to every need, public or private, he gave freely . . . the greatest of his generation . . . we of the new time call in vain for his like —" and so on, a discourse that was Boston in every tone and accent. But Cornelia's mind was occupied with the realities of this household, to whom the glory of Josiah was not a crown to be worn but a carcass to be rended. For years she had prayed "Oh, Lord, take worldliness out of their hearts". But something must have been wrong with her technique of prayer; it had failed entirely of effect.

"The services will be continued at the place of interment," said the rector; and the six pairs of choir boys marched out, singing "The church's one foundation", and the guests moved slowly into the library and the drawing-room, or to the front lawn, to await while the mill-hands filed across the room. The executives of the company were in charge of this but Cornelia considered it her duty to remain, and her daughters, not to be outdone in ceremony, stood by her side.

The workers came in single file, slowly and hesitatingly: men and women, old and young, foreigners for the most part, pathetic figures, the more so because of their efforts to look proper. It was not often, under this system of feudalism in frock-coats, that the two kinds of people met in the same place; but here they were, the masters, tall and elegant, and the toilers, stunted in form and scarred in features, with shoulders

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bowed and limbs crooked and hands knotted and calloused. They had stood upon weary feet for hours in order to see this splendor, but now they were too timid to look at it; all but a few of the young ones kept their eyes straight ahead. A few saw Cornelia — persons whom she had visited in sickness — and these made faint signs of recognition, which she acknowledged.

Then came the pall-bearers; the honorary ones, whose names were in the papers, walking honorably alongside. The casket was slid into the hearse; the relatives entered their cars and so did those guests who cared to follow and the long line of vehicles set out, with two motor-cycle officers at the head and all traffic waiting respectfully. So they came to the family mausoleum, with the costly bronze receptacle waiting for its tenant. The group stood about with heads bowed, and again the choir sang and the Reverend Dr. Wolverhampton lifted up his rolling voice. "Man that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery." The casket was set in place and sealed, and the doors of the vault were shut and locked; the blessings of the Lord were conferred upon those present and all was over. The hearse went back to its garage to await the morrow's passenger and the guests scattered to their homes; and the members of the family returned to "Hillview" for a ceremony which concerned them alone — the reading of Josiah Thornwell's will.

XIV

Behold them waiting in the library: everyone, from the highest to the lowest, the richest to the poorest — even the older servants, who were certain of being remembered. Everyone — save two. Clara, looking about, missed her sister Alice and, becoming suddenly suspicious, went into the entrance hall. There, coming down the broad staircase, was a sight the like of which had never been seen by any Thornwell since the days — well, a long time ago, when the ancestors had been robber-barons. Alice was marching, her cultivated features set in grim defiance and her deep-souled eyes staring before her; behind her a French maid, and between them a piece of furniture of brown varnished wood, much scarred and scratched.

Clara stood, all but paralyzed. "Alice Thornwell! What are you doing?" — as if it were not evident enough! Then, seeing Alice go straight by without a word: "If you take that cradle out of this house, I will never speak to you while I live!" And then, "I will denounce you for a thief to the world!" And when even this most dreadful of maledictions failed of effect, Clara could only stand with fingernails dug into the palms of her hands and face white with fury, whispering over and over, "Oh! Oh! *Oh!*"

They went through the front door and Clara rushed into the library, whispering to her mother "Alice is stealing the cradle!" Cornelia hurried outside in time to see the heirloom being loaded onto the Winters limousine. It would not go through the door, but the two women set it on the running-board on the right-hand side, away from the chauffeur; the maid sat on the front seat and held it through the front window and Alice sat on the rear seat and held it through the rear window; and the car rolled away down the drive, leaving the Thornwell family like a nest of ants which has been stepped on.

And even that was not the end! A dreadful idea flashed through the mind of Clara, and she rushed into the rear reception room, which the ladies of the family used for their tea-parties. In the center of this room, upon the seldom-trodden floor, had reposed the Shah of Persia's rug; and now it was gone! Clara gave one glance, and fled back to her older sister. "Deborah Thornwell, you have stolen my rug!"

Deborah drew herself up to her utmost height of amazement. "I have not touched my rug!"

"But it's gone!"

"It has not been taken by me."

Clara looked, and saw that Deborah's elder daughter, Priscilla, was missing. She asked no more but turned to Addicks, the perfect servant, who never in his fifty years of devotion had encountered an emergency

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like this, nor in his maddest nightmare had dreamed it. "Addicks, Miss Priscilla has taken the Shah of Persia's rug. Search for it and bring it to me. Run!"

In the two hundred and eighty-five years of Boston's history, no such un-Bostonian thing had ever been known to happen, so there could be no Bostonian way of dealing with it. Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge became an ordinary woman in a rage. With tears in her china-blue eyes she appealed to her husband, to her mother, even to her older children and the governess. Ignoring her husband's efforts to restrain her, she ran from room to room, flinging open doors and looking into cupboards and behind sofas. As it occurred to her to look outside, she rushed through the doorway, breathless, red of face, forgetting her stoutness, her laboring heart, her varicose veins, forgetting even that institution which through so many generations had stood inviolate, the Thornwell dignity.

The mystery was solved at last. Word spreading among the servants, a chauffeur reported that he had seen Miss Priscilla with the rug in her arms, going towards the apple-orchard. So across the fields marched Clara, followed by Deborah, at Clara's insistence, and watched from afar by other members of the family, whose sense of propriety exceeded their curiosity. Under one of the old apple trees sat a tall and stately young person, the future settlement-worker, Priscilla Thornwell Alvin, serene and meditative, in the exact geographical centre of the priceless Persian rug.

"Priscilla!" commanded Clara. "Get up!"

A silence, complete and awesome.

"Priscilla, you hear me speak to you! Get up off that rug!"

Another silence, even more so. And Clara turned to her sister. "Deborah, will you order your child to obey?"

Would she? There was a pause, while history hung in the balance. "Priscilla, I disapprove of what you are doing. Please get up."

And so the rug-sitting sphinx revealed a voice. "Mother, I am the person who will inherit this rug and I have made up my mind what to do. I shall sit here until grandfather's will has been read. If he gives it to us, as he promised, all right. If not, Aunt Clara may call the police to remove me from it."

"Priscilla! You defy your mother?" Clara's voice was close to hysterics. "Deborah, make her obey you!"

"Priscilla, obey me," said the mother. Was it possible that the voice lacked just a little of its usual firmness? Anyhow, Priscilla Alvin continued to sit, her eyes fixed on space.

"Obey your mother!" commanded Clara.

"Priscilla, obey me!" echoed Deborah.

"Mother," said the rug-sitter, "I was eighteen years of age last week and I have taken legal advice and learned that I am no longer compelled to obey anyone but the law. I am here and I shall stay here, and I serve notice now that if anyone but a policeman removes me I shall get a warrant for the person's arrest."

"Oh!" cried Clara. "What is this new generation coming to?"

"Aunt Clara," said the rug-sitter, "you will save time if you go back and read the will, because you won't accomplish anything meantime. Do not worry, I shall stay right here till the question is decided. I could have gone farther if I had wanted to, but I happen to be fond of this orchard."

XV

And meantime Cornelia had gone to her rooms and locked the door behind her; and into her bedroom and locked that door, to make doubly certain of solitude. Now, with a pad on her knee and a lead-pencil in hand, she was writing.

"My Dear Children:

For forty years I have been doing what other people wanted me to do, and I have never had any fun. Now I think I have done everything I can for you, and that you can get along without me. I hope that I am old enough to take care of myself. I am going away for a while, and remain until I choose to return, if ever. I am not taking any property, because there has been too much of it in my life, and I believe I shall be happier without it. I am going to prove to myself, for my own satisfaction, that I can take care of myself, without any advice or

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assistance from anyone. I have only one request, that you will waste no time or money in efforts to find me. It will only irritate me and do no good whatever, because I shall continue to do exactly what I please. I have heard of runaway children; I am going to be the runaway grandmother.

With best wishes,

Cornelia.

P.S. I enclose a respectable letter which you may show to our friends."

And the second letter:

"My Dear Children:

Your father's sudden death has shocked me deeply, and after the strain of the funeral I realize that I am run down and in need of rest. I have received a telephone call from an old school friend who is starting on a camping trip and begs me to go along. I think such a complete change will help me, so I am taking a night train, and write this to explain and leave you my dearest love and wishes for a happy summer.

Affectionately your mother,

Cornelia."

Having sealed these two letters in one envelope and marked it "For Deborah, Alice and Clara", Cornelia laid it in the middle of her bed. She then changed her mourning garb for an ordinary street-dress, and took her handbag with some ready money in it, and unlocked the two doors, and slipped down a back stairway, and out by a rear door, and down the path which led to the main road. There was a trolley stop, and a car labelled "Boston", and she stepped aboard.

CHAPTER TWO

Plymouth Rock

I

The big autobus from Boston came speeding down the highway, and when it got into North Plymouth it stopped in front of the cordage company's plant. There climbed out a little old lady, carrying a straw suitcase, and dressed in humble working-woman's clothing, with a worn gray shawl over her head. From beneath the shawl peered a pair of twinkling brown eyes, and these remained, taking in the landscape, after the bus had rolled on its way.

There was a two-story brick building, seeming to extend forever along the bayfront; built in the fashion of a fortress, with a steel fence in front, and a pond which had been turned into a moat in mediaeval style. High up in the blue sky floated an American flag, to let you know that this was not a Rhine castle of the middle ages, but a center of industry in the land of the Pilgrims' pride. The old lady stood wondering what to do next. Finally she approached the steel gates and inquired of the keeper, "Please, Mister, where I go for job?"

The man pointed to a building on the other side of the highway. "There's the employment office," he said. "But you're too late; we're closing in five minutes. Come tomorrow."

The old lady looked at the red brick walls and the blue sky and the white clouds and the starry flag, all made to go upon a picture postcard. The windows of the long factory were open, and she heard the roar of spinning-machinery, and saw the figures of men and women moving about. Suddenly a siren boomed; and as if by magic, the various buildings began to belch human figures. Apparently they had been lined up just inside the doors, like runners at the start of a race; they behaved as if the building were on fire, or full of poison gas. More and more dense grew the throngs of escapers, until the roadway was gray and blue with the shirts of men and the multi-colored dresses of girls. For the most part they were foreigners, Italians, Portuguese, and other dark peoples. They were small and stunted, the older ones bent with toil, walking mechanically, looking neither to right nor to left. The younger ones chatted in twos and threes, and some had a friendly smile for the little old lady with the brown eyes peering from under the shawl.

Two thousand or more came through the gates, and then gradually the procession thinned out, and the old lady turned back to the highway and along the tree-shaded street. Smaller streets went off it, lined with the homes of workers, four-family wooden tenements, square and plain, with dingy worn paint or none at all. The old lady found herself walking beside an Italian boy, seven or

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eight years old, a slender child with bright black eyes; he whistled cheerfully, and was reasonably clean. So the old lady said, "Hello, little boy; what is your name?"

"My name is Beltrando." He spoke in good English.

"Do you know anybody who would like to take a boarder?"

The boy thought, and then said, "Come see my mamma". He led her down a street labelled "Suosso's Lane" to a two-story house of unpainted shingles. They went in by the rear door, and Cornelia Thornwell found herself in the kitchen of Mrs. Vincenzo Brini.

"I come from Boston," she said. "I look for job in cordage plant. You know anybody got room for boarder?"

Alfonsina Brini was a young woman, small but strongly made, with kind motherly face and quick intelligent eyes. She examined her visitor with some curiosity, and said, "You Yankee lady?"

"Why, yes," said Cornelia Thornwell — her pitiful effort at concealment collapsing at once.

"Why you talka lika foreign?"

"Well, I thought maybe you understand better." Her smile was friendly and disarming, and won the other's heart.

"Me no onderstanda good," said Mrs. Brini. "Trando, here, he talka like Merican boy, he tella me." Mrs. Brini was in working clothes, and had not yet taken off her hat. "Me joosta get home," she said. "Me worka by woollen mill. You gotta job by cordage?"

"I want to ask for one," said Cornelia. "Do you think I can get it?"

"Shoore, plenty jobba now. Plenty shippa get — how you say, Trando, affondato — shippa sunk, maka new rope, plenty cordage job. But harda work, you very olda lady for cordage job."

"Oh, I won't mind hard work," said Cornelia, with the serenity of complete ignorance. "What will I get?"

"You no skilla work, you getta six dollar week. Some day you learn skilla work, you getta maybe eight, nine dollar week. My osband he work by cordage, getta twelve dollar half."

"And what will I pay for board?"

"You boarda maybe two dollar half, maybe t'ree dollar. You boarda by me, you go in room wit' my big girl, I make it two dollar quarter. You take little rooma for self, I maka two dollar half."

"I think I'd like to have a room to myself," said Cornelia, timidly.

Mrs. Brini escorted her into the parlor. It was perhaps twelve feet square, with one of those plush-upholstered sets of furniture which are advertised at special bargains — $38.50, and you sign a blank on the dotted line, and once a month the agent collects three dollars, with interest on the unpaid portion. Also there was a phonograph, bought in the same way; and before Cornelia had been in the house half an hour, Beltrando had produced the big red record which had cost a week of Cornelia's board, and took the place of an icon or shrine in this family. "You listen to Caroos'," said the little boy; and Mrs. Brini stopped washing the vegetables for the salad and stood with hands wet and rapture in her eyes, while a mighty voice spread its wings and bore her soul to Italy.

II

The room assigned to Cornelia was five feet by eight, and held a wire cot and a chest of drawers. Her straw suit-case would go under the bed, and her clothing would hang on hooks behind the door. There was a window; with home-made curtains in front of it, and on the chest of drawers a hand-woven lace cover, held in place by two figures in tinted glass, one a shepherd, the other his sweetheart, in Italian costumes. "This is lovely," the boarder had said, gallantly; "It will seem like home."

And now, with the door shut, Cornelia Thornwell stood in the midst of her empire, trying to grasp what her new life would be like. She wanted to bathe her hands and face, and realized with dismay that she would have to use a bath-room in common with half a dozen other persons. No doubt she could replace the Italian shepherd and his love with a tin washbasin and pitcher. But would she be able to afford such luxuries on six dollars a week? And especially when

(*Continued on page 708*)

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Greek Gestures

By William Griffith

(These conversational verses are, of course, not translations; with acknowledgments to the Greek Anthology, they are almost entirely original — random reports, so to say, of a twentieth-century stranger in Attica. — W. G.)

Simonides Appraises His Epitaph on Thermopylae

Only two lonely lines of mine
May shine in translation.

To Phidias

On yonder pedestal stands a mother —
A greater sculptor than thou, O Phidias!

Contrast

Chares of Lindus
Was reckoned a pygmy.
Had he been Ajax,
Or been Achilles,
Would he have wrought the Colossus of Rhodes?

Pan

Praxiteles carved Danaë and the draped Nymphs of Parian marble,
But me, Pan, he carved of Pentelic marble.

Orison

Also the gods are at work.
May the poets keep them merry!

Happiness

None may be happy,
Even in Hellas,
Save the mother of children,
And the artist in his creation.

Frustration

Eutychus, who paints with divine perseverence,
And who is the father of some twenty children,
Fails of getting a likeness
In art, as in nature.

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An Artist

To find time to become rich,
At too great a cost,
Is not in the cards dealt to Diodorus.

Beauty

How frail and fleet is beauty!
Frail as a petal shaken by thunder,
Fleet as the sunrise passing to sunset —
Transient, immortal.

Theognis

On Social Success

Among madmen,
Be exceeding mad;
Among the rich,
Parade no penury;
Among fools,
Be natural.

A Pupil of Plato

I seem never to go anywhere,
In my mind,
But that I meet Plato coming back.

Aristophanes

Easy it is to make a Bœotian merry,
Or an Athenian smile
At the shifts of a Sophist;
But Zeus, how hard to evoke
The laughter of scholars!

A Critic

Two lines make an epigram,
More than three lines a rhapsody,
Maintains Cyrillos,
Having made neither.

Improvidence

Autumn approaches, Epicles,
And what have you woven of spring or of summer,
To wear against winter?

Out of the Mouth of Phidias

That which my eye sees
Is heaven coming to earth;
That which my heart feels
Is the pure love of living;
That which I carve
Is the joy of the body.

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Pastoral
After Sappho and Theocritus

Evening — and a pale star is coming,
And a late sun is going
In a great cloud of gold.
Tardy pigeons are homing,
And a white stream of sheep is flowing
From pasture to fold.

Pythagoras

O Man,
Shalt thou always be outcast,
Viewed with fear or suspicion,
And justly condemned
By the rest of the animal world?

Romance

Doris,
From her window,
Let down a ladder of illusion
Into a gulf of shadows,
That faltering Cleon might climb to her.

Love
After Agathias Scholasticus

Being a shadow,
Woven of air
And swayed by the wind,
Love, often touched by the finger of passion,
Is shattered,
Even as death shatters life.

Sappho to Atthis
On Going into Exile

Recall me, Atthis,
In days to come,
As something between music and moonlight
In a ghostly garden.

A Sinking Ship
After Lucilius

Where were my timbers quarried?
What mountain went into my ballast?
What blind builder confused cork and lead
To make me seaworthy?

Sophistry

To make failure a goal,
And to attain it,
Is success,
According to Gorgias.

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ON SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

By R. E. Gordon George

MEREDITH made Diana write of life: "When I fail to cherish it in every fibre, the fires within are waning". He cherished life with a passion that gave to the married unity of every sensation and emotion the force, the delicacy and the flame of poetry. He conceived himself first a poet, and in everything he wrote the same love of odd ways of saying things, a love which was forced on him by the fiery quality of what he had to say, gives us in a sure succession of flashes the Meredithian style. No one can imitate it: no one has succeeded even in a caricature of it. And its quality is unmistakable. The mind and personality it reveals have a force and glow that others attain only in rare passions; and that at the age of sixty, he should address a young lady of twenty-four with such ardor and intimacy, is to keep a promise rather than to offer a surprise. He met this lady when she was staying with her cousin in England. Meredith speaks of her as identified with France. A French elegance and femininity were part of her distinction, and it was one to which the great writer had always been susceptible. His marriage with Mademoiselle Vulliamy had brought associations which made him more intimate with the spirit of the country. But the distinction of this lady, both in mind and personality, did not need a Meredith as discoverer. Without it, he said, a woman would not attract him. "But when that same Mademoiselle is out of her shyness, and conversationally animated, I would back her for true illumination of beauty against the field of enchantresses — and I think I am something of a judge. . . . I remember at my second interview being astonished at her fluency, and expressiveness both of speech and feature. I remember, too, at one moment taking a dive into an eye that sparkled pure light and still detains me."

The correspondence lasts from December 1886 to November 1887. In it he pours himself out in reflections on politics, on literature, and on that relation of love to life and of a dear woman to them both which was the constant magnet of his genius. To give to the girl, who wakened his warm and subtle sympathies, the philosophy that was born of his own vital experience was one of the ambitions which he cherished for this friendship. She could feel, she could observe, she could reason, but could she join reason and feelings and perception so that each should strengthen and stimulate the others? He would teach her. "She has not yet learnt the value, or perhaps even the meaning of the impalpably spiritual from which all else flows that is really life, and love too, of the warmest. Your positive is but a matter of moments. I fancy she has been poorly schooled by her male adorers. She has regrets for waste of time, and a sense of uselessness. Let her take to answering me, and she shall love direction and inspiriting. The correspondence will not be a task, for if she merely tells me of how she is, and what she does daily, with a fledgling thought here and there, it will satisfy me: the positive concerning her is my first request."

A more touching and revealing letter, the first of this series, gives his clearer view of her temperament in the light of those ideas which his life made into a flame: the idea that reason, wedded to nature and the spirit, arranged life's jarring notes into a pattern of ordered melody. Reason weds nature and the spirit by recognizing that emotion should lead not to its own luxuries, final as their inward sweetness seems, but to a sense of a busy productiveness in which

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all men, all forms of life, are recognized as one in a great spiritual order, endlessly developing, in which "we find our happiness or not at all". To bring our desires and capacities together into this crowded living spiritual order is the meaning of life; and, until we see that meaning, life, which should be joy, is hardly worth living.

"Your words to Grant Allen, upon the welcome you give to Sleep and Death, haunt me, as though they were a piece of your history: and they tell of suffering or of impatience with it. But at least they show you on the road of enquiry, though willing to repose before much way has been made. Of course the indication is that you have not yet mastered the senses under a firm grasp of the meaning of life. We are all thinking of our own when life is a theme perplexing us to the love of slumber. But it is out of our own that we must come before we can think over so broad a matter at all. And this being done, we perceive a world of nature that we can trim if we please, that can go on independently and healthfully because joyfully; always busily; whose death is life, whose rest is nothing but variation: we perceive also a world of men certainly bettered by the ages but not yet in harmony between their desires and their capacities: hence the wretchedness.

"They are still in the thick of the emotional stage: that is, of the senses holding fast on the thoughts they have given birth to, but should earlier let fly for their happiness. We find as we advance in life that if this thought is independent of our personal emotions, exactly to the degree in which it is free are we nearing to be at one with Nature in her joyful activity and our view of her work. And this not even the loss of the faculties of pleasure, nor the approach of the issues most commonly dreaded can shadow (for) one who has grown to the full development of the brain. Make your cast for a clear understanding. Believe at the outset that life is joy: only let joy be read spiritually: in other words, not as a thing to claim but as a thing to share in . . ."

Here more clearly stated than usual is a mastering thought of Meredith, and there was evidently something in this friend which sharply reminded him of his own youth when after writing "Love in the Valley" he had expressed the mood of tragic disillusion in "Modern Love". "You have not been led out and up," he wrote to his friend. "You have the sense of higher — never the help to reach it. An unwedded woman of any warmth of blood, if her mind is not set upon high ideals, becomes the prey of bad ones and — tra-la, tra-la! she spins the wrong way. A *beau sabreur dans le champs de Mars de Venus* becomes her natural captain, and if she would not have him for the legitimate, alas for her experiences."

A poem with the title of "A morning and evening dose of rhyme" suggests that the young lady's heart had been engaged with some one whom Meredith felt to be unworthy of her. "It is a blissful moment," he writes, "when the sensual spell (coloured romantic) is broken, and the phoenix arises a new bird: not ungrateful for her own sake, but the stronger through her regrets." She confided in him. Of one of her letters he writes, "It has gone and had to go. It is not lost be sure. It is like the life that goes: the good work lasts. . . . Nothing ceases. Notice in this, how loss and sweat of anguish produce a piece of writing that I tear to strips, and there seems not a vestige left. Yet it has entered into me. It changes, akins, directs me in some way". The same thoughts had been made into a more intricate weaving in "A morning and evening dose". It answers the questions which arise like voices from "Modern Love".

Can another love be born
In heart that love has left outworn;
Appearing dead to sweet desire,
Its mouths of earth once mounts of fire?

Question first if thou wouldst know,
This wilful heart that wasted so;
And ask one heart that wildly went
To ashes, why the flames are spent.

Was it to our heavens bared
Reflectively when forth it fared?
And knew when it took the leap
Of whether shallow, whether deep?

Loved she an angel of the light?
All meaner forms would woman slight.
Or was the Prince of Darkness he,
Her wreck was out in deepest sea.

But less than either bids the mind
Right measure of the man to find;
From wider knowledge, keener thought
To fathom how the spell was wrought.

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And has he borne his manhood high
For whom she cast that gambler's die,
Her heart? And doth her spirit through
The senses read, and love renew?

Ah, that first love! It comes to prove
How creatures of the senses love
Before the brain has gained control
To show how they may love in soul.

Give life to Life: in turn it gives.
Believe thy heart alive: it lives.
Know Love more heavenly than of old
Revealed, and Love will not be cold.

The past is dust: thy heart is blood,
It bears thy fate upon its flood.
Set it on nobleness and soon
A nobler love will crown thy noon.

Here are verses as fine as "The Thrush in February". Their thought has the same high worth: but furthermore this philosophy is also a personal plea. It is Meredith's warning against that magnetism over women which a virile type, even when without virtue, not uncommonly exerts. "O Women!" the sage had written long before in "Richard Feverel", while youth was still burning, "women who like, and will have for hero a rake! how soon are you not to learn that you have taken bankrupts to your bosoms and that the putrescent gold which attracted you was the slime on the Lake of Sin." At sixty he had not forgotten what that could mean to women. Let them know the impulses the physical organism gives to emotion, but know them as transformed to an identity with reason and the spirit in the wholeness of man's nature at its highest. Nobleness, he said, was the standard for emotion to use in trying men and "in rescuing the minds of women from the duperies practised by the male upon them". Finally, in one of those rapid turns of thought which made all life a comedy to him, he turns away the suspicion of preaching by telling his friend to use nobleness as an amulet for protection, a magnifier, a scrubbing-brush, a smelting-furnace and a pilot star! Nobleness was, of course, the full development of nature, not sliced to evenness by austerity, but the realizing that life and spiritual laws are something greater than convention.

"I deplore the case of your errant wife with the not-much-of-a-creature for whom she tossed her cap over the windmills. Some women as well as men require the sowing of wild oats in early life if they are to walk steady or trot zealously in harness. A Devonshire old lady, having a son who had run away with a married woman returned to her husband, complained that the latter's family objected too violently to her son's behaviour: 'Why, he only had her for a fortnight'. Old ladies gain humaneness by loss of the notions of sex, I suppose. But philosophers are with them. I heard of a husband who neglected his wife for the saddle. She found a cavalier and fled, but came back before long, and he took her, saying with magnanimity that he had been the one to blame. Here and there a woman in the clutch of a ferocious egoist has only to lift an eyelid to be loathed eternally, if not banned. By and by, when possession ceases to be a masculine noun in man's grammar-book, we shall have larger ideas of purity and especially clearer as to its place of residence."

Meredith proposed to write to this lady a series of "Letters to a Lady on the Art of Fiction", but the plan was not completed. He was less interested in such a project than in her: a woman in a room outshone all else in it, and in a room of women, this one outshone the rest. He begins his letters: "My lady and dear friend", "My dear friend and best", "My friend and dearest". He concludes "Your most faithful", "Your devoted", "I salute you, press and kiss your hand, am at your feet, and commend you to the heavens. George M."

"Feel in me your soul's home," he writes, "and believe that you have done more for me in so strangely making mine a habitation for you than I could ever repay by services." And again: "Perceive that I embrace your whole existence, all that may or could in the chances have befallen you, and am, with this feeling of mine, barely of our world when I ally myself to your destinies and speculate on them, past or future. You will not think me inquisitive, probing for revelation. I ask for nothing that does not help you on to a healthier viewing and footing of the world". And to this he adds, "Your orders created the images — they are your doing". The young lady was subjected to her friend's scrutiny and he

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made so bold as to tell her that he used such a phrase (it was her own coining) as "starved cat with black-currant eyes" as a makeshift photograph of her. "Shall I tell you of a defect in your physical construction, explaining much to the observer?" he asked. "Well, you have not lively nostrils, they are not nervous and dilating to air; they show the want of fiery animation. Consider that physical cause of a tendency to revolve your meditations gloomily and shut your sensations from fellowship with the outer world — that of nature and human kind." The work he planned would be to some degree inspired by her. "Your enthusiasm is kindling to me." And again, "You speak of me as a magician, you little know the marvels you in comparison have done; — mine are nothing to them". For this, his return was a fervour of spiritual guardianship. "My thoughts hang over you solicitously, and tend your body and spirit."

Precious words on literature run through the letters: for here indeed are pictures of the poet's intimate life. "So you like Ballads," he writes. "Well, the Iliad, greatest of poems, is a great Ballad. So you choose well. And 'Auld Robin Gray' is exquisite in simplicity. But I beg of you to learn to love the instrument, not merely certain tunes. The treasure of verse is where thought embraces feeling, as the man the woman. Then you have the highest in mind with the deepest in nature. That is why Poetry is above philosophy: it is the voice of essential Man before the Gods. You ought to have me read to you. There are pretty lines in Goldsmith, keen shafts in Pope: but in Wordsworth really draughts from Nature's fountain, here and there, — not mixt with the vinous which I expect was once your milk. Your heart is in the woods? We will enter them together, and I sing to you for I am of the woods."

Intensely sensitive as Meredith was, he was always stung by the judicial attitude which is proper to reviewers. That these were slow to realize the splendour of his genius is too true: but it is also true that when they did recognize it, his work had become so recondite and complex that it had lost its beauty, that rich romantic beauty which intoxicated Stevenson as he read "Love in the Valley", and which brings "Richard Feverel" to the power and rarity of "Romeo and Juliet". His friend was herself puzzled with the later poems; but the same feeling in the critics was to Meredith yet another of those chastisements to which he so often referred.

"I have had my inaugural whipping for the publication of Poems. I rhyme 'people' and 'ripple', and a long paragraph of the review abuses me for a French heresy or bluntness of ear. I am told that 'we English' are not so easily satisfied. The ear of the boor in fact demands the hard consonantal smash of an exact similarity of sound, together with the repetition *ad infinitum* of the one rhyme to 'people', being 'steeple'. Poor Theodolinda is 'enigmatical'. And it reminded me that my heart's Lady thought so. Theodolinda is in a white heat." Her moods, he said, were "like an interchange of alternate black and bright".

Three weeks later he sends her the *Athenæum's* leader reviewing "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life". That review was singularly discerning. That he had "the whole gamut of creation" in him and could express only a fraction of it he himself realized: his power of expression broke down. What then did he expect of the review? It had praised the vigorous eloquence of "France", assessed its poetry as constant and sustained, the reviewer had said of the "Phæthon" that "it is doubtful if the peculiar genius of the metre could be recalled in alien material with greater daring or a finer prodigality of diction", he had said of Meredith himself that "he has charm as well as power, and, once his rule is accepted, there is no means of shaking him off. The position is that of the antique tyrant in a commonwealth once republican and free. We resent the domination, but we enjoy it too, and, with or against our will, we admire the author of our slavery". But because it added to this the just criticism that "there *is* genius, but there is *not* felicity", because, quoting Baudelaire, it accused him of that form of dandyism which aimed at being uninterruptedly sublime and accused

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him of congestion and clottedness — he turned to this lady with one of those outbursts to which his intense sensitiveness not seldom drove him.

"It is because I do not pass among reviewers that they treat one who is so little a favourite with the public, and who courts no favour, with this form of politeness. I am termed a harlequin, a performer of antics. I choose, when I write, the expression seeming to my imagination just, and it is not conventional, they denounce it. When there is a stress of emotion, my speech is necessarily simple, in harmony with the common human element. They admit it, yet cannot allow that at other seasons the writer's fancy (if he have any) should be allowed to play. So they pursue their course, treating each new book of mine to blows, and me to reluctantly lessening contempt confirmed in dislike, while gradually the submerged volume comes back to the surface, is demanded, and spoken of respectfully. I am told that my first volume of poems, written when I was a minor, will now sell for ten pounds. All of them go at double the original price. Yet after close on forty years of honest work, I present myself to receive the certain lash. I trouble you with my ill-temper, and shall have your sympathy assuredly, while at heart the dear girl is thinking that those reviewers do speak a criticism not impossible to share and — minus the impertinence — modestly to utter. Believe me, it is only the bad manners which I complain of. I know my faults. I know too that all writers have some. The unfairness consists in reviewing favourites on the lines of their good things, and the unfavoured in examples of their weak or unappreciated. Forgive this tirade. I suppose I shall not publish very much more, and to be lashed up to the end is wearisome, if but for the monotony. Why do I publish verse? I really cannot say. The burden of the expense falls on me, and the silly remarks. I have sent you a rather selected specimen."

His consolation was the admiration of Americans, and to those who worshipped he took pleasure in showing courtesy, even though they often bored him.

The third subject on which he wrote to this lady was politics, and these passages recall the more famous ones from "Beauchamp's Career" and "One of our Conquerors". She had been suspicious of politics. Meredith replied that as a profession it could not be improved. "Politics means the business of the world," he repeated from "Diana of the Crossways".

"Consider, if you denounce political life, and turn from the arts — what is left save a choice between the priest and the manly sportsman: and bethink you of the kind of transformation you require of him after he has killed pigeons, or rivals, and soiled doves, and jumped hurdles innumerable. You must be expecting him to change into a professor of science. No, it is nature that makes the choice of his career, and this end comes of that beginning. Keep the blood in your veins. You are praying that a Lara may conclude philanthropist. Since the beginning of our semi-civilization, the Lara figure has laid the spell on the senses of women. We are subject to our enchantresses: he is their wizard. The hope of Christianizing him while his passions attract the floods of air and can consume them is futile."

A later letter resolves Meredith's cryptogram: he was thinking of that tendency in people, and especially in women, to trust all to one man of the virile and magnetic type. But are women attracted by professors of science, or does not their nature turn rather to physical or at least merely male excellences which are insufficient to govern the world? The remedy is not in a hero who captures the imagination of womanly minds, but in a busy people. Politics in fact is "the business of all who would not be abjects".

"The poor politicians whose honesty you misdoubt, and the poor people, whose intelligence you disdain, are by the exercise of their gifts and the 'step by stumble' enlightenment under correction of the scourges they bring on themselves by that exercise, advancing gradually to a better state than that to which your *bon roi Henri* would conduct them.

"Looking back over history will help you to look forward, above and beyond the tumble of the waters. What you do is to begin a flight with your mind, and quickly relapse on your sensations, with a sigh and a cry for a capable crowned Man to come and settle affairs. And if he came, he would but passingly smooth them.

"For permanent work, the people must be active. Already it is perceptible that they are everywhere thoughtfuller than they were. Can you truly deny it? Rather let my dear Lady ask herself whether she does not too

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unresistingly weary of even the sight of the struggle. Her cry for the capable Man is one of the errors of democracy also. It means the cry for the Sword to cut the difficult knot. And that as we observe in history represents a fracture which has to be mended by many decades of labour. Democracy nevertheless is learning. I do not perceive that Royalists show so handsome a front to the lessons of the day.

"You may see in my Ode to France, written in the dark days of December 1870, what I feel for your country. . . .

"The uproar of the coming Jubilee aready deafens me with throats of a thousand famished lions. I wish I were out of the country."

In this letter, Meredith says Admiral Maxse had turned Unionist "with Berkeley vehemence".

"I tried a few sentences of serious exposition. He burst through every one midway. So I retired to an eminence and worried him with shafts whereat he kicked and roared and lashed his tail. I composed him by informing him of the sympathy of a lady known to me by favour of august good fortune, and that she denounced a 'Liberal' intolerance that would not give him audience. He was visibly flattered. I said further that this fair lady justly expected all 'Liberals' at a meeting to have the manners of gentlemen, if only in emulation of the decorous Tories at their meetings, or that otherwise she could hang them up by their title on the gallows of inverted commas. This remark he pronounced irony. How can one argue with him?"

There is then in this correspondence a vivid picture of the life and mind of Meredith at the age of sixty. Marked with his extraordinary character, it is intimate and sincere. His friendship with the Leslie Stephens, his preoccupation with his daughter, her Irish governess and Cole the gardener, his relations with the Lawrences of Burford and Mrs. Rasch ("a saint in silver") fill the intervals of the more precious extracts that have been quoted. The unique writer is before us with the impulsiveness, the fervour, the sensitiveness, the energy, the exaltation which were known so well to those who loved him. His pen was "lamed with digestive struggles"; but he poured out his personality, and wrote sentences that are additions to the wisdom of our literature: "The best physician is he who with faith in his medicine waits patiently"; "Suspicion is the lustiest born of silence"; "There is no life but of the spirit which has the life eternal under varying forms"; "Face to the East at morn, westwards at eve".

His philosophy of life was condensed into the two lines written to this friend:

> Know love more heavenly than of old
> Revealed, and love will not be cold.

We touch now on the hundredth year since he was born: as we look back over that time, we see no other, at least in England, who, by the life that came full from life's fountains, turned passion to counsels so trenchant and ennobling.

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ON BEING A PUBLIC NUISANCE

By Kenneth Carl Walz

ONE fine May morning I bounded into the house and announced, "I am going to sell books". Now, my parents had always regarded a book-agent as a species of public nuisance that came stalking into one's house at odd moments and insisted on staying just long enough to spoil the day. They looked at me aghast. Could it be that a son of theirs should turn out to be a public nuisance?

Of course not. Incredible. Just some silly notion of mine that would quickly vanish. But soon they discovered that my resolution strangely persisted and that practical arguments would have to be used against it. My oldest brother began by narrating in gruesome detail his adventures in trying to sell a typewriter one summer. I heard how in the scorching heat of August noons he staggered up the stairs of office buildings, balancing a ponderous machine; how he demonstrated it before the stony eyes of cruel capitalists; how they made him depart with his burden. It was very touching, all this, but my spirit was indomitable.

"People won't listen to you," I was told.

"I am memorizing a sales-talk that will make them," was my reply.

"But you won't earn your salt," the prophets continued.

Well, I reasoned, if I received only the amount of my guarantee, I should be willing to go without salt. Besides, I needed adventure. I was thoroughly tired of punching a time-clock. Selling books would be delightful; behind every door-knob would lurk a mystery — perhaps, of course, a dragon, but the more risk the more zest to the adventure.

For a week before setting forth I was drilled daily by trainers who knew from personal experience the relentless public against whom they were sending me. I was warned, at the start, never to call myself a book-agent, but henceforth to be known only as a "missionary in the field of education". But many are the missionaries known to have been roughly handled by the very persons they wished to aid. Before permitting me to enter the field, my trainers taught me how to convince my prospective customers of my beneficent motives.

In order to create a most favorable impression, I was taught never to thrust my foot in the doorway, never to antagonize a prospect, never to force myself or my work on anyone, to accommodate myself to the peculiarities of every person I interviewed, to be dignified, and above all to be courteous. In short, I was not to be a book-agent but a gentleman. And not until I had secured the good graces of my audience was I so much as to mention books. The public had to be placated. At first I objected to memorizing a stereotyped sales-talk; I feared it could never seem so spontaneous as one created extempore. But I was duly impressed with the necessity of doing so, and accordingly the following week found me rehearsing my speech to the rhythmic click of the wheels on the rails as I was swept speedily toward East Jaffrey in southern New Hampshire, territory quite unfamiliar to me.

When I alighted on the platform at East Jaffrey I was full of apprehension, but set about securing lodgings at once. Fortunately I came upon an exceedingly sympathetic landlady; she herself, by a happy chance, had been an agent once in that very town.

It was my particular business to interview the parents of school children whose names I was to procure from the local superintendent of schools; I visited that formidable officer in the afternoon. After my first and faltering demonstration he purchased a book for himself, wrote a splendid recommendation and granted me free access to the names of his pupils! I quickly left his office so as not to collapse in his presence. I was too overwhelmed for further labors that day.

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The following morning I set forth to test the tempers of the parents. For the most part I found them beset with such multitudinous labors that they could spare not a moment. (It is remarkable how many imaginary tasks housewives can devise on the approach of a salesman.) The memory of my first victory, however, buoyed me up until I had convinced one more person of the merits of my "school help" (the word *book* had been expurgated from my vocabulary by my superiors).

As my list of subscribers grew I experienced less and less difficulty in securing sales, and considering that the population of the town was for the most part French my results were encouraging. To be sure, some of the foreigners stood about stupidly while I delivered my talk in English, but very often they asked their children to interpret for them. The parents would then often burst forth in French ejaculations beyond my meagre knowledge of text-book French. Perhaps they were saying, "That is a fine book"; perhaps they were saying, "It is terrible. Don't take it on your life".

In the evenings when I lounged about in the luxury of a hard-earned rest my landlady would ask, "Well, how did you make out today?"

Then I would describe in detail everyone I called upon.

"Well, it's no wonder you didn't sell a book to the Smiths," she would console me. "I might have told you not to bother with them in the first place. But you sold one to Mrs. Timothy Upjohn! You are a genius. She has lots of money but she's the closest person in this town. Indeed, I know. I made four calls upon her when I was an agent, and then she told me that she guessed she might save by writing directly to the company instead of taking her order through me. You must have mesmerized her. I'll tell you whom you must see." And then would follow a long list of likely prospects. Such a landlady it was hard to leave.

My next territory was Marlboro, a dreamy little village not far distant with about a thousand inhabitants. It was while there that I attempted one night to convince a Universalist clergyman of the merits of my book. He would not be persuaded to the point of purchasing, but he entertained me in the meantime with an exhibition of his psychic powers. I can see the room now with its greenish glow diffusing from a drop-light — just the proper weird setting. Presently he began describing my sister, at that time several hundred miles away. The amazing part of it was that he described her accurately. I listened with bated breath. As for trying to sell books to the man, that was futile. He probably read my mind like a map, unravelled all my psychological salesmanship and left me defenceless. Before I departed he told me of a young man with whom he had wagered that upon reaching a certain field in the course of his journey home one evening he would experience a sudden fright. Upon returning later, the young man reported that he had been stricken with a spasm of fright on the prescribed spot. Returning that night I had to pass along lonely lanes, densely black, and I breathed freely only when I was safely in my bed. What an armor against the assaults of book-agents this clergyman had in his psychic powers!

It was on the afternoon of that same day that while ranging about in the town library I chanced upon a description of Bethlehem, a summer colony in the heart of the White Mountains. It was said to be the highest town in New England, to contain thirty hotels and to command a magnificent view of the mountains. The White Mountains, I learned, were the Natural Playground of America. Having a weakness for pleasure, I decided on the spot to go there.

It was dusk when I sought out the first hotel in Bethlehem, and heavy darkness had settled down before I found lodgings suitable to the purse of a book-agent. One hotel clerk patronizingly informed me that as a special favor he could let me have a room at twenty-five dollars a week. I thanked him and went on; there were twenty-nine more hotels in Bethlehem, I recalled. Wherever I inquired I found the landlords most solicitous of my business. When with dignity I announced that I was an educational worker, several of them directed me to other places.

I had begun to think that I should have to

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seek slumber in a stable of Bethlehem when I was finally rewarded with a room at seven dollars a week in a little cottage, the ground floor of which was devoted to a gift shop and to a millinery establishment. I soon became acquainted with the milliner and the proprietress of the gift shop, and they informed me that at my arrival in Bethlehem I had been suspected of being a Mormon advocate. A notice had appeared in the local press that members of the Mormon church were abroad, attempting to proselyte to their faith, and inasmuch as I had seemed a bit mysterious about my business several persons had concluded that I could be none other than an apostle of that interesting sect.

As Bethlehem is chiefly a summer resort, the natives are few. The majority of them have grown wealthy, since no one raises a radish but to sell it to the hotels; and then, too, a good many families by renting a few rooms during the summer earn enough to support themselves for the rest of the year. Few hesitated at the price of ten or fifteen dollars for a book. Moreover, by this time I was becoming an adept book-agent. I had mastered my sales-talk and developed poise. There was some satisfaction in gliding fluently from a brilliant discussion on history to another equally impressive one on mathematics, literature, or science. After one such performance a local housewife of evident education and refinement asked how I could possibly know so much. To have created the illusion of such prodigious intelligence almost dissuaded me from entering college the following fall. For, to dazzle the world, what more need I know than my sales-talk?

Of course there are no towns, however prosperous, without a few poor persons. I called upon one mother who, being unable to purchase, placated me with doughnuts fresh from the fat in which she was frying them. She further diverted me by recounting the family history, illustrated with photographs from the living and the dead; she related the misfortunes of her son who had swallowed a nail and produced an x-ray photograph as proof. She wished to convince me that to spend a cent beyond her budget was impossible. And despite the admonitions of my employers to believe the sad stories of no one, she convinced me. After all, how could I doubt the photographs?

But a few doors further up the street I had sound reason to recall these admonitions. I was sitting beside a window declaiming with enthusiasm to a woman, when she interrupted me with "Now, that's just the book I'd like to get for the children. But my husband — you don't know him — he won't let me buy so much as a shoelace without his consent". What a cruel husband! I assured the poor woman I would see him personally in the evening and she seemed much pleased. When I returned at dusk I found them both on the lawn. She appeared apathetic and soon left me alone with her husband.

In the gathering darkness he could barely see the print as I turned the pages of my prospectus, but when I had completed the demonstration he was radiant and, calling to his wife, he asked, "What do you think of it?"

"Oh," came the reply from the kitchen, "I suppose it's all right, but we can't afford it."

Although I could scarcely keep my composure, I quickly continued to "show more value", as I had been taught. He decided to afford the book at any cost, and calling to his wife he asked which of the five bindings he should chose.

"The cheapest is all too good," she answered. "It will only lie on the shelf and catch dust anyway."

I had no difficulty in persuading her husband that it would be in constant use, but when the date of delivery was to be determined he appealed once more to his wife.

"No hurry," she informed him. "If you're going to take it, have it come as late as possible. No one will use it anyway."

I closed the sale successfully, a lesson learned. But, although my trust in women had been shattered I slept well that night, for out of eight interviews I had sold seven books, thereby earning a commission of approximately twenty-six dollars in a single day. I was feeling positively opulent.

In my success I became bold — so bold,

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in fact, that now after four years I still shudder at the thought of the humiliating situation which my daring almost occasioned. I had finished canvassing among the townspeople and was reluctant to leave Bethlehem, when the milliner suggested that I try my luck with the hotel guests. She advised me to go first to The Maplewood, a luxurious hotel about a mile distant. I hesitated, but finally set forth with the solace that, in any event, I could be no more than insulted. It was mid-afternoon when I arrived at The Maplewood and found the veranda vacant. I learned from the manager at the desk that most of the guests were resting, motoring, or playing golf. When he asked my mission I explained very tactfully that I was the representative of an educational work in which I thought some of his guests might be interested, especially those with children of school age. He pondered a moment and then asked, "Why couldn't you deliver a speech on it some evening?"

Too staggered to remonstrate, I suddenly found myself booked for a speech before his patrons on the following Friday evening. He planned to insert notices of my lecture in every menu card in the dining room. In the parlance of the movies, I was to be *featured*.

In a daze I was just about to take my leave, when he asked for the title under which to list my lecture. Thereupon I drew out my prospectus. That ended it.

"Oh," he gasped, "it's a book! I'm sorry but we could never think of anything like that. No, not under any circumstances."

I limped out. But somehow I was vastly relieved, and, when on a subsequent Sunday evening, I attended a concert at that hotel and beheld the vast assemblage of bejewelled patrons, I pictured myself as having been bodily ejected had I so much as mentioned books before them. I breathed a prayer of thanks.

The milliner told me of a delightful little town called Whitefield, which was hidden behind the mountains looming to the east, and I resolved to go there. It was late in August that I arrived and found lodgings in one of the hotels. Whitefield looked prosperous, with its clean, white houses and its trim lawns, but it was deceptive. I tramped one day, two days, three days, before I sold the first book there. Afterwards I learned that it is commonly known as the "salesman's despair". However, one incident made my visit notable.

In the dining room of my hotel was a piano on which one evening after dinner I began idly strumming. Although I am without the advantages of music lessons, I have devices of my own with which at times I can create the illusion of proficiency. On this occasion I must have succeeded nobly, for a day or two later my waitress approached my table and, leaning wearily over the back of my chair, sighed plaintively, "You can't imagine how tired I am. I climbed Mt. Washington yesterday, and I can hardly walk".

I registered commiseration.

"And," she continued, "I have to play the piano in the movies tonight. You'll play for me, won't you?"

"Surely I won't," said I. "I can't read a note."

She insisted that my ignorance was an advantage rather than a handicap — which later I found to be the literal truth, for at the piano were neither light nor music. At last we reached a compromise: she agreed to play for the first show and I for the second.

Before the performance I feverishly compiled a list of all the selections that I could play from memory, and when that night the intermission (of that noisy kind peculiar to country towns) was almost ended, I crept to the piano and anxiously watched the screen for an inkling as to which number in my limited repertoire I should apply. I knew that the pianist should try to adapt his music to the action of the film. The first picture was a comedy, and it came on with a rush; so it seemed to me sitting close upon, and to one side of, the screen, where the characters looked large and distorted. It is a nice problem to decide just what is appropriate to play when one man breaks a bottle over the head of another. But that I had to decide and mighty quickly. The feature film, however, progressed more leisurely and afforded relief from the frenzied tempo that the comedy had demanded. But, as every

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drama has its climax (or what passes for one), there came a time when my ingenuity was taxed beyond its capacity, for I have no talent for climactic music. The hero was brutally beating the villain. I must play something. At my wit's end, I took the suggestion from the scene before me and beat the keys. Throughout the show I mistook every exclamation of the audience for a comment upon my playing, so that when the show was ended my hands were cold and wet.

Imagine my astonishment, when the manager congratulated me for having provided some of the best music the theater had ever had. Exalted by the praise, I consented to play for the full evening on the following Thursday, for which I received the staggering sum of one dollar and a quarter, twenty-five cents beyond the regular pianist's salary. The manager, who owned a small circuit, wished to drive me to Bartlett, a town some thirty miles away, in order that I might play there. But my business was selling books, and that was calling me down to Hanover, the site of Dartmouth college.

Depending upon the advice of the mail driver, I secured a room with a private family, who, nevertheless, had all sorts of strange persons about the premises. Probably many of them were roomers like myself. A dark slim woman, sitting on the porch, was introduced to me as one with unusual skill in telling fortunes. When I told her that I had no faith in fortune tellers, she laughingly attributed all her success to mere chance. Yet she seemed anxious to tell my fortune, even offering to waive the customary half-dollar fee. Having gained my consent, she shuffled her pack and began.

"You're going to be ill," she said.

"Soon?" I asked, suspecting ambiguity.

"Yes, soon, but it will not last so very long."

I was more amused than worried.

"You are going to receive a check for seven dollars from a light-haired man," she went on.

"Why, no light-haired man owes me anything." I left the fortune teller a bit mockingly.

But within a week, I found myself in a little cot in the Hanover Infirmary. Whenever I recalled the prophecies of my fortune teller, I thought, "Well, accidents will happen". After a few days I had completely recovered, and, upon leaving the Infirmary, I headed for the post office. There I found awaiting me a check for six dollars and seventy-three cents. Almost seven dollars, I realized with a start. I looked at the signature. It was that of the president of the firm for which I was working. Yes, he was a "light-haired man". The amount of the check covered a bit of back-commission from the payments of my customers.

When I returned to my lodgings, I was just as well pleased to hear that the fortune teller had departed; there was something uncanny about her.

I worked but two days more, and then returned home to witness the effect of my success on the members of my family, who, it need not be added, were not fortune tellers. I found them not in the least disposed to refer to their vain prophecies. Perhaps, I was a "public nuisance" but I was a successful one, and they had to admit it.

For three successive summers I travelled about New Hampshire and Maine, blessing the public. I use the word *blessing* on the authority of a New England clergyman who, spying me in his congregation one Sunday, extolled the services of book-agents from the pulpit. A modernist clergyman in another town induced me to teach a Sunday school class, whereupon I taught them about Daniel in the Lion's Den and other miracles. In a New Hampshire village I was coerced into taking a leading rôle in a public pageant, and, when I appeared swathed in the purple robes of a prince, I had the town at my feet. I was introduced to the socially élite, my sales leaped to the skies.

"And did you never have any doors slammed in your face?" The fact is, that by my practised courtesy most people were thoroughly disarmed. Then, too, many people are so inquisitive these days that they are not satisfied unless they know just what you have to offer. Incidentally, the book which I was representing was highly recommended, usually, by the local school authorities, since it was of genuine merit. There

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were, of course, some persons to whom the mere scent of a book was nauseating, and oddly enough these were chiefly of the educated class.

Occasionally, too, the awe of the very illiterate at the sight of a book develops into anger. I remember being interrupted in one sales-talk by a wild-looking Italian woman of about twenty-eight, who dashed into the room and in bitter tones announced, "I don't believe in no education, I don't. When my children get old enough I'm going to put them to work with a pick and shovel just like their father before them. They ain't no better. Education's no good anyhow".

When I asked her how much education she had received, she told me that she had gone as far as the sixth grade.

"Well, do you regret what you learned there?" I asked.

"No," she said. "But I wouldn't want to know no more."

Fortunately, most people are not of her sort, or books would never be published. The danger of slamming doors and forced ejections is negligible, if you have a presentable personality, a good book and the proper sales-talk. A salesman who visited a customer of mine just after I had left told me that she had described me as follows:

"He annoyed me when he came in, for I was quite busy at the time. I had thoroughly made up my mind to buy nothing. But his procedure was so clever that it just tickled me to watch him. And before he left, I bought a book. He is the slickest man in the world."

I have decided to reserve her last remark for my tombstone; it will make such a distinctive epitaph.

THE PORPOISES

By Eliott White

AH, to convey something of the vitality, glitter, élan, of this sporting hour of great fish in the Gulf of Campeche!

From a lofty ridge of the waves that encircle the steamer with their dazzling facets of sapphire

A porpoise launches his tapering form in arching flight wholly free of the water, with the strength and daring of a mettled horse trained to dive from a high platform.

Then another leaps sidelong out of a billow's flank in spouts of spray, with taut body curved and gleaming in the brilliant tropic sunlight,

Like a mightier salmon taunting a fisherman with the tameless vigor and grace of its breaching.

And see, yet another nearer the ship is racing her alongside! —

The lithe amber body incredibly maintaining its speed just below the surface of azure crystal,

Then as it swerves obliquely, as though to dash headlong against the vessel's hull,

Awakens what shuddering remembrance of war narratives of terror-haunted seas by the purposeful swiftness and aim of its torpedo shape beneath the burnished blue!

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Dead Men Under Buildings

By Charles Norman

In shining hours, these huddled houses glow
Under high cloudy evening winds that blow
The firm stone's splendor far beyond white seas
Breaking upon the bulwarks of the world,
To quiet stars that burn within dark trees,
And to the hills from which the sun is hurled
When blossomed mornings chime with glittering sound.
Here, men have made a compact with the ground
To bear this eager toil beyond their dying,
And left as sign that they have labored here
Bright towers over which strong birds are flying
In heights men conjured when their eyes were clear
And wistfully far-seeing. Now these stand,
Tall, haunted buildings on the brooding land,
Above the long-dead men whose quiet eyes
Look always upward, but upon no skies
In any land; and though their tongues are mute,
Their mouldy mouths will utter
Mandrake and a ghastly fruit
Whereupon the fragile flutter
Of singing birds will never be.
In the spring, men will walk
With sweet women, happily,
And put the earth into their talk.
While all the time, underground,
Where no flowers have been found,
Frantic mouths will yawn with seeds,
Hands gesticulate with weeds.
In the springtimes, when the white
Lilac petals glow at night
Where the lovers walking go,
In a silence, in a glow,
There will be, in the warm
Swarming April earth, the storm
Of a vast, immortal spring
A lover's eyes see blossoming.

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DEAN SWIFT AND VANESSA

By Shane Leslie

THE Dean was peevish, splenetic and depressed. He was sorely troubled by a trick which circumstance had played him, in spite of circumspection. He had not believed it possible that another woman could creep into his heart. A woman daring enough to usurp his mind; a serious pretender to the throne of Stella! Archbishop King had divined his spleen and written, "An odd thought came into my mind on reading that you were among the willows, that perhaps your mistress had forsaken you". The Archbishop expected a wedding but the Dean looked through his recollections and pieced together the threads of what seemed his platonic bigamy. He had met a family of Vanhomrighs seven or eight years before in his London vicinity. They too had Irish interests. Widow, sons and daughters satisfied and pleased him. The clever boy Ginkel had drawn up the terms of a mock introduction to the beautiful Mrs. Long, since Jonathan demanded the first advance from ladies. Ginkel had forbidden his mother and "her fair daughter Hessy" to encourage the beautiful Mrs. Long to take airs toward the great Doctor, who quickly fell into the habit of calling and dining with them in town. It was so convenient when he was living at Chelsea to leave things in their house at St. James. He had taken to changing gown and periwig there. Could he have changed his heart there as well? No, no! and he trembled with anger and reproach. It was impossible, and he had kept Stella carefully acquainted with the new friends. "You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you better than I do." Stella sniffed them as people of no consequence. He had written, toward the end of 1710, "I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh", and mentioned "no adventure at all to-day".

Early next year he wrote that Mrs. Vanhomrigh had sent for him to see her eldest daughter, on the pretense that she was taken suddenly ill. On St. Valentine's day he was asked to her birthday dinner. "That was our way of beginning Lent," he commented. Did he tell Stella that Miss Vanhomrigh's name brought another Esther into his life, or did it make a difference that this one was called Hessy not Hetty? At any rate she was of age and decided to go to Ireland to look after her estates. It was curious that both Esthers were drawn toward Ireland by inheritance of lands. Could there be any other attraction? "I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's and out of mere listlessness dine there very often," he had once written, but he protested, thought Stella, too much.

The Dean was worried. He had liked Miss Hessy from the first for "a very ripewitted young gentlewoman". And she must have liked him more than he had dreamed. Before she died, poor dear beautiful Mrs. Long had written to warn him that Miss Hessy was melancholy. Because he had praised Hessy's mind for a man's and a politician's, Mrs. Long had roguishly added, "How can I pretend to judge of anything when my poor cousin is taken for an hermaphrodite?" The Dean had been attracted by her masculine mind. It was an awkward chance that she should have a feminine body. He had not caused her melancholy and as he had explained to Mrs. Long: "The poor girl between sickness, domestic affairs and State speculations has lost a good deal of her mirth. But I think there is not a better girl upon earth. I have a mighty friendship for her. She has good principles and I have corrected all her faults, but I cannot persuade her to read, though she has an understanding, memory and taste that would bear great improvement. But she is incorrigibly idle and lazy, thinks the world made for nothing but perpetual pleasure, and the Deity she most adores is

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Morpheus. Her greatest favorites at present are Lady Ashburnham, her dog and myself".

Mrs. Long had died a few days after reading this, and Lady Ashburnham some years later. Except for the dog there was nobody left to suspect the cause of Miss Hessy's melancholy. Jonathan had dined three times a week with her and her family and let her tease him for political secrets, while making his coffee. He had teased in return and she had threatened to follow him to Windsor if he would not write. "Had I a correspondent in China, I might have had an answer by this time." Though she seemed to live in different worlds, she pleaded for correspondence. She slipped down to Windsor and he rebuked her: "You should not have come, and I knew that as well as you". When he was returning to Stella, he had scribbled to her on the road from St. Alban's, and she had been overjoyed, praying only for his health and comfort. The Dean blessed her with "Adieu brat!" but Miss Hessy was far gone into melancholy, and after three weeks sighed: "Oh happy Dublin, that can employ all your thoughts. Confess — Have you once thought of me since you wrote to my mother at Chester?" She had plied him with letters reminding him archly that the post would bring him none from the discreet Lady Orkney. She protested that she found no conversation on earth comparable to his. Surely his mortal headaches only showed that the gods envied his powers of thought. He had not replied, until he reached Lacacor, whence he humorously essayed his rural news: "Go to your Dukes and Duchesses and leave me to Goodman Bumford and Patrick Dolan".

He had not bandied more than some shafts of irony in boredom. Later, when he was in retirement in England between the two Reigns, she had naughtily come to see him and he had written another rebuke: "You should not have come by Wantage for a thousand pound. You used to brag you were very discreet. Where is it gone?" When she proposed coming to Ireland, he had snubbed her direct: "If you are in Ireland while I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom where everything is known in a week and magnified a hundred degrees". The peril of past flirtation hung between them. Meetings must be left to Fate. He offered her perfect esteem and friendship, hoping to leave matters there. One reason for staying quietly in Ireland had been to avoid Miss Hessy's cavalier raids in England. Girl, woman or hermaphrodite, she was very dangerous. He was really alarmed by her invasion of Ireland.

The Dean had flirted with Miss Hessy over the coffee and doubts whether he could cast her so easily from his life assailed him. He declined to consummate though he was quite willing to embalm their friendship. In a complimentary set of verses he had begun at Windsor to study its mysteries and to assort its emotions. Sacredly private though their friendship was, he took the precaution to Latinize Dean CADENUS while Miss Hessy Vanhomrigh was idealized into VANESSA. The poem recounted their flirtation intellectually.

He tried to keep Vanessa in the world of mythology among his pleasant memories, in England, among manuscripts, on the slope of Parnassus, anywhere except Ireland. But before his first winter was over, she had taken coach and ship to Ireland with her orphan's liberty, her lovesick loneliness and unending Irish lawsuits. To the Dean's dismay she took lodging in an Alley near College Green, and summoned her old friend to visit her property at Colbridge. In alarm he wrote "I met your servant, when I was a mile from Trim. I would not have gone to see you for all the world. I ever told you you wanted discretion".

It was the Dean, not discretion that the poor girl wanted. He still hoped to discourage her: "Does not Dublin look very dirty to you and the country very miserable?" The most he would promise was a visit in Town. Meantime he would not let her know where he was staying. He was becoming angry, "a fig for all your letters and messages!" And the comedy continued during the rest of the year between an insanely distracted lady and a sensibly perturbed Dean, sorry and angry in turns. He saw her when business allowed him. "I

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will give you the best advice, countenance and assistance I can." Friendship and tenderness he promised to the utmost. He was practical and stern, but he was equally irresolute and threw her sops instead of satisfaction. She might have been content with his platonic companionship, but he had given that elsewhere. Then Vanessa let her passion find full vent. He was more anxious to discourage and dissuade her than ever. To cut her off or cut her out he neither liked nor dared. Somehow he had awakened her passion and must bide consequences, which tended to be complicated in a country which already held Stella, and in a city full of what Vanessa called "strange prying deceitful people". That they were living among fools appeared no reason to Vanessa for avoiding her sage. "Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I can't imagine." She poured forth: "You can't but know that your frowns make my life insupportable. You have taught me to distinguish and then you leave me miserable". To distinguish what? Vanessa threw hints to his memory or conscience, the two champion coward-makers. She threatened suicide:

> "If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves to your misfortune do not last long."

When her letters were handed to him in the midst of company, he was thrown into such confusion that he hardly knew what to do, and worse, the gossip of Dublin caught Vanessa's name, asserting that the Dean was in love with her and giving the particulars which gossip never fails to adduce. "I never feared the tattle of this nasty town," groaned the Dean. He hoped that "tattle by the help of discretion will wear off". The Goddess of Discretion might help in person, but without making Vanessa her neophyte. The agony and the misery and annoyance continued. She showered letters, while the Dean warded off her attentions as well as he could. Sometimes he wrote in his peculiar French. He could say more, and be less easily quoted. Four years of this cat and mouse pursuit passed, and in despair he allowed himself to say in French at least:

> "Believe me, if anything in the world can be believed, that I think whatever you could wish me and that all your desires will be always obeyed as commandments impossible to violate."

The Dean seemed to hope that the French language lent itself to discreet irony.

Vanessa would make no promises except to pester the Dean with letters. Did he "imagine that a woman would not keep her word whenever she promised anything that was malicious"? She was willing to barter and bargain with him. She would even desist interrupting his business with letters, if he would throw away one hour on her at some time of the day:

> "Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for, I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Now because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you and, if all those fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one."

She suspected the presence and attraction of a rival:

> "Pray think calmly of it. Is it not much better to come of yourself than to be brought by force and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world? For when I undertake anything, I don't love to do it by halves."

Unfortunately circumstances had condemned the Dean to love-making by halves. But this was a letter he had to answer and with mingled reluctance and relish he wrote:

> "If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat, who cannot read, can possibly write so well. . . . But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient for a hundred reasons that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling place . . . for the rest you need make use of no other black art

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besides your ink. 'Tis a pity your eyes are not black or I would have said the same of them, but you are a white witch and can do no mischief."

The Dean in a great rhapsody of irresolution sat down to touch and retouch his Pastoral Poem on "Cadenus and Vanessa". It was high time that the whole friendship should be embalmed and laid to rest and Vanessa's mock passion prettily pretensed and preserved in a roll of mock-heroics. He sharpened pen and polished rhymes to praise and please his *inamorata*, while discreetly veiling and vaunting his several behaviors.

He was already writing her rhymes and almost enjoying the task;

"For who could such a nymph forsake
Except a blockhead or a rake?"

The Dean prided himself on being neither. He added, "So drink your coffee and remember you are a desperate chip" and again: "The questions, which you were used to ask me, you may suppose to be all answered just as they used to be after half-an-hour debate". He had not written for a long time, for she answered:

"I own I never expected to have another letter from you for two reasons, first because I thought you had quite forgot me and because I was so very ill that I thought I should have died . . . I have asked you all the questions I used ten thousand times and don't find them answered at all to my satisfaction."

The weary Dean again began:

"If you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction. Prove to me first that it was ever possible to answer anything to your satisfaction. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine for then they would be of no consequence, if they were dropped by careless messengers."

He begged her to call him Cadenus and to use strokes of her pen to express her loving epithets at the beginning or end of her letters. This privilege Vanessa found good beyond expression promising to

". . . never quarrel again if I can help it, but with submission. 'Tis you that are so hard to be pleased, though you complain of me."

She was happy even when she could throw him into a huff:

" 'Tis the first time you ever told me so. I wish I could see you in one."

Though the Dean endured huffs and even terrors, especially when a drunken porter was imperiling his correspondence, he delayed and dallied. There were those terrifying and impossible questions she was always asking him. Could she want to be his servant or his mistress? Dared she ask him to ask her to be his wife? What was he intended to read between the lines of her letters?

He planned to satiate her mind and memory with verse and proposed writing another history of "Cadenus and Vanessa" from the beginning to this time as long as the first poem:

"It ought to be an exact chronicle of twelve years from the time of spilling the coffee to drinking of coffee, from Dunstable to Dublin with every single passage since . . . two hundred chapters of madness, the chapter of long walks, the Berkshire surprise, fifty chapters of little times."

Otherwise unrecorded!

All their little lover's secrets and scenes came to the surface of his memory with extraordinary tenderness. He devised indirect exchange of sentiments and from coffee extracted a mysterious sweetness dating from the happy London evenings when she served him in her Sluttery, dunning him for secrets, with "Drink your coffee, why don't you drink your coffee?" How it all returned to him! All their fragile fresh love had been mixed in coffee fumes until coffee symbolized all that had ever passed between them. When he had ridden away from England, she had written to greet him at Chester: "It is impossible to tell you how often I have wished you a cup of coffee and an orange at your inn". Years passed and from Dublin to the love-worn Vanessa the Vanessa-worn Dean wrote: "We live here in a very dull Town and Cadenus says he is weary of it and would rather drink his coffee on the barrenest highest mountain in Wales than be king here. And you know very well that coffee makes us severe and grave and philosophical". He

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hardly wrote a letter without a drop of coffee. "I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden," he wrote, "and then drink your coffee."

Business or discretion made meetings more and more difficult. Vanessa began to sink into real distress and to complain of the prodigious neglect of ten long weeks, and to declare it was not in the power of art, time or accident to lessen her inexpressible passion. So violent grew that passion that her life became a languishing death ending in a cry, which might well float down the ages among the many pathetic shrieks delivered by woman-kind, but the shriek died into one of the world's great love-letters: "I firmly believe, could I know your thoughts, which no human being creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you, I should find that you have often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven; but that would not spare you, for, was I an enthusiast, still you'd be the Deity I should worship. What marks are there of a Deity but what you are to be known by? You are present everywhere; your dear image is always before my eyes; sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear. At other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen than one only described?"

The Dean urged physical exercise against what he called spleen, purposely mistaking the organ affected in Vanessa. "Without health you will lose all desire of drinking your coffee." He could only threaten in answer to her complaining or beg her to use her honor and good sense to avoid making them both miserable. Furious desire to be rid of her burst into his script: "Settle your affairs and quit this scoundrel island and things will be as you desire". Perhaps it sounded harsh, for his pen cooled and he added a flower in French, rather like the last rose that a man throws into the grave of a woman whom he has wronged: "Be assured that never was anybody in the world so loved, honoured, esteemed, adored by your friend as you". It was supreme valediction, had Vanessa only had the wisdom to leave the scoundrelly Island. His mood, having changed violently in two successive sentences, changed in yet a third; "I drank no coffee since I left you nor intend till I see you again. There is none worth drinking but yours if myself be the judge". What meant this casual reversion to the coffee motive in his hazy hectic affair with Vanessa? Only Vanessa could interpret his meaning.

Vanessa lay under enchantment and would not leave Ireland. The year 1722 found her still sighing, still complaining, still faint but still pursuing. The Dean wandered through the country for distraction or diversion. From Clogher he wrote with little change in the ring of his phrases: "It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met Kendall and so forth where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning or dining *tête-a-tête* and drinking coffee again till seven. I answer all the questions you can ask me in the affirmative". Once more the mysterious questionnaire, that catechism of life and death to poor Vanessa. Once more the coffee drinking as the cloak or symbol of stain or dalliance, and since the dining was *tête-a-tête*, it may be presumed that Kendall was a family disguise, borrowed like an old cloak from an uncle. Again he enjoined reading and exercise upon the infatuated and begged her to "grow less romantic and to talk and act like a man of this world". He wished for her sake and his that her new acquaintance were with her. It was tactless to wish her and her five thousand pounds well married. Cynicism swallowed his remainder of spirituality:

> "God send you through your law and remember that riches are no nine parts in ten of all that is good in life and health is the tenth. Drinking coffee comes long after and yet it is the eleventh, but without the two former you cannot drink it right . . . last year I writ you civilities and you were angry. This year I will write you none and you will be angry."

He still clung to the belief that she came as a disciple to a tutor for the improvement of her mind; that her languishing was only a lapse of the spleen and that he had himself

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never languished in her direction. He showed her rough drafts and finished chapters of his present writing, the preposterous travels of a certain Captain Lemuel Gulliver, which diverted and pleased her so much that when she had some little success in Society with one of the animals she met, she wrote that it seized her fan and was so pleased that she feared being carried to the top of the house and served as Gulliver was served before he could escape the monkey, which once took an unpleasant interest in his person.

The Dean, amused by her letter, answered her from the County Armagh: "I see every day as silly things among both sexes and yet endure them for the sake of amusements. The worst in you and me is that we are too hard to please and whether we have not made ourselves so is the question. At least I believe we have the same reason". This must have sounded like the proverbial equation between goose and gander. Still he insisted on differences. "We differ prodigiously on one point. I fly from the spleen to the world's end. You run out of your way to meet it". He used the bad weather to read Voyages and History, while she only brooded in her chamber. Nevertheless "the best maxim I know in this life is to drink your coffee when you can and, when you cannot, to be easy without it. While you continue to be splenetic, count upon it I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you that I am not cheerful enough to write, for I believe coffee once a week is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do. . . ." But what questions, what kind of coffee and why all this misery and makeshift while Vanessa languished? But the end was on the horizon, merciless and merciful, though neither could see Fate's coming. In August of 1722 his last letter full of advice and persiflage was written while traveling: "where I do not know nor what cabins and bogs are in my way. I see you this moment as you are visible at ten in the morning and now you are asking your question round and I am answering them with a great deal of affected delays and the same scene has passed forty times. . . ."

The Dean was dreaming as he rode on horseback between the big houses of the gentry. He recalled all the scenes of their strange love and faithless friendship: "Cadenus often thinks of these especially on horseback as I am assured. What a foolish thing is Time and how foolish is man, who would be as angry as if Time stopped as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate, for I am writing and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in, if I fix at all till I return and that I leave to fortune and the weather". Fortune fixed their next meeting place without help of terrestrial weather. Their secret remains one that the gods do not divulge nor can men discover. Vanessa died not of broken heart, for that would have appeared too common and vulgar to Cadenus and his pupil, but of an over-sensitive spleen aggravated no doubt by Irish weather.

The date of Vanessa's death is clear, but whether she sent Dean Price a page from the "Tale of a Tub" as a token of final impenitence with "No Prayers, No Price" written, is less certain than that she wished to load her soul upon the shoulders of her terrestrial god. Some say Vanessa died of Stella and some say of Stella's lover, if lover he was of either in any sense.

Vanessa's revenge was exquisite and, being posthumous, unanswerable. In that May she made Bishop Berkeley her executor, of whom the Dean wrote: "he is a true philosopher but very visionary and endeavouring to quit one thousand pounds a year for one hundred pounds at Bermudas". The Dean was no longer accounted a deity in her "sound and disposing mind" for he received no mention in her will, though the Secretary of Harley and the Archbishop of Dublin each received twenty-five pounds to purchase rings. Altogether twelve persons were awarded rings. To have included one who had so persistently and negligently failed to provide a similar article of jewelry for Vanessa would have indulged an irony too sharp even in the seriousness of dying. Her estate went to Berkeley to found his University in the West Indies, which often she had heard the Dean ridicule. It was better timed than she dreamed. On June first the

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Dean mentioned in a letter "Bermudas goes low". Five days later the will was proved and Berkeley found his means.

But the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was given, by her direction, to the world and failed not to convey the greatest pain possible to the person whom Vanessa believed to have supplanted her from beginning to end. The Dean's lines were now revealed:

"The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man."—

But the Defendant's counsel replied:

"Hence we conclude no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;"

The gods had conspired to raise one perfect creature upon earth:

"Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame:
Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
Her name on earth shall not be told."

And could not until a rhyme could be found for Vanhomrigh. So perfect was this mythical maid that she needed no spurious virtue known as blushing.

"A virtue but a second-hand;
They blush because they understand."

Pallas and Venus, Love and Wisdom like rival Queens contended for this creature, while among earthlings

"Both sexes, armed with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:"

Amid the Beaux, Dandies and suitors she apparently admitted the clergy:

"But this was for Cadenus' sake
A gownsman of a different make;
Whom Pallas once, Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd for her coadjutor . . .
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate."

But

"Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd."

The pupil fell herself in love, whereat

"Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise . . .
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
The town would swear, he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid;
And every beau would have his jokes;
That scholars were like other folks;"

Altogether, the poem was a defense, condescending for the lady but high-pitched and exalted for the swain, and the matter might have rested to the satisfaction of both. But some demon of conscience, some deviltry of remorse, some reckless love of truth, some mocker clad in mystery added the fatal and fantastic lines:

"But what success Vanessa met,
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold."

Sometime in her earthly state Stella was to read these lines. With publication Vanessa's secret no longer remained "to the world a secret yet", whereas Stella cherished one, for which Prince Posterity would beat the gates of the tomb in vain. The Dean had been aware of Stella's anguish and on her birthday in 1721 clearly protested against changing old angels for new:

"Nay though the treacherous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.
Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An Angel's face a little cracked,
Could poets or could painters fix
How Angels look at thirty-six."

Though the Dean would have resented the idea that he was treacherous, should he have since hung his sign from a heavenly mansion, it must bear different Angels on different sides. On earth he had steered his bark as well as he knew between Stella and Charybdis.

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VARIETY

WILLIAM BEEBE

By Charles G. Shaw

WILLIAM BEEBE was born on the twenty-ninth of July, 1877, and looks a good ten years younger than he actually is.

He hates cards and, in fact, plays no sedentary games.

His greatest fun in life is his work, in which he is completely wrapped up, though tennis and aviation, too, will occasionally occupy his attention. He is a firm believer in violent exercise — for himself. In general, he considers the matter of exercise wholly dependent upon the individual in question.

Clothes interest him but little, and he is usually to be found in a suit of rough grayish tweed. He ordinarily, however, dons a dinner-coat in the evening.

He was graduated from Columbia University in 1898.

He particularly dislikes thinking about food. So long as it is well cooked that is all he asks, and he is able to eat almost anything on earth. He has found the meat of the Mexican iguana particularly tasty.

Marriage he believes to be the most wonderful thing in the world.

He is the author of a dozen volumes, including "Two Bird Lovers in Mexico", "Log of the Sun", "Our Search for a Wilderness", "Tropical Wild Life", "Jungle Peace", "Galapagos", "World's End", and "The Arcturus Adventure", in addition to numerous scientific papers and monographs. He also is an enthusiastic reader and is interested in almost every form of literature.

His favorite cocktail is the Alexander.

The late Theodore Roosevelt he believes to have had the greatest influence upon his life, just as he believes the memory alone of Roosevelt to be greater than any American living today.

He is all for extremes and loathes anything middle class. He likes New York for six months of the year.

Although half a century old he can still run a mile in five minutes, clear the bar at five feet, go to sleep in five seconds, beat any world's record escaping from an infuriated water buffalo, and make the shortest after-dinner speech in the world. In thirty years he has experienced only three days' illness.

For horse-radish, socialism, and the equality-of-man theory he has only vitriolic contempt.

He finds five hours a night sufficient sleep and he is extremely fond of milk.

In height he is an even six feet; in weight — one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

He lectures as little as possible.

He smokes but sparingly, and only the mildest cigarettes obtainable. Moreover, he never inhales. Nor does he smoke when alone.

He enjoys parties, the theater and dancing, and will, now and then, take in a moving-picture show. Intelligent creative conversation he considers the greatest of social delights, though, alas! he finds it all too rare.

In his countless wanderings he has been most charmed by England, the tropics, and the bottom of the sea. He thinks, however, the United States is quite as great as the British Empire, which fact he feels to be the highest of compliments to the United States.

His scientific labors he approaches with tremendous care and diligence, while his essays are written as unconsciously as he attends the theater — and in the same spirit of relaxation. He is unable, he says, to imagine a more horrible hell than to be wholly without work to do.

Since visiting Japan fifteen years ago he takes only the hottest of baths.

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His memory is a vacuum, especially for the names of people, but he knows exactly on which page or part of a page of his vast library any desired fact is to be found.

Music pleases him enormously, though he holds no decided musical preferences. As for jazz, he enjoys dancing to it, but not listening.

He is never late and will usually arrive at the theater long before the rise of the curtain.

He is utterly unaffected by restaurants and doesn't care where he eats. Nor does he like ordering a meal.

When back from one of his expeditions he craves a metropolitan setting.

He is not in the least interested in politics.

He speaks French, German, and Spanish, but requires the assistance of an interpreter in the matter of sign languages. He would rather be a good linguist, he says, than anything else in the world.

He has never spoken over the radio.

The greatest tragedy in his life he feels to be the realization of how little work he accomplishes in comparison with the amount of work possible to be done.

He dislikes talking shop for fear of boring his listeners and will suffer agonies in order to avoid hurting the feelings of another.

He has been through two wars and four individual feuds, but he hates to destroy flowers or disturb an ant-hill.

He believes the fewer the clothes the greater the morality, and hence welcomes in modern dress the gradual appearance of knees.

His only living near relation is his father, Charles Beebe, whom he idolizes.

He is fetched, now and again, by certain intellectual games — such as those concocted by H. G. Wells. Bridge and poker, however, he cannot abide.

His voyages will occupy anywhere from five to ten months — during which he constantly takes voluminous notes — and are all minutely organized, though he rarely recollects afterward the various dangers endured.

The physical zest of work in the field and pleasure of subsequent development he considers the very height of bliss.

He enjoys nothing more than his comic self as a scientist, while it bores him desperately to think seriously of himself.

In his companions he values a sense of humor above everything else.

His first expedition was into the heart of Mexico.

He believes sincerely in a future life (of hard work), in the beneficence of bananas and pumpkin pie, and in feminine intuition. On the other hand, lack of rhythm, thick ankles, and highly manicured male fingernails are to him anathema.

Upon returning to New York he is conscious of the jangle and racket for about a day only. After that it ceases to bother him in the least. He could carry on his work, he says, in a boiler factory.

He has been living at the same address — 33 West 67th Street — for the past ten years.

He does most of his reading at night, and is usually awake at the crack of dawn.

Dunsany is his favorite author and Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" his favorite piece of fiction. He is also a devoted admirer of Kipling, Stevens, Buchan, A. A. Milne, and H. G. Wells. As a lad, the tales of Jules Verne and Henty impressed him tremendously.

He has never been able to write according to order, but must fit his subject to his mood.

He feels that he is gradually discovering in nature everything — and more — that Alice discovered in Wonderland, and delights in the joy of out-doing fiction in reality.

His idea of failure in life is to find himself without healthy enemies.

He once passed the night in the torch of the Statue of Liberty.

Though he is able to drive a car and is likewise an air pilot, he loathes machinery, and has no clear conception of what makes wheels and propellers go 'round.

His intensive scientific work is disturbed only too often by the recognition of appallingly vivid resemblances of his birds, insects, and fish to certain beloved human friends.

He considers the tropical jungle by day the most wonderful place in the world, and by night the most weirdly beautiful place outside the world.

He is hard on his associates, impatient with awkwardness, is a Presbyterian and a

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Buddhist, prefers astronomy to sermons, and silence to everything else.

Five years at the end of his life he would willingly exchange for the certainty of a swift death rather than a gradual senility.

He believes that heaven and hell are synonyms of earthly life, and that selfishness is the devil's only alias.

Women, as assistants, he prefers to men.

He considers early morning the most delightful time of day, wherever he may chance to be, and he would rather discover some fundamental law of evolution than live after 1930.

A bird in the bush, he believes, is worth a flock in the skin drawer.

His vision of himself as having reached the lowest rung of mental degeneration is when he begins thinking he has been a success, when he ceases being sorry for ill-treated horses, and refrains from getting drunk on sheer color.

He believes himself — removed from his work — to be of no interest whatsoever.

MR. WOGGLEBAUM COOKS AN OPERA

By Roy L. McCardell

From Literary Department

PYRAMID
PREMIER PERFECTION PICTURES

Superfeatures That Stupefy
(TRADE MARK)

Hollywood, California
January 28, 1928

For Mr. Mortimer Schwanenfluegel, General Manager and Vice-President in Charge of Productions.

Report on

"JURGEN"

A Comedy of Justice

By James Branch Cabell

Published by McBride, N. Y.

This opera is a bughouse, costume-period fairytale, laid back in the old dago days in Spain or somewhere. As screen stuff it's a lot of tripe, its only value being a ton of s.a. But it would get the ax in the Ioways, even if Hays didn't hop on it, the way the lead cops the janes. He makes them all along his route. All the other Don Johns with their pay in their pockets on Saturday night, would only be loitering along the lane picking posies, competing with this gink Jurgen as a moll buzzer, plus. Every dame is easy for this gazabo. He Jack Barrymores them all down the line, to a fare-you-well.

The opera, according to the book, opens up with Jurgen as an old horse collar of a hock-shop keeper, who was a song writer when he was a greaseball. He does a favor for the Devil in the first sequence, and his ball and chain is taken off him by the Devil and she fades out of the opera except for a few flashes, till she makes a come-back at the clinch. She's a sour skirt, a small bit Flora Finch. So Jurgen's wife is nix as the menace. In fact, this opera, as is, ain't got no more menace than a news reel.

The lead has lots of Doug.-Bagdad business, but there is no more motivation in the original script than there is menace. The cross-fire is weak because the lead talks to hisself mostly, and there ain't no strong conflicts in any of the confronts. The names of the types is highbrow from history, and the exhibitors would squawk and the fans would mob the box, wrangling for their jack back.

If we wanted to cook this opera for production, we'd find the sets all Notre Dame and the princess's palace, calling for grande dame and hawbuck harness. Exterior locations is in Fairyland, Hell and Heaven, calling for million dollar false fronts, as well as fancy technical stuff with glass cheater work and miniatures. This would run into so much money that it would make grief with the estimates, till even Cecil de Mille would read 'em and weep.

In fact the whole gag is Fausty. It *might* be a big blow-off for Broadway, at that, but that don't mean nothing when the sticks would never stand for it.

There is a Centaur in the first sequence that drops out. A Centaur is a half man and

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half horse, a character from the Bible and Shakespeare. This would be a big novelty for the screen, but in the original script it's only a bit.

If the New York office *has* been gypped into slipping the b.r. for this opera, it *might* be made a b.o.a., at that, by casting Lon Chaney as this Centaur gimmick. This means starring Chaney through, of course, and letting him hog everything by giving him all the fat, and gagging in big new situations for him, like a leap for life across a chasm, with the main jane on his back. Then a close-up of him weeping at the fade-out because he can't give the skirt the love strangle at the clinch, and has to turn her over to the sissy-boy juvenile lead.

As it lays, this opera Jurgen is the boloney. A lot of highbrows who read books all the time might know what it's all about, but the exhibitors would loop it for a gool, and cancel our whole program for evermore.

But as I dope it, if the Head Cheese *has* been nicked into buying it by them literary yes men on The Big Apple, it *could* be made the picture panic of the world, and knock "The Big Parade" for a flock of flat fish, if the story is changed a little to run the Centaur all through as the focus, with Lon Chaney in the rôle, as I say.

Here's another treatment that would be oak.

The scene *could* be laid like a regular horse opera in the cattle country, and it could have a happy ending if it was showed that the Centaur was only the hero doing a hide-away in disguise in the desert, in order to save his crippled father or idiot brother from the hoosegow for having embezzled the bank or murdered somebody. This gives the Centaur the sympathy.

After the Centaur saves the rich heiress for the third or fourth time, he can disclose his identity and throw off his make-up. Lon Chaney as the Centaur could be called Jurgen, to keep the author from squawking, because few of the fans, and nobody in the picture business at all, knows what a Centaur is. They'd think it was a penny slot machine. But

LON CHANEY!

in

"The Half-Horse Man"

Would be the real McCoy as a title, billing like this:

PYRAMID
PREMIER PERFECTION PICTURES

Presents

LON CHANEY

In

"THE HALF-HORSE MAN"

Adapted from James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen"

The Story of a Great Love in the Great West

Better Than "Tarzan of the Apes"

Copyrighted, 1927, by
PYRAMID PREMIER PERFECTION PICTURES
"Superfeatures That Stupefy!"
(Trade Mark)

This would bring the story up to date and the menace we'd write in would work through the entire opera, being a Greaser millionaire mine and ranch owner, who has branded the Half-Horse Man when he has had him in his power. The big scenes would be the branding of the Centaur and a wallop at the climax — suspense stuff — leading up to the clinch, when Don Manuel, the menace, is kicked off the cliff by the Centaur, just as he's going to brand the jane, to show he owns her, body and soul!

This branding gag was the wow in "The Cheat", and them other oriental operas, and is always sure-fire to panic the customers. This way this opera of "Jurgen" would be oak. But if even a sequence of the author's original script is shot — Fooey!

Submitted by
Milton Wogglebaum,
Managing Editor-in-Chief.

That Mr. Wogglebaum's report on Jurgen may be wholly clear to the uninitiated, the following is appended:

GLOSSARY

Opera = *A moving picture, story or play.*
S.a. = *Sex appeal.*
Get the ax in the Ioways = *Be censured and banned by rural moralists.*
Moll buzzer = *Suave male flirt.*
Old Horse Collar = *A tedious old or middle-aged man.*
Hockshop keeper = *A pawnbroker.*
Greaseball = *A dressy young man, a drugstore cowboy.*
Ball and chain = *A wife.*

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Doug.-Bagdad business = *Oriental scenes and action — from Douglas Fairbanks's "Thief of Bagdad".*

Menace = *The villain; acute or persistent peril, or constant obstacle that hero or heroine has to fight against.*

Cook the opera = *Preparing story for moving picture production.*

False fronts = *Façades of houses as backgrounds and as constructed to represent buildings or streets of foreign cities, etc.*

Hawbuck harness = *Mediaeval court costumes for men; for instance, Hamlet's attire is hawbuck harness. From the word "hauberk".*

Glass cheater work = *Glass painted screen attachment for cameras, to fake impressive distant backgrounds — such as mountains, rivers, distant cities, castles — anything on horizon.*

Fausty = *After the manner of the opera "Faust" in scenes, costumes, characters or magically renewed youth.*

B.r. = *Bank roll. Big money, the financing of pictures.*

B.o.a. = *Box office attraction — any popular and profitable picture.*

Gimmick = *Word for anything.*

Loop it for a gool = *Throw it out; knock it dead.*

Head Cheese = *President of company, business manager, the boss.*

On the Big Apple = *In New York City.*

Horse Opera = *A Western cowboy picture.*

Hoosegow = *A jail.*

Real McCoy = *The very best.*

Oak = *o.k.*

THIS DEATH

By Jennette Dowling

IT'S not to be justifying you, Dene, that I write this. It is only that I think I know how it was with you. It was being with you that morning when you went to swim that makes me want to do it, I think, after my feeling as I did then. I remember you coming out of the sea, and my thinking — "If she should die this hour her laugh would leap into the wind and live in a ribbon of light behind her". I wonder why they set the sign of wrong on you. What is it how you die, if death is the inevitable cadence? What is it to take death into your own hands if you know at just which crest of feeling you may take it? Though it's not for me to be saying — and I'm not trying to justify you, Dene. It's just that I think I know how it was with you.

I have still in my mind the vision of the first time I met you; you with the sweet high lift of your head, and the quietness over your depth of breast. There was a holiness of divination in your shoulders, and the curve of your neck was perfect. But it was not that to which my eyes reverted again and again and again. The spell was in your eyes, the humor in them, that sure sweet light, a certain brilliant side of softness, like the eyes of a woman who has stepped out of herself beyond the passing of Time and sees her own small life going on a great way down below her: a woman who knows then how little she matters anyway in the way of worry, and how the proportions of the great things are. That was why I thrilled slightly when Peter presented you, Dene. And David — poor David! He was there with you. I wondered at him and at what there could be between you: you with the fine sure eyes, and David with the sad blunt hands. They were like hands without fingers, without the gift of sentience, without finesse, without grace, without beauty. There was no feeling in them for the value of things. It was as though he had gone padding like a blind beast to you, and you had given to him, and were held then. But he was never held — poor David and his scattered small indulgences! He had never quite the genius for knowing where the wealth lay.

I remember the rise of the first affair. With the three of you there it was not particularly obscure. And I remember the appeal of the other one. Even you were

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not blind to that. Her evidence of body, and all the sombre innocence that wasn't innocence at all. With you feeling so the degradation, it could not help but dog you with a shadow that was bitterness sometimes. But you gave no great room to that for long. In that you loved David you were too highly proud. There was always the finer balance of your head, and the still little humor in your eyes.

Then came the day when you let me go with you when you swam one very young morning. The sea, Dene, is neither blue nor green. And your eyes are neither. But they are deep, oh deep! And great! You wore a silk robe the color of your eyes and the sea, a robe unseamed and girdled gracefully. Above it was the triumph of your hair, golden and expressive. You wore no shoes for you too knew the sentience and strength of feet. We went down over a bright field of yielding grass to the sea. And where the waves broke white like even smiles on the sand we stopped. There you stood and loosed the girdle and let the blue robe drop. The vast and tenuous expanse of sea moved and drew you into it. . . . I have not seen that I remember, Dene, such pure assimilation of two beings. You, Dene, you and all the sea! I could not tell which one I loved, or which admired, which awed me, which was drawing me, or the beauty of which it was that filled the pulsing air of all that place. And when the cadence of the hour rose to fall you came out of it justly timed and perfectly. Some of that great blue you held still with you. It airily clung to your sweet high shoulders, to your breasts, your limbs; and evenly it kindled, moved and deepened in your eyes. When you slipped the robe once more over your head one only felt the naturalness of it, not restriction.

I remember asking — "Do you do this always?"

And you said "Always, every day", saying more with your smile.

And David, poor David! So far away from all of this in you!

It is strange how there will be a woman with a fine man and a great deal of love in him for her, and she will search till she get herself inevitably caught where it is bad for her to be caught. Then there will be a woman like you, Dene, higher than the stillness of the air, and a little man, a poor little man like David, and she will give her body to him and that part of herself we can not fathom, that makes her breathe and feel and live. And the man will not know what she is giving. But having given she is always bound. That is the way with a woman. Strange how damning to its own self a deep heart can be.

But what is it for me to be telling this at all I wonder? For I never could understand it. The best I could do was to feel from a long distance a little of how it was with you. There is great confusion in what we make out of living, and I am not God. But Dene, why was it you loved him? And was the love you had for him all of you? Was there no love for yourself and your own gain that made you have a disgust for him? Or did you try to get out of it, and were you held by the weight of all that you had given him before?

Still, I had seen you like part of the sea once, and always I could see your eyes. They never bided bitterness for long. After each of David's luckless small meanderings they only grew richer and deeper, and patient of what you couldn't change. Oh, Dene, you never lost the way of getting out of yourself and seeing how little you mattered in the way of worry, did you?

There were rather a number of years before David finally let himself down into what he could not get up out of. So, like a man with weakness, he went away never to come back again. I suppose that part of you that loved him went with him, and there was left only that part with the way of going up high and seeing how the true proportions were. You had no child, and you had no love for yourself outside of David, and the world was not in your blood. . . . Though I shouldn't be trying to explain. I am not God.

And so they found you where the waves had left you on the beach a little way from your house, and you were dead. When they went into your house they found it as you had planned to leave it. Every door was closed, and every window. Every

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shade was drawn evenly. Things that had needed to be put away were put away. There was no disorder in any room. And so they felt that you had taken death into your own hands, and they put the sign of wrong on you.

But I would not do that, for I think you went out of the house that last morning gloriously. There was glory over the tops of the grass as you went through it. There was glory in the wind. And then the sea lay stretched before you. And it drew and drew as you had known it would draw you. There was greatness about, greatness that knows the foolishness of little worries, the greatness of the final balance. So the sea drew you and your life went into it in that great fusion that is birth alone.

What is it how you die, if death is the inevitable cadence? What is it to take death into your own hands if you know at just which crest of feeling you may take it? . . . Though it's not for me to say — and I'm not trying to justify. It's just that I think I know how it was with you, Dene.

ABSURD CHILD

By Dorothy Belle Flanagan

You gave a tea party
For Pan and a Faun,
And spread your table
On a neighbor's lawn.

You served brook water
In a primrose cup,
Before the guests came
You ate the cookies up.

Pan played Vicar
In a long, black coat,
Carrying a prayer book
That the Faun wrote.

You wore a checkered apron
And a tipsy crown,
And ran off to play
When the guests sat down.

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THE DILEMMA OF THE AMERICAN JEW

By Florence Kiper Frank

THE American Jew is obviously not synonymous with the Jew in America. He may be defined as that Jew in America who feels himself of America, who would, with every choice open, still hold to this section of the spread world as his dwelling-place. In so far as nationalist feeling is created by a common possession of newspapers, magazines, jazz, war-scares, educational methods, social problems, industrial mechanisms, this Jew is sentimentally of the land of the free. Therefore is he the victim of conflict. For he is unable, despite the best of intentions, to ally himself whole-heartedly with the Jewish culturalists and nationalists. Yet he is not, for a complexity of reasons, desirous of breaking with his group to join the assimilationists. He is, in brief, the typical Jew of the second generation in America.

His position in America is not analogous to that of either the Catholic or the Negro, and the well-intentioned attempts to make it appear so are misleading. The problem of the American Negro is the problem of a much more fundamental "inferiority" than that of the Jew, the problem of a people without tradition and but half-emerged from a slave epoch. Granted that the social tale of the eager Celt, in his contact with the dominant Nordic, does read often, even in the mauve decade, like that of his Jewish compatriots; yet the religious compulsions of the Catholic group render its motivations, and consequently its adjustment to American existence, not comparable.

Nor are the Jews in America Mr. Ford's welsh-rarebit dream of a nation within a nation. They are rather a society within a society, a complete social microcosm built up within the macrocosm of America, a group that might furnish fascinating data not only to the social psychologist but to the novelist. But although we have had to tedium the Potash-and-Perlmutter salesman and the East Side immigrant, the story of the American Jew has not been done. The tale of these more numerous Jews is a tale neither of comedy nor of tragedy. It is primarily material for the social satirist.

The suggestion of Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn for the establishment of separate universities for Jews brings sharply to focus the anomalous position of the American Jew. Granted Mr. Lewisohn's thesis — in which he so cordially coincides with Mr. Hilaire Belloc — of the inability of the Jewish temperament to adapt itself to the Anglo-Saxon customs — his suggestion does not lack its logic. Yet the American Jew wants no separate universities or schools for his children. Indeed the suggestion comes to him with shock and even a sense of terror. The Jew has had prestige in the educational life of America, as educator and as parent. He takes for granted his children's participation in the schools and takes for granted that it is a valued participation. He is zealous for its continuance on the same terms as have proved approximately satisfactory in the past. Small wonder that the insistence of the Jewish intellectuals upon logic and upon self-examination renders him uncomfortable.

The fact is that the liberal Jew of America has over-reached himself and has created his own dilemma. For with the gradual breakdown of religious and cultural exclusiveness — an exclusiveness which with the Jew had worked out a technique unparalleled in history for the perpetuation of a minority — there has been an infiltration of liberal ideas which has made exclusiveness itself an anomaly. And although on every hand his contemporary prophets attempt a reinterpretation of his destiny, yet is his soul not at ease. For he is now no longer sure of the prophetic obligation to destroy all exclusiveness through the medium of the Hebraic exclusiveness.

For his children he has compromised by participation simultaneously in two religious

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rituals, a type of semi-assimilation not without historic parallels. He witnesses his offspring's histrionic exploits in the public school Nativity plays or hears their voices raised in celebration of the Resurrection with an emotion ranging from a vague discomfort to a humorous pride. "The holidays" mean convertibly the period embracing the birth of Christ, or the ten days that include the more ancient observances of Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur. When his conscience becomes slightly uneasy with the Christmas tree ubiquitous on his hearth, he gathers his progeny about him and — with not too great an historic accuracy — expounds the meaning of Channukah, following the electric illumination of the fir-tree by a lighting of the ancient candles. Undoubtedly he wishes to give his children the charm of their historic past. But this intention is not so immediate or so real to him as his desire to spare them the pain of differentiation.

The values for whose perpetuation his forefathers have been tortured or murdered have to him become somewhat pallid. Reform Judaism, motivated in its early nineteenth century beginnings by a desire to hold within the group the growing number of rebels against orthodoxy, committed itself most dangerously to liberalism, with the result that its descendants are not sustained even by so much ritual as is employed by the more emancipated sects of Protestantism. They are rather — if a small amount of traditional song and prayer be excluded — in the category of the Ethical Culturists or of the members of the community churches. Indeed many who still pay allegiance to the Temple in the form of an annual check, and therefore think of themselves as belonging to Reform Judaism, are in reality among the unchurched. They are increasing that number of modern Seekers who attend, in preference to a Sunday morning secularized service where they may hear about communism in Russia or modern literature, a Wednesday or Thursday religionized lecture where they may hear about modern literature or communism in Russia, thus keeping the Sabbath sacred to golf.

The dilemma of the liberal American Jew is apparent in the problem of his synagogal architecture. Indisputably the Gothic will not do. The Greek, though it has been the solution hit upon in instances, is obviously not quite the thing for a people whose predominant influences have been scarcely Hellenic. One middle-western architect, daring the historically sanctioned Byzantine, has placed a Palestinian edifice abruptly among the brick solidity of modern apartment houses. The sight remains a shock even to accustomed nerves and a dramatization of the cultural enigma of the Jew in America.

The negative attitude of the American Jews toward their Jewishness has developed a sort of philosophy of exile. This philosophy is particularly characteristic of the more sensitive spirits of a group which has been attempting to orient itself in an environment of shifting tolerances. They feel, without being entirely explicit about the feeling, that their separateness, and especially the separateness of their children, is an anachronism. Yet they face the reality of exclusion. In what manner then, they ask, shall worthy men encounter this exile? Of course with dignity. And for their children such education as they can furnish in an ancient pride.

Yet an even more potent factor than the rational one is the inertia of the social body. For the Jew animated by no zeal of Jewishness, innocent of any racial and cultural theories of the Semitic temperament — even for the Jew whose irritated anti-Semitism is expressed with sufficient candor at his own dinner-parties — there is comfort in belonging to an accustomed society, with its known habits and gossip. Manifestly the sphere of one's social activities cannot be all of society. Nor are the lines of social demarcations drawn logically. The middle-class American Jew for the most part finds within the group the satisfactions of the social desire for interplay and competitiveness and he would not go to any particular trouble to make outside affiliations, even were he given the opportunity.

But if he were to experience an honest conviction of the desirability of a communal church, or, in this interesting contemporary

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world, of more varied and flexible social relationships, he would at once find himself under suspicion of following his conviction for ulterior ends. It would be fantastic thus to interpret the apostate Catholic or the dissenting Baptist. Nor does the Back Bay Bostonian turned radical risk imputation of self-seeking. But let the "emancipated" Jew abjure Jewish separatism, either as a religious or a nationalist manifestation, and it is at once assumed — and the more fiercely by his own people — that he is planning the advancement of his children through intermarriage or at the least cherishing a yearning for membership in a Gentile golf club. His negative attitude therefore often translates itself into a sort of *Juif oblige*.

The negative attitude has become increasingly characteristic of the prosperous middle-class Jews of the last generation. Synchronously there has grown a cultural revival that by no means has its last word in Zionism. The awakening of nationalist feeling throughout the occident following the war, and, before the war, the acuteness of the Eastern European Jewish situation, both have influenced this renascence. But its driving force has been the desire to furnish a positive and contemporary meaning to a great tradition. The most interesting manifestation of this revival in America has been a vitalizing of Jewish feeling among a small group of intellectuals, several of the leading figures being men whose early lives were conspicuously detached from the Jewish environment.

The Jewish intellectual, zealous for a rebirth of the Jewish spirit and learning, is for the most part contemptuously at odds with the middle-class compromisers. He sees them as precariously comfortable in worldly goods — "complacent" is the epithet most frequently used — and unless soon awakened to a consciousness of heroic destiny, liable to spiritual death. Indeed some of the more militant of the culturalists look forward with a misgiving touched with hope to the possibility of a thriving American anti-Semitism. For they realize the disintegrating effect of an environmental tolerance on any persecuted minority.

These intellectuals say that there exists a congeries of qualities which may be called the Jewish temperament or spirit, a creative something which has kept itself alive through innumerous hazards and which, given its proper cultural conditions, would seek its distinctive forms in the modern world. This something constitutes the quality of the Jew and is independent of religious homogeneity or of national unity. It is conditioned, so they state, by a common history of courage and misfortune, common customs, that have evolved certain mental and emotional characteristics. It is conditioned also by inherent racial traits.

With the theory of racial differences certain of the Jewish propagandists are happy to go as far as the most enthusiastic anti-Semite, bent evidently on the perpetuation of a myth of Semitic superiority that has about as much validity as the Nordic nonsense. That they are reluctant to accept all the implications of their studies of "racial temperament" and of their phrases of "Anglo-Saxon" and of "Semite" is again a manifestation of the paradox of the Jew.

Whatever may be the possibilities of his future, so far the Jew in America has had little to express as Jew. He has, however, given unusually successful expression to the contemporaneous manifestations in American life. He has felt and has embodied its nervous optimism, its irregular urban rhythms, in expressions that are at least as typically American as that rendered it by what is called its racially native stock. The music of a Gershwin or a Berlin is surely as distinctive a national manifestation as the more conscious Americanism of a John Alden Carpenter. As nice an understanding of the feeling of contemporary American life will be given a European by the tales of Edna Ferber and of Thyra Samter Winslow as by those of Edith Wharton and of Willa Cather. In a listing of the contemporary literary figures possessing what a New York critic defines as the Hebraic cultural characteristics a large proportion of his group are writers with Nordic names and traditions: at least half of his Jewish group fall within the Nordic list.

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The posssibilities of distinctive minority cultures in America are attractive. At the same time the forces subverting such differentiated cultures are complex and immediate in their effect. On the whole, the incredibly quick intercommunications and the rapid readjustments of our modern scientific and machine civilization do not appear to be congenial to their fostering.

Just what appeal the Jewish culturalist will be able to make to the latest generation of Americanized Jews is a provocative speculation — and not unimportant, since they are inevitably the future. A questionnaire for the college group and for the younger graduates would yield interesting material. At present this adolescent group is largely without leadership and tends toward a sophisticated scepticism that is quite in the temper of the times. Their de-religionizing has been a process not essentially different from that of their Protestant contemporaries and their drift has been similarly the modern adolescent drift toward a casual hedonism.

They are a hard-headed group, as are most modern adolescents, and even the marshalled facts of erudition do not convince them of any inherent racial temperament. They are not persuaded that the ultra-smart members of a Westchester Jewish country club are temperamentally nearer the praying Ghetto of Vilna than they are to their more Anglo-Saxon neighbors; they do not feel that the Chassidic student of Galicia and the Jewish graduate of Amherst share important cultural intentions. Indeed, generalizations that insist otherwise tend to render any generalizations meaningless to them.

Nor does the concept of Israel's sacrificial destiny capture the fancy of this latest generation, which has known gaiety and freedom. Even the Christian martyrdom which Christian civilization has left so almost exclusively to the Jew is an undertaking not congenial to the epoch. In a day when it was essential to burn human flesh because it enveloped a religious heresy, or when it was essential to be thus burned because one was sure of one's God, the heroism of Israel, perhaps even more than the zeal of the Pope, was commendable. These newest of the race of Torquemada's victims are tried, however, not by fire but by pin pricks.

The difficulty in making a contemporary appeal through idealism lies in the fact that the idealism itself is tending to break down. Certainly if one is minded for nationalism, these modern young Jews will tell one, the Hebraic type is as good as any other, the Jews having been solid enough Ku-Kluxers in their time. But nationalism itself, they will say, is undergoing a shift in values; even the findings of modern biology, geology, astronomy are tending to disturb man's cosmic status and to render less important his relations to his written past.

Yet even in the midst of a recalcitrant generation, why shall the Hebraic culturalist despair? Hebraism will remain, whatever the future of the Jews. Hellenism, it will be noted, has not died, even though the modern Greeks are not practicing Platonists.

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News Story Contest

PRIZE STORY FOR NOVEMBER

Harlem Says Bye Bye Honey to Florence Mills

By W. A. Macdonald

(From the Boston Evening Transcript, Monday, November 7, 1927)

ON Saturday night the line outside the undertaking chapel in Harlem was still there. Only now it was longer than it had been since the body of Florence Mills was brought there in the middle of the week. It began for the day in the middle of the morning; it dissolved for the night at two o'clock on the morning of Sunday. There it was on Saturday before the stone building at the corner of Seventh avenue and 137th street, where a cardboard sign on the door said "Remains of Miss Mills on View at One o'Clock. 'The Family'." There were no police there then because the crowd was small. It grew so fast that the doors were opened two hours before the cardboard's time. They wanted all to go in at once, but quiet-voiced young men at the door ordered that it form in line.

Mostly these were colored people; a few were white. Mostly they were poor; their clothes showed that. They move slowly into the chapel and down the aisle. There were old women, young women, pretty girls, children. An elder Negress complained from the steps that white people had come saying they were from out of town and had been admitted while "They push we out." Someone hushed her. This was the fourth day that this line had passed through the chapel. A white truck driver in a soiled leather jacket took the butt of a cigar from his mouth as he went in. A tall young policeman, his bright hair gleaming in the dim light, walked down the aisle, his hands on the shoulders of a little colored boy to whom he leaned down and spoke. Except for the sound of shuffling feet the room was still.

Thousand by thousands the people of Harlem were looking for the last time at Florence Mills. It was such a fleeting look. In the great copper coffin lay the figure of the little dancer, her dress silver, her thin legs in gray. Her dark, short face was a rounded square.

Candles Reflected in Copper

Two tall white candles burned above the metal coffin. One stood at the head, one at the foot. The melted wax had formed in corrugations down their sides. In the background were banks of flowers. A hundred thousand dollars worth of flowers before the day was over. From all the world that knew her came the flowers by cable, by telegraph, by messengers direct from those who had selected their tribute with loving care. Hour by hour the thousands moved before them. They waited, slowly moving, outside the building in the cold rain of dreary morning; they were patiently going on through the clearing afternoon; they were lengthening their line through the cold evening under the stars in the sky above Harlem. At seven o'clock at night they extended through One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh street for nearly a block. And more were coming all the time.

Meantime Harlem was going on with its other life. It is the greatest Negro city in the world. From just north of Central Park up to the end of Manhattan, more than two hundred thousand Negroes are gathered in an unbroken community, most of which was to be crowded into the streets about the Mother Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church for the funeral on Sunday. Up and down Seventh avenue strolled the life of Harlem stepping a little more quickly as the cold wind nipped. People gathered in the theaters, where Florence Mills had sung and danced; they laughed at actors of their own color. Girls of the chorus did their stuff for the appreciation of good-humored audiences. A pair of Negroes on one stage played a silent, tricky poker game while the audience exploded with laughter. And the manager, standing in back of the darkened house, laid a hand on a man's sleeve. "Success never changed her; you know that. When she was here she was always the same. She never wanted any special favor, any star's dressing room even after she began to make a hit. She might have been one of the chorus if you saw her back stage. You know that. She never owned an automobile for all the money she made. She would take her nickel and walk to the subway. She didn't ride in taxicabs. And she was a fine woman.

Her Last Party

"She and her husband were a happy couple. They went everywhere together. One thing about Florence Mills, she always did her best. When she was in the Harlem theaters she always did her best. She was a hard worker, no gay parties, never spoiled, and she was good to her mother." The manager paused; he was deeply moved. "You know that," he said. "Well, you want to see the show."

It is midnight when Harlem begins to gather at the night clubs. Harlem and its visitors from the rest of New York. Here was a club that has been going only a month and it was filling with people at midnight. They were gay people; they sat briefly at the tables and then took to the floor. Or they hung in seated groups and talked. On the walls, blue against yellow, were the decorations of Aaron Douglas, primitive figures in praise or passion. A wild angular savage poised a bulbous stick above a tomtom, another looked to heaven,

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THE STORY FOR NOVEMBER, 1927

By Paul Patterson
(Editor, the Sunpapers, Baltimore, Md.)

THE BOOKMAN'S prize for the best newspaper story published during the month of November should be awarded to W. A. Macdonald, of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, for his account of the funeral of Florence Mills, published Monday evening, November 7.

As explained in the announcement by the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, the prize is awarded for "work that is properly literature even while it is, at the same time, daily journalism".

The brevity of this statement of the conditions governing the award has made it necessary for me, as the first judge, to formulate my own rules for a decision.

In the first place, consideration should be given to regular reporters on the staffs of daily newspapers or press associations in preference to syndicate writers, "sob sisters", "trained seals", etc., the terms used in the newspaper profession to describe those who make a special attempt at fine writing and who are not called upon for the drudgery and routine work of regular newspaper men. Mr. Macdonald meets this requirement, having been a member of the staff of the *Boston Evening Transcript* since January, 1911.

In the second place, the importance of the event covered is an essential factor. Stories containing the qualities called for by THE BOOKMAN contest can come either from the handling of important "must" news stories or specially selected assignments chosen for their possibility of developing what is known in the newspaper parlance as a good feature story, which may have to do with some relatively unimportant incident.

It is more difficult to get a finely written story showing the proper restraint on a big news event than one dealing with some incidental phase of daily life. The tendency of the reporter assigned to a "big story" is to over-write. He knows he is expected to turn out a story that will be distinguished for its literary qualities and dramatic values, and too often the result is over-emphasis and a splurge of adjectives. It was the application of this second point that led to the decision in favor of Mr. Macdonald's account of the funeral of Florence Mills.

The first-class reporter is expected not merely to "cover" the essential, obvious phases of his story, but also to seek out, on his own initiative, all incidents that will help to make his picture complete. In this respect Mr. Macdonald showed admirable judgment by turning from the scene around the coffin to the sharply contrasting scenes in the cabarets and streets of Harlem in which Florence Mills had been such a familiar figure. The deft manner in which he led up to the startling climax of the Negro revelers dancing to a dirge is most effective. Even when Mr. Macdonald got into the emotional scenes, as singers and spectators were giving away to hysteria in the church, his restraint was in evidence. As, for example, in this passage describing the singing of Juanita Stinnette:

"The singer wavered and regained control. Louder and louder she went on. She was leaning toward the bank of flowers that hid the casket. She was addressing the little dancer who lay therein. High and loud rang the last note. Down in a heap went the singer, screaming. The white glove of an usher covered her mouth as they bore her out. A quiver sighed through the church. From outdoors came the noise of the crowd."

It is not easy to forget the picture of the usher's white-gloved hand pressed over that black face.

There were other excellent examples of good reportorial work submitted from various parts of the country. I believe a great many more could be had for consideration in future awards if newspaper men generally will overcome their natural reluctance to submit their stories in such a contest.

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(*Continued from page 646*)
another leaned against a jungle tree. The walls were covered with them. Everyone knew Florence Mills here. Not two weeks ago she was here with her husband.

"No, I haven't been to see her," said one man in a quiet voice. "I wanted to remember her as I saw her here. She was so bright that night; I want to remember her that way. There will never be another Florence Mills. There was something about her you can't find again." He waited a moment. "She was a great woman," he said. Jazz welled up from the orchestra.

A girl was going from table to table, singing to each group. The song ran low, then rose in a high crescendo and diminished again. The girl was singing:

Sometimes I'm happy
Sometimes I'm blue.
My disposition
Depends on you.

Dirge at Night

She smiled as she sang; she made it sound very personal to the people of each table. And then at about two o'clock in the morning the orchestra began a dance tune that was different from the rest. Swaying couples moved slowly on the floor in the press. Smoke from hundreds of cigarettes spired upward from the tables. The dance music was slow; it was the long deliberate beat of the tomtom; it was measured and savage and processional. The couples, pressed close together, danced to its deliberate beat. It was a dirge!

On Sunday morning groups gathered in homes in Harlem. They were her friends; they talked about her. There was an editorial in *The World* when she died which contained a line about her having just begun her career. Absurd, an idle opinion might have said. She had been starred in Europe and America. She had come up from the night clubs, the obscure theaters, to a place where everyone in the world knew her. But Harlem liked the line in that editorial. The American public, said a man in one group, had never had an opportunity to hear Florence Mills since she had had the benefit of voice teaching in Europe. She had been good before, what would she have been in the future? She was to have sung next February with Symphony Orchestra in concert in Boston. She was to have gone with Ziegfeld's Follies. It was true, she had just begun.

They talked about her in this house in Harlem and no tears came — but almost. These were people who knew her well. "I went to the hospital to see her," said one man. "That's what's worrying me now. I wish I could remember her as she was that night at the club." He spoke of his friend, her husband. "He doesn't show much; he is not a man who shows what he feels. But twice he swayed and made a sound yesterday. All he said was, 'What a tough break. . . . If this isn't the toughest break. . .'" They had made each other, Florence Mills and her husband. They were always together.

"Baby, You've Come Home to Die"

She came home to New York from Europe only a little more than a month ago. She had been ill, but was better. She looked better than for years. She came off the ship with a great bouquet of American Beauty roses. But her old mother met her and took her in her arms. "Baby, you've come home to die." And when she was dead and they came to tell her mother, she was already crying. "You don't need to tell me," she said. "One of my children is dead." She was ill herself and had not been told of Florence's illness, but she knew that one child had gone, although she was not sure which one. She had only thought that she would die before any of her children.

The crowd gathered again on Sunday morning at the chapel to wait for the procession to the church. The funeral was set for one o'clock, but the crowd was there at half-past ten. It lined the sidewalks waiting. At the church it thickened and became impenetrable. Thousand upon thousand it grew. People leaned out the windows as far as the eye could see. They gathered on fire escapes and on roof tops. The morning service of the church was not out until noon and those who were inside didn't want to leave. Downstairs the floor was reserved for those who had cards of admission, of which nine thousand had been issued. The capacity of the church is twenty-three hundred and fifty. Outside people were trying to get in; inside people were reluctant to leave. There was noise in the church, the noise of a great crowd talking, sometimes laughing a little in groups. Where so much stress existed it was a relief to find a seat at last and people reacted normally to it. At one o'clock the assistant pastor spoke in a loud voice with dignity. "You must remember two things," he said, "That you are in the House of God and, second, the purpose for which you are assembled." For a moment it was quiet again.

Like Wind and Storm at Sea

Melville Charlton, the distinguished Negro organist, was at the organ. Out of it came a soft thread of sound. Then at two o'clock, faint in the distance, "The Rock of Ages" found its way into the crowded church. It stopped and the Chopin march rose and swelled and diminished and grew again. Slowly, oh so slowly, down the aisle with the music came forty girls, bareheaded and wearing their outdoor coats, and their arms were burdened with the white and crimson of flowers; they bore lilies and roses and ferns and oak leaves that rustled in stillness that for an instant was utter except for this and the sob of the music. And behind them, higher than their heads came a great bank of roses that covered the copper coffin of Florence Mills. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Brown, walked with it, reading aloud, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A sound like wind and storm on sea was the crowd outside.

The girls who bore the flowers stood in rank. They were pretty. They were friends of Florence Mills. Some of them stifled sounds as they took their breath. Through the church ran a quiver of crying. Perfume of flowers came up the aisle. The vested choir led the hymn, "Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove." In the choir loft a woman in the front row pressed her white sleeve over her face, then grasped for the back of her neck with one hand and threw the other hand straight above her head as she fell backward. Arms were waiting to catch her. The choir went

(*Continued on page XXXIX*)

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Positano

By Louis Untermeyer

Some one weary of the styles
  Architects must master,
Some one with a box of tiles
  And a pinch of plaster,

Some one who could never down
  The mad child in the poet,
Took his toys and built a town,
  Whimsical, inchoate.

Like the prows of gaudy skiffs
  Roofs were tossed; he ran his
Houses up impossible cliffs
  And the craziest crannies.

Piled the town upon itself
  With an elfin mockery,
Till it seemed like shelf on shelf
  Of peasant crockery.

Roads to slip uphill he bent
  Rapidly in slow air,
Roads that crossed themselves, and went
  Neatly into nowhere.

Here a gate and there a wall;
  A church without a steeple;
Then, the maddest touch of all,
  He put in the people.

Seven hundred years ago —
  Tragic necromancy —
How could these poor creatures know
  They were just his fancy.

They began to love and cheat,
  Set up schools and utter
Platitudes in every street,
  Trade in bread and butter. . . .

Still the porcelain people go
  Gravely self-deceiving;
Still they walk the earth as though
  They were really living.

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'ROUND AND 'ROUND AND 'ROUND

By Robert Benchley

IN a feverish attempt to make this department a hundred percent efficient in its survey of the entertainment facilities of New York City, I have finally gone into the skating-rink situation. My report is, in the main, unfavorable.

Skating is, or should be, a ritualistic procedure. You don't just go out and move your feet along ice. The act itself should be preceded by what is known as "bundling up" (not to be confused with the old New England custom of "bundling"). This should come as the result of a state of mind — the Will to Suffer. There must be a definite masochistic desire on the part of the skater to be uncomfortable. He must court the pain of strapping on skates with chapped and benumbed fingers (although, of course, your modern smart-aleck skater has his skates already attached to his shoes when he leaves home, avoiding the necessity of skating along the brick pavements on his way to the ice by carrying both shoes and skates in his hand and wearing another pair of shoes, thereby complicating the process to the point of almost complete confusion and chaos). And there must also be the ever-present danger of skating into a portion of the pond where there is no ice-formation, resulting in at least a wet leg and possibly complete drowning.

The New York skater who hies himself to an indoor skating-rink like "Iceland" goes through none of this preliminary mental state. He simply says to himself (or, as seems to be the case at "Iceland", *her*self) "I think I will get on some glazed surface and push myself around it for a while and then come back home". So he takes his skates and gets into the subway or a taxi-cab, gets out at Fifty-Second Street next to the Theater Guild, pays his money and goes inside to where hundreds of other unimaginative people are going 'round and 'round and 'round in brutish comfort and complete safety, and, when he has completed as many rounds himself as his craving demands, he gets back into the subway and goes home. An effete civilization, if ever I saw one!

When I say that the "Iceland" skaters are making their circuit in complete safety, I neglect one phase of the sport which the indifferent skater would do well to bear in mind. There is always the chance that he will fall down and be cut into shreds by the oncoming hordes behind him. He must keep his feet and his pace, otherwise he will suffer the fate of those primeval mammals who, lacking sufficient protective coloration or long enough tails, were eliminated by their more fortunate mates in the inexorable process of Natural Selection. But, aside from this risk (which, after all, everyone of us runs in his daily existence) skating at "Iceland" is as dull and colorless as taking the dog out for an airing.

Which brings us quite logically to that even duller merry-go-round entertainment of mid-winter New York, the Six Day Bicycle Race. The difference between this mammoth Carnival of Routine and indoor-rink skating is that you have to watch it instead of taking part. For one solid week sport-lovers crowd into Madison Square Garden and sit, dozing off and knitting, while fifteen or twenty unhealthy-looking men pedal their way in a mass around a track to the accompaniment of music from one of the worst bands outside of Germany. Now and then terrific excitement reigns when someone in the audience, out of sheer boredom, offers twenty-five or a hundred dollars for the winner of a mile sprint, at the announcement of which the anemic athletes whip themselves into a faster pace until they have gone a mile. During the sprints, especially when the riders are on the turns and at an angle of forty-five degrees, there *is* a certain thrill if you are seeing it for the first

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time or even the second, but as the sleepy spectators are constantly offering prizes to keep themselves awake, even the sprints become routine after a while and the only excitement comes from watching the alternate riders, who are resting in their Pullman berths at the trackside, as they eat and have their thighs slapped.

As in indoor-skating there is always the danger that one rider will spill, thereby upsetting the entire mob who follow close at his heels, but this happens all too seldom. Subconsciously this must be what the Roman crowd is waiting for, otherwise they would not sit up so late.

There is one feature of the Six Day Bicycle Race which does not obtain in "Iceland" and that is the presence of the Social Set. Along about two-thirty in the morning parties of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress enter, to the accompaniment of hoots and jeers from the plebs, and seat themselves in the boxes to watch the sprints which are scheduled for that hour. Facing them, in the enclosure in the center of the arena and above them in the galleries, are probably all the gorillas and gun-men in New York, for whom the Six Day Race has had a fascination ever since the old Madison Square Garden Days when the gangs used to gather for their annual elimination festival resulting in anywhere from six to eight deaths. On no other occasion in our democratic procedure as a social organization do the forces of unrest and revolt come face to face with their quarries in such numbers or in such a bright light. Some year, when things have gone a little farther, the Six Day Bicycle Race may be the scene of the Great Upheaval and the Garden, in future years, may be known as the Tuilleries of America. It is hardly worth going, year after year, to wait for, however. We can read about it in the papers next day just as well.

In the meantime, the theatrical season has been surging ahead, and there are several new offerings which I must recommend at the expense of sounding enthusiastic. One melodrama, "The Racket", takes first place among the works devoted to the feud between the police and gunmen which is said to exist in Chicago. It is possible that this play, which deals in a large measure with the newspaper values of the events which occur in a police-station, will appeal chiefly to male audiences and to those males who have some knowledge of reporters and their methods. The love interest is rather slight. But it was to me an intensely interesting and amusing show and a lot of other people seem to think so too. A comedy called "Celebrity", may also possibly have a specialized appeal, being based on the inside story of the prize-fighting game in its present-day intellectual aspects, but it is hard to imagine anyone being bored at it.

The two outstanding comedy recommendations however, are "Paris Bound" and "The Royal Family", the former by Philip Barry and the latter the joint product of George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. "Paris Bound", with Madge Kennedy in its leading rôle, deals in a highly conversational manner with the lighter side of marital infidelity and raises the question "What of it?" But, or perhaps *therefore*, no one can take offense at it — at any rate, not so long as it stays in New York. And it looks as if it might stay here for quite a time.

In "The Royal Family" we see the home-life of a patrician theatrical family, rumored to be based in occasional details on the personalities of an actual family group in our native theater. Here again it is barely possible that the wit of the dialogue and the force of the situations will delight only those who have some inside knowledge of the theater and its workings, but when you add together the people who do have this knowledge and those who would like to have it, you should get a public sufficiently large to give "The Royal Family" the popularity it deserves.

The musical field has been particularly rich in deserved hits, what with "Show Boat", "She's My Baby" and "Funny Face". Each of these excels in a different field; so by covering them all you ought to get at least something that you want. "Show Boat" is a magnificent production in Mr. Ziegfeld's most lavish manner, with some memorable Negro singing of a song called "Old Man River" and enough general

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entertainment value to carry it through the rest of the evening. "She's My Baby" has Beatrice Lillie, which ought to be quite enough to say of any show. "Funny Face," with the Astaires contains some of the best dancing seen this side of the civilized world, and also Gershwin tunes. Some idea of how good Fred Astaire's tap-dance in the second act of "Funny Face" is may be had when it is pointed out that the audience does not break into applause at intervals while the dance is on, preferring to hear the taps rather than display their inside knowledge of what are difficult steps and what aren't. The applause at the end, however, should relieve Mr. Astaire's mind of any fear that his dance isn't going well because people sit quietly through it.

Perhaps some day audiences will even sit quietly through a play without interrupting the dialogue with hand-clapping. Or are we just day-dreaming?

"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

By Abbe Niles

IN speaking of "popular music", as in these pages I frequently shall, I shall not imply the assertion that it *is* music, nor by this disclaimer do I confess that it is not. The term will be used in the narrow sense which denotes the songs and other pieces on which royalties are paid (or left unpaid), which generally escape mention in the purer musical circles, and which, together with American folksong and the slender but growing literature of both, will be among our major subjects.

But here we deal with something that is often verse no less than it is melody. As such, song is amber that catches the generations unawares: in its depths we may see our ancestors, and our descendants shall see us, in attitudes ridiculous, heroic, or pathetic, but at any rate unarranged for posterity, without benefit of those twin embalmers, the adoring biographer and the polite social historian; in short, — if the phrase is permitted on this plebeian page — *in mediis rebus*. In this clear yellow medium, then, it is proposed to view from time to time the past as well as the present.

F. P. Adams, for instance, complains in *The World* that "many of these biographers miss a great chance to show the atmosphere of the time they are writing of by omitting to transcribe some of the songs that were popular in those days". And in discussing Denis Lynch's "Boss Tweed" he remarks that the author should have included the popular song "Jim Fisk Was a Friend of the Poor". In such a situation I shall, when possible, wax constructive. For the Jim Fisk song, then, look at page 416 of "The American Song Bag", by Carl Sandburg, the American song-bug; and for good measure, let readers of "Boss Tweed" paste within its covers a concise summary of the Boss's era in the form of the waltz-epitaph "Prominent Men That Are Gone":*

I'll commence with Jim Fisk, who was not on the beat,
But he worried the Bulls and the Bears of Wall Street.
His greatest ambition was to arrange some great plan,
Whereby he could benefit the poor working man.
He showed what a man determined could do.
In a few years he made as much money as Drew.
From a poor pedlar's boy to a leading bon ton —
He was a prominent man but he's gone.
(*Repeat last two lines*)

* 1878. Written, composed, and respectfully dedicated to the B. P. O. E. by P. Jesse. There are omitted verses on Dan Bryant, John Morrisey and G. L. Fox, as well as the induction.

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The next on my list was a man of great fame
For accumulating money, A. T. Stewart was his name,
He had as much money as would fill a ship's hold,
But he could not keep death off with all his bright gold,
His charities were of a dubious kind,
In contrast, Dan Bryant's, was more to our mind,
His monuments are all built of iron and stone,
He was a prominent man, but he's gone.

The next on the list was a man of great nerve,
From the plans that he formed he was ne'er known to swerve
His name was C. Vanderbilt, the old Commodore,
Who amassed one hundred millions or more,
He was a power in the land, Legislatures he bought,
He wielded more power than any man ought,
Of the power to put death off the old man had none,
He was a prominent man, but he's gone.

The next on the list was an odd man indeed,
Men, women and children knew William M. Tweed,
Some of his actions were far from being good
But he furnished poor families with plenty of food,
If it were not for men who now hold their heads high,
Who as law makers sold their votes on the sly,
Mr. Tweed could not do the wrong that he done,
He was a prominent man, but he's gone.

Now let us jump the gulf between the 'Seventies and 1927, to award our own periodical prize for a contemporary American lyric. On the Columbia record 14250-D the Negro Empress of the Blues, Bessie Smith, raises her immense voice, and, in tones of great bitterness and haunting sadness (the tones of Robert Nathan's Hebrew prophets), and to the accompaniment of the strangest sounds known to the banjo, she sings in part:*

A bedbug sure's evil, he don't mean me no good
Yeah, a bedbug sure's evil, he don't mean me no good.
Ain't he a woodpecker — an' I'm a chunk o' wood!

When I lay down at night, I wonder how can a po' gal sleep,
When I lay down at night, wonder how can a po' gal sleep,
When some is holdin' ma han's, others is eatin' ma feet.

Bedbugs as big as a jackass will bite you an' stand an' grin,
Bedbugs as big as a jackass will bite you an' stand an' grin,
Will drink up all de bedbug poison, turn 'roun' an' bite you agin.

Somethin' mo'nin' in de corner, I tried ma bes' to see,
Somethin' mo'nin' in de corner, I went over an' see.
It was de bedbug mother, prayin' "Lawd, gimme some mo' to eat!"

Students of Afro-Americana may compare this severe (yet who shall say unjust?) indictment with the "Ballet of de Boll Weevil" in "The American Song Bag".

No one is invited to refer to this as "THE BOOKMAN'S jazz department", for as will have been noticed by now, its interests are wider than that. But jazz is alien neither to this nation nor to this, its member, and I should not ignore it, even did I not thoroughly enjoy it. What jazz *is*, is a long story which may be serialized. For a vague enough definition to be bomb-proof for the time, let us say that by the term I shall not refer to simple ragtime, still less to popular music in general, but to those perverse tones, inflections and accents which crept into popular music just before the word itself oozed into the national vocabulary. That, it is important to note, was not long ago. And for this month let us take only a single example, of one of the several things that may constitute jazz.

Some of those who could spare time from the April, 1926, or Hatrack Number of *The American Mercury* may have seen Don Knowlton's able article "The Anatomy of Jazz" in *Harper's* for the same month. (Oddly, the Hatrack Number itself con-

* The inspiration for "Mean Old Bedbug Blues" was that of Joe Davis. The verses are by the colored writers, Lonnie Johnson and Porter Grainger, and are printed for the first time by permission of Triangle Music Co.

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tained an essay under the same title by the late H. O. Osgood.) It was Mr. Knowlton's obsession, as there evidenced, that jazz is principally a matter of superimposing a 1-2-3 rhythm upon the fundamental 1-2-3-4 beat of fox-trot time. Substitute "may be" for "is principally", and this department will heartily applaud Knowlton's theory and his "Down Home Rag" illustration. It is not, by the way, the familiar competition between 1-2-3 in one hand and 1-2 in the other which may be found, for instance, in the twentieth of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words". The 1-2-3 is directly superimposed, falling not partly between fundamental beats, but *on the wrong ones*, and tending, if continued, to drown out the pulse altogether. Our example, which is complicated by the fact that the voice skips the drum-accented first, fourth and seventh beats of the superimposed rhythm, takes two bars from one of the first-rate musical comedy numbers of the season, George Gershwin's "Let's Kiss and Make Up", in "Funny Face":

Voice	— Let's kiss		— and make		— up			
Superimposed rhythm	↑1	2	3	↑1	2	3	↑1	2
Fundamental beat	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4

If you will recite the words, inserting a "Boom!" at each of the three dashes, you will have everything but the tune, and you will see that, were this to go on indefinitely, you would have a fast waltz on your hands. But it doesn't go on: the third bar does not take up the eccentric figure where the second left it, but starts over again and reduplicates it to the words " — Come on — let's wake — up", after which the air returns to the earth of undisguised 4-4 time. And that, O readers who have persisted thus far, is jazz applied to rhythm.

Until next month, when the inflow of new records and sheet music will have commenced, it will not be attempted to offer comprehensive last-minute advice to buyers. . . . Meanwhile, however, it is reported that the scores of two this-season's shows now (December) running in New York are distinguished: Gershwin's "Funny Face" (including, among other songs, "My One and Only", "Let's Kiss and Make Up", "'S Wonderful", and "The Babbitt and the Bromide"), and Rodgers's "A Connecticut Yankee" (with "Thou Swell" and "My Heart Stood Still"). Two others are well-balanced and better than the ordinary: "Good News" (with "The Varsity Drag"), and "Manhattan Mary" (with "It Won't Be Long Now") — both by Ray Henderson. A good word may also be said for Irving Berlin's "Shaking the Blues Away" and "It All Belongs to Me", in the Follies, "Up in the Clouds", in "The Five O'Clock Girl", and the waltz "Easter Parade", in "The Merry Malones". . . . Nowadays "song" means "fox-trot" unless otherwise specified. . . . By the time this appears there may have been published by Columbia a record of "Yamekraw", a long, strange and captivating "rhapsody" of Negro dance-rhythms by James P. Johnson. The piano music is out now, and one or another of its twenty-six pages runs through my head every hour. . . . There will also have been published "I'm Feelin' Devilish", which has the highest and most infectious spirits of any song heard this month. Maceo Pinkard wrote it; his also is the deserved success "Sugar", which is not to be confused with another song of the same name; Pinkard shares with Roger Graham the distinction of having made America mama-conscious, for no mama-song will be found older than their 1917 "I'm a Real Kind Mama, Lookin' for a Lovin' Man". . . . L. C. Curtis is the first publisher to come forward with Material. "We invite" — he writes — "your special attention to our brand new song 'Wife O' Mine', a dedication to the Wife, long over-due. We trust that you will agree with us and do all you possibly can to help along the cause of the Wife." . . . Done! . . . From the second title in the Curtis List of Hits, "Roses for Remembrance", one learns with dismay that the 1927 rosemary crop has failed. . . . Something must be done toward abating the "vó-do-de-ó-do, vó-de-o-dó" nuisance. There was a song hit of approximately that name, and now the hated syllables are rung into every song, by every plugger, in every Broadway show, at every opportunity.

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Worse, I find in "Bless Her Little Heart":

. . . Would I buy rings and other things
For my sweet so-and-so?
Sure, I'd buy rings and lots of things —
But they cost *do-de-o-de-o!*

and on the stands I see, "Is She my Girl Friend? (*How-de-ow-dow!*)". This may seem to be only a little thoughtless nuisance, like the Vice-President's collars, but like them it is in fact causing widespread and unnecessary suffering. It may consider itself abated.

Best Sellers in Light Music

THE following sheet music numbers are listed by both the Crown Music company and another leading New York jobber as among their fifteen best sellers during the month of December. The first four are the most popular.

Numbers not from musical comedies:

Among my Souvenirs (Nicholls)
Charmaine * (Pollack)
Diane * (Pollack)
Just a Memory (Henderson)
Blue River (Meyer)
Broken-Hearted (Henderson)
My Blue Heaven (Henderson)
The Song Is Ended * (Berlin)
Yesterday (Wilhite)

* Waltz.

The best selling musical comedy numbers are:

My Heart Stood Still (Rodgers) from "A Connecticut Yankee".
'S Wonderful (Gershwin) from "Funny Face".
Up In the Clouds (Ruby) from "The Five O'Clock Girl".
The Varsity Drag (Henderson) from "Good News".

A. N.

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Anonymously — John Farrar

THE big bosses will be sore at me, I imagine. Everything in the world, except the circus coming to town, has conspired to keep me from writing this piece on time. Anyone will tell you that I usually meet a copy date; but I certainly have a good hard luck story this time. First it was the need to go to Washington. Then my country called me and put me on Jury Duty, an experience which is not conducive to the writing of memoirs, no matter how light. Then Floyd Dell finished his own dramatization of "An Unmarried Father", and called up to say that I could write just as well in the country as in the city. Now it may be that one can write just as well in the country as in the city; but not when you discuss companionate marriage all day and play with the new baby, Christopher Dell, no less, when you aren't discussing. Then we went to John Hessian's, and anyone who knows John knows that nothing is strong enough to keep anyone away from that delightful household. Then Doctor Joseph Collins called up and said, "I want to see you", and that is a command; and he just left a few minutes ago, after we had picked a title for his new book which will be "The Doctor Looks in the Mirror", at least for the next few days, until somebody changes it. Then I got to thinking about Frank Sullivan. This was in one of the long stretches of sitting in the court room.

Thinking about Frank Sullivan is an occupation in itself. I often do it, but not so concretely; for Frank the other day made an amazingly telling suggestion in his column in *The New York World*. Seeing there is a new Ford, Frank said, why not a new Sullivan? Well, why not? I got to picturing a new Sullivan, with F. P. A.'s ears, and Gene Tunney's shoulders, George Cohan's legs, and Herbert Swope's clothes, and just a dash of Milt Gross somewhere along the running board. Then, I thought, it would be nice to have a new Burton Rascoe; but I didn't get very far with that model.

At this point in my revery, the judge, who is an especially nice judge, and who had been trying a case without a jury, which is a dandy way to try a case in my opinion, gave his verdict, and you can see what a nice judge he is from the verdict which I have tried to reproduce as accurately as possible here:

"The Court: It seems that Mr. Fox bought a gold pen from Mr. Goldie and paid 89c for it, and then Mr. Fox claimed that the gold pen sold to him by Mr. Goldie was not gold; and he felt that he had been imposed upon, so he tried to get his money back. But it seems that Mr. Goldie, charged with selling a gold pen that was not gold, thought that Mr. Fox was a little foxy, so to speak, in trying to get his money back. So an altercation arose.

Now, Mr. Fox is in the pawn-broking business and presumably sells articles that are easily carried — light weight — some of them gold, some of them not gold.

I do not know whether Mr. Fox considered Mr. Goldie was in competition with him in any sense, but Mr. Fox claimed that he wanted to protect the public. Well, that is a pretty big undertaking. On the other hand it is a commendable attitude for any citizen, if he thinks that the public is being imposed upon by misleading advertisements, to expose them and protest.

Mr. Fox was within his rights in doing that, going into the store and demanding his money back, and if he did not speak in an undertone about it, why, it was nothing strange. Mr. Goldie did not like the fact that there were persons assembled to hear what was going on. Naturally, I suppose, he thought it might interfere with his sales. He did have him arrested, Mr. Goldie did have Mr. Fox arrested, and he was subsequently discharged.

I think that the plaintiff has made out his case and established by a fair preponderance of the evidence that there was absence of probable cause on the part of the defendant to have him arrested; but he was not locked up in a cell; he was restrained of his liberty; he was humiliated. Whether he invited it or not seems rather doubtful. It might

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have been much worse. Still he was within his rights, and I say he has established a cause of action for false arrest by a fair preponderance of the evidence. I will direct in his favor a judgment for $250."

There was a holiday spirit in court this morning, because, just to be nice at Christmas-time, they had called a case in which Hope Hampton and Charles Dillingham were involved, and although it wasn't in our part, everyone was all of a dither at the thought of being able to get some drama out of the thought that anything so light and airy could be going on in the same building. Then along comes George Dorsey who says "Why should he be on jury duty?", and I said, "Yes or no; but chiefly yes". Sometimes I wish that nice judge would let me buy him a lunch and talk to me about the jury system, because I can't imagine that he likes the system any better than I do; for he can't get the sort of jurymen he wants, and I don't blame him or them. One jury I served on was much amused because they said I must be lonely. There were ten Jews and one Frenchman and they couldn't imagine what a Yankee, poor soul, was doing there.

Hector Bolitho, just over from Windsor Castle for Christmas, and very full of this new book, told me a limerick, because he was so sorry I had been on jury duty all day. Maybe it is old; but maybe not. Anyhow he says it's fresh from England, and you know what English jokes are. Here it is!

There was a young lady of Ryde
Of eating green apples she died.
Within the lamented
They quickly fermented
And made cider inside her inside.

In Washington we had an exciting day. First, the opening of the senate, where we saw Emily Newell Blair, and thought the air in the senate chamber very thick, but the scene impressive. There was my old colonel, Senator Bingham, as tall and handsome and pleasant as ever. How the senators did shake hands with each other, just like a lot of schoolboys so happy to see each other after the holidays, as my wife remarked, and so glad to see the Vice President, too, only that was all fooling, because presently someone got up and said hard words about one senator, and they wouldn't let him have his seat. That reminded me of old school days, too, and then they did the same thing to another senator and then it was pretty much all over and we had witnessed an historic occasion. In fact, I suppose we, in our humble way, we were making history all the time we sat there only we didn't know it. Right then and there I thought of Frank Sullivan again, and a little of Alexander Woollcott, too, and of how both of them would make such excellent senators provided they would grow little pointed beards to jiggle when they made speeches or read motions.

In the afternoon, we went to see Secretary Davison's new airplane, driven in from New York by Lieutenant Maitland. There's a nice desk inside, and we all decided it would be an excellent plan for Lieutenant Maitland to drive me around every month while I write my BOOKMAN piece. Going at such a pace there is no telling what speed I might attain.

In the evening we heard Dorothy Speare make her opera début, or rather her American opera début. She sang like an angel, and acted in a fashion which might well be called appealing, and was applauded as was her due, in the title rôle of a rather silly but exceedingly difficult opera, "Mignon". It is not every day that an author turns opera singer, and with such marked success.

There are several letters I want to print this month. The first came in today and for obvious reasons must remain anonymous, although I must apologize for not giving the now anonymous writer the publicity he deserves. I should like to ask my readers to let me know what they would have answered under the circumstances. The letter was short but to the point, and it was a real letter. If there are unbelievers and they will visit me any morning at eight-thirty in the office, I'll prove it.

Dear Sir:

I think I could write a good fiction book. Would you be in the market for such a book —if you thought what I wrote would be a good seller? If so, what do you pay an

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author for a book as good as the average or better, and when does he receive his pay?

I never wrote a book,

Yours truly,

——

The next letter, from a Miss Smith of Omaha, strikes me as slightly ironic in more than one detail. O. O. McIntyre will please note that Miss Smith calls me a great man. If she really wants to know how to become hard-boiled she should address that gentleman at the hotel known as the Ritz-Carlton.

Omaha, Nebraska.

Dear Mr. Farrar:

Since your request came out in the October BOOKMAN that some of your readers "living on remote farms, as I am sure most of you do", write to you regarding the state of the cabbages and corn, I couldn't help but draw the blank sheet into the typewriter and essay a note. No apologies are necessary for bothering a great man, for you brought it upon yourself. I can see that you are one of those ex-editors who all along must have had the craving to find out what the *hoi polloi* were thinking about, but such high-brows as Aldous Huxley and James Branch Cabell insisted upon getting in on the ground floor and taking up most of the pages of THE BOOKMAN.

Something has been bothering me greatly for a long, long time and it occurred to me that you (of all people) might help me. It is plainly and roughly speaking, about this matter of being hard-boiled. I was wondering if perhaps you, in all your experiences might have come across a person, an author, perhaps, or someone who is like myself. I am in the dreadful state of being a three-and-a-half minute egg, so to speak, and the fires of controversy fail to harden the state of my mental par-boiledness. It may be that there is some one in the same foolish, inane, and distressing predicament. If you know such a one, will you out of the goodness of your heart, set me into communication with him. It may be that in case you know of no such author (or authoress) you may know of a correspondence school (the fee is of no importance) where one may be guaranteed a surety of becoming hard-boiled like the rest of the world. This matter has been most painful and has caused me no amount of real embarrassment. Truly I have tried. Indeed, I have striven with all my might to become as some, nay, nearly all of the people around me are, and it is only in this, the greatest extremity, that I come to you.

Maybe you would like to know of some of the attempts I have made along this direction. In the first place, I have read a lot of Sherwood Anderson and Ruth Suckow, some of Mencken and George Nathan, Dreiser, Dos Passos, Carl Van Vechten and many others. The trouble with all these people (see, I'm human, I blame everyone but myself) is that I think they are all very clever people, yes, very, very clever, but it just isn't so what they say. Of course they hit the high spots, so to speak, once in awhile and come out with a glittering piece of truthful ore, but isn't most of it just "pay dirt"? Oh, for sincerity like Thoreau and Conrad gave us. Their hard-boiledness is admirable, and I try most earnestly to understand how they do it. But reading them doesn't seem to help a bit.

Then there are organizations. They get you in for committees — luncheons, try to make high-powered salesmen out of you. And you know as well as I do that it takes a lot of hard-boiled optimism to try to sell concert tickets to people who can't afford them and have too many social duties in the first place. It calls for the class of hard-boiledness which is called "face". I haven't the face to do it!

And there are your friends. They sit around blandly discussing complexes, and socialism and the "old-fashioned idea of a personal God", and they all smoke, and when the air gets too heavy with their discussions upon the serious subjects they start in on a snappy story they have heard. And then they look at me and I blush, and then they all say "Ha! Ha! Look at Maude blush!" Which makes me tired for my husband has probably told me that very story six months before. But I can't explain that for they make me tongue-tied with their hard-boiled sophistication. I just have to grin and choke on my cigarette (never did like the things) and try to look knowing. It's a terrible strain. I have one friend in particular who always speaks her exact mind. The brutal part of this is that she is so often right. And you know what happens to the soft-boiled when one of those bright bits of wisdom comes their way.

I just don't know what to do about this. I might have written to the Mary Lane column, but it is out of her line, and then it is a question which may be bothering some other embryonic writers.

I did make a little improvement the other day. I bought a wedding present for a girl I will probably never see again, and brought it home, thinking I would send it after the At Home date. Well, I kept it for myself. I had always wanted one of those silver bread trays, anyway. I told one of my H. B. (no! that stands for high-brow, not what you think!) friends and she made a

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cryptic remark. She said, "You are learning!" Now, what do you think she meant? I finally figured it out. She thinks I'm going to learn to keep things for myself!

There's a very slim chance that you might help me in some way and if you have any ideas on the subject of getting hard-boiled easily and painlessly, please let me know. So far my experiences in the process have been far from painless. Yet, anything is better than this awful uncertainty. I mustn't be out of step. Oh, you can't fool me. I know the old story about "They were all out of step but Johnny". I'm just dying to be hard-boiled like the rest of the world and when I am — well — just watch my step!

Sincerely yours,
Maude Sumner Smith.

A letter from Miss Jewell of Centerburg, Ohio, I'm particularly glad to print because it is about Mary Webb, who died not long ago, and who was certainly a genius, a writer of great promise and some fulfilment.

Idle-Ease,
Centerburg, Ohio.

My Dear John Farrar:

Here at Idle-Ease we have all of the qualifications for Ease except the Idle-ness. One can almost be thankful for a sprained ankle to be able to lie in the hammock at nine o'clock on one of these perfect mornings. It is too bad that such a lovely thing as an October morning should be filled with tasks.

The hammock is stretched under a young maple in a far corner of the yard near the children's abandoned playhouse. Lying there with the sunlight at my back, looking out across the creek, across the young Grimes Golden apple orchard in the valley, across the pond and the gently rolling hillsides, I can just see the schoolhouse belfry and the church spire pointing side by side. The house with its kitchen-sounds seems almost as far away, and the fragrant loads of apples creaking up to the cellar are only a part of the morning, not something to be sweat over and poked away in bins.

I have been reading "Precious Bane", a novel by Mary Webb, which takes its name from, and is explained by, the couplet from Milton:

"Let none admire that gold is found in hell.
Such soil may best afford the precious bane."

Which being translated reads:

"Let none be surprised that money is found in hell.
Such soil is most favorable for the production of this deadliest poison."

The story is of Gideon Sarn, of Sarn Mere, who, in his lust for material possessions, crushes and kills all who are dear to him. The plot, as such, is interesting but not particularly cheerful or unusual. To me, Prue, showing the standing and outlook of women at that period is a much more interesting person than the unfolding, or rather ingrowing character of her brother Gideon. The charm of the book lies in the picture of English rural life at this time, and the study of the morals, superstitions, and customs of these, our ancestors. We have nothing that takes the place, exactly, of the "ducking-stool" and "sin-eating", but in our bride's showers and threshing rings we still have their "love-spinning" and "harvest-home". Mrs. Webb's picture of the shepherd is as true today as ever:

"I made allowance for Gideon since he lost so many nights of rest, it being still lambing time. For lambing time is the shepherd's trial. In the black of night, in the dead of the year, at goblin time, he must be up and about by his lonesome. With mist like a shroud on him, and frosty winds like the chill of death, and snow whispering, and a shriek on this side of the forest and a howl on that side, the shepherd must be waking, though the pleasant things of day are folded up and put by, and the comforting gabble and busyness of the house and the fold are still, and the ghosts are strong, thronging in on the east wind and on the north, with none to gainsay them."

Prue Sarn said, "When I laugh, I laugh easy, like the wood-pecker in Spring. He was ever a good laugher, was the wood-pecker, and a right merry one, too. He'll fly into an ellum tree, and laugh to see it so green. And he'll fly into an ash, and laugh to see it so bare, with only the black buds and no leaves. And then he'll fly into an oak and laugh fit to burst to see the young brown leaves. Ah, the wood-pecker's a good laugher, and the laughter's sweet as a sound nut. If we can laugh so at the end of long living, we've not lived in vain".

Things look differently to us "at the end of long living". One lifetime is a little while in which to make a big dream come true. Such small things we are, individually, yet each a part of the universe. If each of us would look a little harder for the common good, — learn to stand off a mile and examine ourselves that we might discover what is essential — living would be easier.

Mary Webb brings out the difference in the fundamental philosophy of women and men. Watching their stacks of barleycorn burn, Prue "called to mind the plowing for it in such good behopes, and the sowing of it, between the sowing of the winter wheat and the sowing of the summer wheat, Gideon and

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me walking up and down the fields with the bags of seed slung over shoulder, or with a deep round lid to hold enough of seed for one crossing of the field there and back, and swinging out our arms with a great giving movement, as if we were feeding all the world, a thing I dearly loved to see. For reaping, though it is good to watch, as be all the year's doings on a farm, is a grutching and a grabbing thing compared with sowing. You must lean out to it and sweep it in to you, and hold it to your bosom, jealous, and grasp and take it. There is ever a greediness in reaping with the sickle in my sight. There is not in scything, which is a large destroying movement, without either love or anger in it, like the judgments of God. Nor is there in flailing, which is a thing full of anger, but without any will or wish to have or keep. But reaping is all greed, just as sowing is all giving. There you go, up and down the wide fields, bearing that which you have saved with so much care, winnowing it for the chaff, and treasuring it for this hour. And though it is all you have, you care not, but take it in great handfuls and cast it abroad, with no thought of holding back any. On you go, straight forrard, and the bigger your hand, the better pleased you are. . . . I was always ready for the sowing, though Gideon did not care about it, and indeed would often seem to begrutch casting the grain from him, and would sow too thin and so waste time and labor".

Yesterday Prue Sarn tossed her barley seed, cleaned the "beast-housen" and worked spade for spade with her brother Gideon. On the Book she swore to be "as biddable as a prentice, a wife and a dog". Prue wouldn't have dared lie idly in the sun all morning, even with a lame ankle. Women have travelled a long way in the last hundred years. Yet they still bear children, make homes for men, love very much and are loved, and they dream, and die. In another hundred years will it matter that I lay in the sunshine and read about Prue? Perhaps then another Prue will read and wonder about me.

Today it will mean more to me if I have interested one John Farrar a little. Still and all, as Prue would say, even if you have not enjoyed me, I can still enjoy you!

Gertrude S. Jewell.

Harry Hansen seems to have taken issue with Arnold Bennett on the question of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey". Harry feels Mr. Bennett has been extravagant in his praise. What Mr. Bennett said was: "In my opinion, 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey' is an absolutely first rate work. It dazzled me by its accomplishment. The writing, simple, straight, just and powerful has not been surpassed in the present epoch. The author does not search for the right word. He calls it; it comes". Now, my query to Harry and to you is, find me another English novel written in the last ten years that is stylistically better! I don't say that there have been none; but I should be interested in your candidates for the place. Moreover, if you have not read this great novel of Thornton Wilder's this is an ad. for it: "Run to your nearest book store and buy it". It was not one of the volumes selected by either the Book of the Month Club or The Literary Guild; but, thank fortune, it is a best seller!

And now, having let various people do my work for me, I recommend further that you read Edmund Wilson's comments on Ernest Hemingway in *The New Republic*. If you can understand what Mr. Wilson means you will be my idea of what a really truly highbrow should be. I know that Ernest Hemingway is a great writer, and I am sure that Mr. Wilson is a great critic; because occasionally I cannot understand the former, and I can never understand the latter. When the latter tries to explain the former! Try it over once, and let me know what you think.

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A Bookman's Notes

THE MODESTY OF REPORTERS

ONE of the pleasant discoveries we have made in examining the news stories submitted for THE BOOKMAN'S monthly and annual awards is the exceeding modesty of newspaper reporters. Very few out of the several hundred stories submitted for the month of December were sent in by the men and women who wrote them. They were sent in by city editors, managing editors, fellow reporters, and even by laymen with no newspaper connections.

We applaud this reverse of vanity in news writers. But while we applaud, we deplore it. It leaves too much to chance and to benevolence. It renews one's faith in the altruistic qualities of human nature to receive letters from city editors and managing editors, reading something like this:

"I am inclosing herewith two clippings of a story written for this newspaper by John Doe, a reporter on our staff. I consider it the best news story we have published during the past six months. Mr. Doe is a young man whose work for us has been consistently good and I predict for him a bright future in the newspaper profession."

But what if the managing editor or the city editor were less thoughtful of the work of the members of his staff? What if he were too busy to bother about sending in the clippings? Why shouldn't young John Doe submit his story himself? Especially if his city editor or managing editor has neglected to do so?

Surely there can be nothing in the least reprehensible about having a definite pride in one's work. Down the ages great artists and little have not scrupled to engage in competition for prizes. Aeschylus and Sophocles vied for the dramatic prize in Athens and after Aeschylus died (Plutarch transmits the legend that Aeschylus died in self-imposed exile to Sicily after Sophocles had defeated him in the annual competition for dramatic poetry), — after Aeschylus died, Sophocles vied with Euripides and with numerous other dramatic poets. Most of the great artistic glories of Renaissance architecture, sculpture and painting were the results of fiercely contested prize awards.

It is not claimed that awards in competition are always just. When there are many possible choices of varying degrees of excellence there is opportunity for error. The mind of man is fallible and is a compound of his prejudices as well as of his talents. But THE BOOKMAN has selected for its jury of awards men who are known in their profession for integrity and ideals, taste and intelligence, experience and fairness. They have, all of them, the best interests of journalism at heart. One can be sure that, whatever be their selections, individually or corporately, those selections will be, if not the best, at least representative of the best in news writing in America today.

Meanwhile let news reporters who have written stories of which they are proud be less bashful about sending in those stories themselves. Someone else may send in those stories. And still they may not.

* * *

Perhaps it should be pointed out, in view of the large number of feature stories we have received in the competition, that the award is to be made for *news* stories. A feature story may at the same time be a news story; but ordinarily it is not. The difference between a feature story and a news story is this: the reporter reports a news story whereas a writer creates a feature story.

If a reporter had got into the good graces of Henry Ford and had written a scoop describing what the new Ford is like, that would have been a news story. An interview with Henry Ford on history, love, marriage, thrift and the younger generation is a feature story. An interview, of course,

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Isa Glenn, author of "Southern Charm", from a drawing by Bryan Higgan

may be a news story; but it depends upon the occasion. One of the best news stories I ever read was at the same time something of a feature story. It was a story in *The New York World* describing the visit of the Crown Prince of Sweden to Thomas A. Edison. It was not only a news story but a character study. To write it required a point of view as well as good powers of observation, good taste as well as a sense of humor, literary skill as well as literacy.

* * *

A GREAT SKEPTIC

Frank Crowninshield is the soul — as well as the heart, liver and lights — of skepticism. His passion for doubting has just led him into an incredible admission. It may be recalled that Mr. Crowninshield has been the editorial sponsor of some of those remarkable essays by Elizabeth Benson, the thirteen-year-old prodigy at Barnard College. In *Vanity Fair*, whose pages have been graced by articles by Bertrand Russell, Walter Lippmann, Maximilian Harden, Ferenc Molnar, Aldous Huxley, Gertrude Stein, Sherwood Anderson, George Jean Nathan, J. W. N. Sullivan, Jim Tully and the Lord knows how many other sapient minds, the very wisest, freshest and sharpest bits of wisdom and comment have been contributed by this thirteen-year-old girl.

Miss Benson's sentences have cadence, dignity, force and point. Her mind is free of clichés and her ideas are never lumbered with allusions and quotations. She is direct, frank and uninhibited. As a result, she says things that have all the impact of originality even when they are things we have been thinking all along but have neglected to put into words. That she is a genius I think there can be little doubt.

In fact I should say, after reading Mr. Crowninshield's preface to Miss Benson's book of Essays, "The Younger Generation", that she is a very special kind of a genius — one with talents equal to the most strenuous emergencies. It seems that, after Mr. Crowninshield had published some of Miss Benson's essays, he was assailed by doubts that she prepared them herself alone and unaided. At the very beginning of their friendship, he writes, his incredulity was aroused, "so gravely, in fact, that I resorted to an ignoble expedient".

He telephoned Miss Benson and asked her to come to his office one afternoon "at precisely two o'clock".

"She arrived there," Mr. Crowninshield says, "alone, not at all suspecting that she was to be subjected to a grilling of an hour or so and a wild sort of battle with the third degree.

"I had also arranged with three of my friends to be present and to act as judges of Elizabeth's integrity and good faith. These friends were Charles Hanson Towne, Editor of *Harper's Bazar*, Owen Johnson, the novelist, and the late Guy Lowell, the architect from Boston. The judges were to suggest three subjects to her, upon each of which she was, in their presence and mine, to write five hundred words on my typewriter, without over-much hesitation and without leaving the room. The subjects imposed upon her (they were chosen wholly at random), were as follows: (1) Modernistic Music; (2) How I am Affected By The Rain; and (3) Contemporary New York Architecture."

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With all due respect to Mr. Crowninshield that requirement was simply fiendish. The conditions under which it was imposed, the nature of the matters about which Miss Benson was required to write, the solemn inquisition under which she labored and the lack of privacy granted her in which to compose her thoughts — all these things were — or would be to me — the refinement of torture. I should think that even a great universal genius, a Shakespeare or a Leonardo, might flunk in such a test.

But hear how this amazing girl met the situation. Instead of telling those four owlish and preposterous inquisitors to run and take a broad jump into the lake, "After three minutes of meditation — and perhaps a prayer for guidance — she sat down at the machine and wrote off her three themes — quickly, easily, and even joining occasionally in the general conversation. On reading the resultant 1500 words the three judges expressed themselves as convinced that Elizabeth could perfectly well have written the first paper that had appeared under her name in *Vanity Fair* (in some ways the best of the series) and that she was presumably competent to write on other themes".

Presumably? Presumably?

Got a match?

* * *

POINTS OF ACCURACY

WE are happy to have Heywood Broun back again in his old pulpit in *The World*. Among the pleasures his writing affords is that of disagreeing with him — when he is wrong — for he is quite frequently so very patently right.

On the morning he resumed his work he wrote: "The current *Mercury* contains a long monologue called 'The Man Who Knew Coolidge' and this is one of the dullest pieces which ever came from a first-class writing man".

Now, there is room for differences of opinion concerning that last statement. A number of my acquaintances agree with Mr. Broun even to the point of being somewhat vehement about it; but they are precisely the people who have always found Lewis dull heretofore and who would deny that Lewis is or ever was a "first-class writing man".

For myself, I did not find the piece dull at all. On the contrary, it seemed an exceptionally interesting and valuable *tour de force*. If any one of Lewis's novels has had value and point, this piece has; because it is the epitome of all of Lewis's virtues as a writer. It reflects his acutely accurate ear for idiomatic speech, his careful observation of the habits, interests and opinions of the characters he depicts, his rigidly representational attitude as an artist.

Although Mr. Broun says that the piece was written after a formula "so tight and repetitious that Lewis could easily have done it with his left hand or even his left foot", I beg leave to doubt that Mr. Broun could have written the piece with the most strenuous effort at imitation of the formula, no matter how hard he tried. In the first place Mr. Broun doesn't know enough about people like the hero of Lewis's piece and in the second place Mr. Broun could not attempt to depict him without giving him an argument. The Man Who Knew Coolidge would give way in the second paragraph to The Man Who Doesn't Care for Coolidge. There would be grace notes of false humility in Mr. Broun's argument; but in the end we would be left in no doubt as to what is the more enlightened attitude to maintain.

If H. L. Mencken were called upon to follow the formula and present the character, he would lose his head in two shakes of a jiffy. Lowell T. Schmaltz would not be allowed to speak his piece: Mencken would be at him with slapstick and pig-bladder, squirt-gun and shouts of "imbecile!" "yokel!" and "idiot!". He would set the poor devil's shirt-tail afire. Mencken tried to follow the "formula" of Ring Lardner in composing an idiomatic Americanese version of the Declaration of Independence. It was neither Lardner nor Americanese, nor yet the Declaration of Independence. It was almost as wide of the mark as would be my attempt to follow the "formula" of George Meredith.

This is not to belittle either Mencken or Mr. Broun; neither could Lewis do anything with their "formulas".

"The Man Who Knew Coolidge" con-

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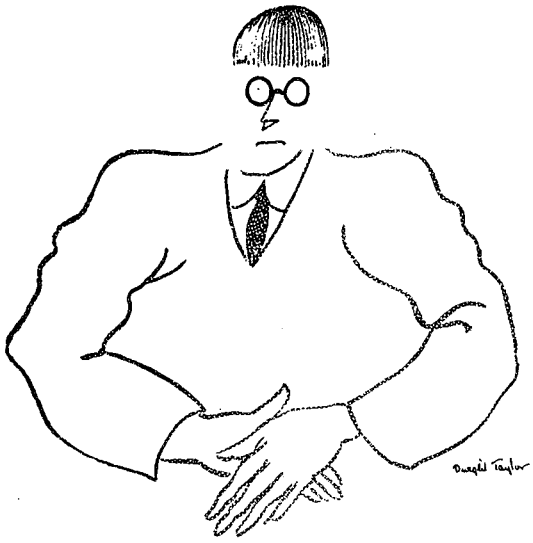

Carl Van Doren, a caricature by Dwight Taylor

tained some improbabilities. It is doubtful whether any man in a smoking-car, amid the noise and the jerking of the train, could or would hold the floor for so long; or that, in doing so, he could keep to his narrative even as cogently and as grammatically as Schmaltz did. Just the other night I heard the president of a university, a very learned man, make no less than five syntactical and grammatical errors in the course of an impromptu speech lasting about twelve minutes. Twice he made plural verbs lie down with singular nouns, once he used *whomsoever* as the subject of a verb, once he employed a relative clause which did not relate to anything, and once he used the "one-he" locution that is frowned upon by precisians. Perhaps the college president made the errors out of a too-conscious fear of making them. Schmaltz's monologue was comparatively free of such slips; but then Schmaltz was very sure of himself. I am not one to say that Lewis has falsified Schmaltz; for Lewis knows Schmaltz a lot better than I do.

Mr. Broun says, "It is not a particularly accurate transcript of conversation, and even if it were the merit of the performance would be negligible". To the first clause, I would ask: How does Mr. Broun know it is not? And to the second I should ask: Negligible to whom?

In his final flip, Mr. Broun gives away the fact that he does not understand Lewis's aim as a writer. He says: "In the next few years Lewis ought to make up his mind whether he is a satirist or a burlesquer".

Some years ago — to be precise, when he began "Main Street" — Lewis made up his mind on that point: he decided to be neither. He has protested, apparently in vain, against being labeled a satirist by those who praise him. He was a satirist back in the days when he wrote "The Hobohemians" for *The Saturday Evening Post;* but in "Main Street" he set himself to be a realist in the Flaubertian tradition. It must be obvious that "Madame Bovary" was the model for that novel; and it must be obvious that Homais was the prototype of Babbitt. Whatever satire his novels contain is there implicitly and not by deliberate manipulation of his material.

When Mr. Broun says that "the performance is negligible" I am wondering if Mr. Broun is aware of the service that Lewis has performed for New Yorkers whose interests, habits and beliefs are conditioned by an environment similar to Mr. Broun's, in revealing with accuracy and sympathy the way the mind of "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" works.

It is by no means a negligible mind: it is the most powerful mind at present functioning in this country. It is the mind of the fairly successful man of business in a prosperous industrial community. It is a mind with cultural deficiencies and subject to lapses of logic. Like the minds of columnists and literary critics, it often receives opinions and reiterates them without questioning their validity.

These opinions in both cases are sometimes absurd and sometimes pernicious; but they are not *prima facie* evidence of vicious instincts or a malevolent spirit. Schmaltz upholds the Volstead Act in conversation and breaks it in practice without any sense of contradiction; with such a name as the one he bears he yet can say in all naïveté, "What I'd done if I had been running things, was to march right straight through to Berlin and make them Germans suffer good — like we did". But here is also reflected the mind of a man who has built up a successful business,

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housed his family in a pretty and comfortable home, educated his children and lived a happy, hygienic and boastful life. If he is vain of his two cars, his two children, his business ability and his house with two baths with a special contrivance designed by himself to get rid of used safety-razor blades, he has some reason to be vain. I envy him the two cars, the business ability, the house with two baths and the contrivance for disposing of safety-razor blades. I have the two children.

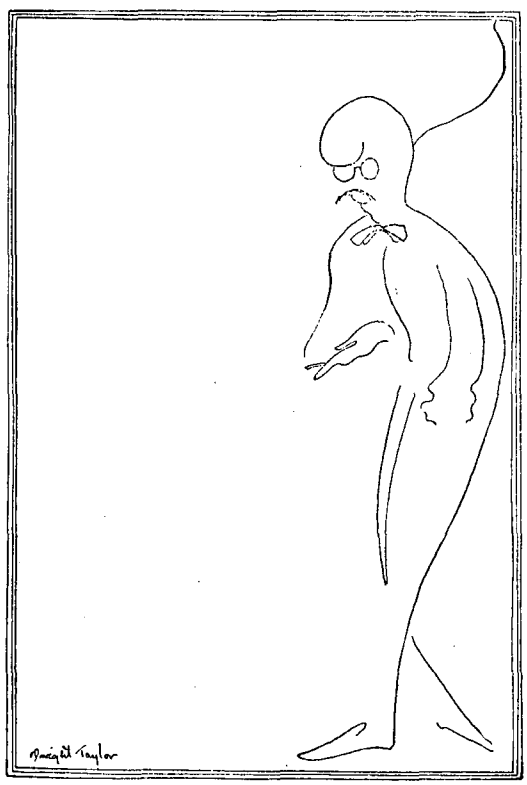
It is often said that the Schmaltzes and the Babbitts are not articulate. They are not, the great majority of them — in print; although there are more Babbitts writing than Mr. Broun may suspect. But Lewis has made us aware that they are articulate vocally. If their opinions are often ready-made, uncritical, standardized and easily mouthed, they gain force by that; for all mass opinion has power — the power of numbers. Let enough people voice the opinion that "Abie's Irish Rose" is a play that one ought to see or that "Main Street" is a book that one ought to read and hundreds of thousands will make it a point to see the play and read the book. Let enough people voice the opinion that Prohibition is a good thing even though those same people break the law regularly and the law stays on the statute books. Let enough people voice the opinion that the whippings and other tortures of the Ku Klux Klan are a menace and the Klan becomes a meek and mild organization of fellows who like to dress up and march in parades. I know of only one instance in recent times when an entrenched minority opinion withstood an opinion held by an overwhelming majority, and that was in the Sacco and Vanzetti case. Even Lewis's hero, in attesting to his liberal views, said "I never did believe they ought to have hung Sacco and Vanzetti if they were innocent".

No, the mind of Lowell T. Schmaltz and his like is not negligible, nor is any revelation of it negligible. Lewis made me feel a deep sympathy for the man and a modified admiration for him. Some of his ideas conflict with mine and hence threaten my peace and happiness: he thinks mighty little of us "highbrows", and perhaps with reason; for we threaten his complacency also. At any rate I understand him better because of Lewis and I wish a Lewis would do as much for the Schmaltzes toward an understanding of the "highbrows". I was sorry that the poor fellow did not finally get to shake Coolidge's hand and that he was such a humiliation, without meaning to be so, to his knowing daughter. His talk contains absurdities, but whose talk does not?

Next I should like to see Lewis give us as accurate a transcript of the conversation of New York intellectuals in a certain rendezvous in the Forties. Space is at his command in this magazine any time he wants to do so.

* * *

When Mr. Broun quarrels with Lewis on the subject of accuracy, he should be careful to be sure of his facts. "The subject of the anecdote," he writes, "goes to a speakeasy behind a brownstone front. Within he finds



Aldous Huxley, a caricature by Dwight Taylor

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a jazz orchestra, a large ballroom, and a bar upon the second floor. Speakeasies into which one enters through the basement are not like that at all. Sinclair Lewis is thinking of a night club, which is architecturally quite different. If it is a brownstone front you will find the bar on the ground floor just in back of the restaurant proper, and there will be no orchestra and no dancing."

In the first place the narrator in Lewis's piece says nothing about a speakeasy. He went to "a swell night club recommended by one of the bell-boys at the hotel". It was not a house with a brownstone front: "gray-stone houses they call 'em". And, as it happens, two years ago there was a place in the Fifties, where Lewis located the Nouvelle Desire at the time of Schmaltz's visit, that was just as Lewis describes. The only inaccuracy about it, except for the name, is that when Lewis has his hero ring the bell at the basement door, it is opened by "a fellow in one of those funny Lord High Admiral uniforms".

There wasn't any such flunkey that I remember. Those door openers in *opéra bouffe* dress stand out in front of night clubs that are open to the general public, to attract customers. But even here Lewis might be accurate. The hero might have happened into the place on a gala night, when the orchestra was augmented and when tone was added to the establishment by having the man who first opened the door dressed in fancy uniform. Remember that it was a hide-away night club. Again Schmaltz might have read about these costumed flunkeys in one of the syndicated columns about New York and have thrown the flunkey in for embroidery, so that it wouldn't appear that he had missed anything. Lewis is no more responsible for the inaccuracy of Schmaltz's details in the report of his trip than he is for Schmaltz's faults of grammar.

When Mr. Broun says "If it was a brown-stone front you will find the bar on the ground floor just back of the restaurant proper", he should get around more. I can take him to at least ten places where the bar is on the second floor. I know the two places he is thinking of, but they aren't even typical.

TRIVIA AND MOMENTA

SALIENT or silly facts about people who are afflicted with (or who have acquired) the itch for writing:

Gilbert K. Chesterton has the melodramatic habit of rushing out of the house to greet an impending visitor at the gate and asking: "Tell me, sir: do you believe in God? The answer to the question is very important".

Bernard Shaw in several interviews has stated that he has never applied soap and water to his beard.

Hilaire Belloc has a passion for ginger ale. At a luncheon one time I saw him consume no less than six pint bottles.

Lion Feuchtwanger, who wrote a novel "Power" which really gives one a tremendous feeling of power, is a nervous and timid little fellow just above five feet in height.

The late Anatole France often wrote rapturously of the rites of Bacchus and frequently praised the swilling capacity of Gargantua; but he himself did not care for liquors, spiritous, malt or vinous. His vice in the drinking line was camomile tea. He was a regular toper of it. So little of a connoisseur of liquors was he that he once drank a goblet of cognac under the impression that it was a light wine given him for a tonic. As a result he wrote an article which he never remembered having written, but which he said was the only one that ever won him commendation from the editor of *Le Temps*.

Anatole France, who knew Jules Lemaitre well, says (in *Anatole France en pantoufles* by Jean-Jacques Brousson) that Lemaitre consumed a bottle of cognac every time he wrote one of his dramatic critiques, and that this habit brought him to an early grave.

Ernest Hemingway is an amateur toreador, a semi-professional prizefighter, and an expert at skiing.

Robert Nathan plays the 'cello, composes music, draws caricatures, and plays chess.

George Jean Nathan has such frequent colds in the head that he usually carries a bottle of menthol spirits from which he in-

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hales frequently while carrying on a conversation.

It is the ambition of Alexander Woollcott to retire some day from the bright lights of Broadway and to pursue the tranquil meditations, scholastic research and pedagogy of a professor in his *alma mater*, Hamilton College.

Joseph Hergesheimer collects silk handkerchiefs and has so many already that if they were sewed together they could serve as the side-show tent of Ringling's circus.

James Branch Cabell abominates New York and does not visit the city more than once in every five years and then under protest, returning to Richmond within two or three days.

Just before James Stephens left Dublin on his first visit to America, he and "A. E." (George Russell) had a conversation that lasted for two days and two nights, almost without interruption, and, said Stephens, "We didn't begin to scratch the surface of the things we wanted to talk about".

Arnold Bennett arises usually at five in the morning and writes four hours before eating breakfast.

Elliott White Springs is the only professional writer who owns and rides about in a private airplane.

Marianne Moore, editor of *The Dial*, whose unusual poetry so exasperates academic critics of poetry, is a baseball and tennis fan, one of whose favorite books is Tilden's "How to Play Tennis". Alfred Kreymborg testifies to her ability to identify a baseball pitcher warming up at a distance, not by his appearance but by his method of delivery.

A WIDE-AWAKE PROFESSOR

THE other day I was looking over the shelf of books that had come in for review and my eye fell upon a red-bound, unaesthetic appearing volume entitled, "Later American Writers: Part Two", by Leonidas Warren Payne, Jr. The subtitle was "Selections from American Literature". The title-page also informed me that the author is Professor of English Literature in the University of Texas, and that other books to his credit are, "Southern Literary Readings", "American Literary Readings", "History of American Literature" and "Selections from English Literature". "Later American Writers" is a text-book, obviously intended for use in secondary schools and colleges. It is published by Ginn & Co.

George Meredith, in his eightieth year, drawn from life, by Nosmis

I took it to my desk to read with malice aforethought. As a text-book it would not ordinarily be something I would be reviewing. But I had been doing a lot of praising since taking office in this shop and I thought perhaps here would be an opportunity to add some bitter to the sweet. In my day in college such books never took any notice of the literature that was in being. To the compilers of them, American poetry ended with Stedman or at the latest with William Vaughan Moody and American prose with Stockton and Bunner. Not even Twain, James or Howells was deemed worthy of inclusion.

Here, I thought, was a chance for a little homily, pertly phrased, on the unawareness of professors of English of the literature that still has vibrant life in it, and of their peculiar faculty for blighting an interest in literature in the bud. Imagine my surprise

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to discover that this professor of English literature is the berries! It is the best anthology of modern American prose and verse I have ever encountered; and along with it is brilliant and comprehensive criticism and interpretation. The book, stripped of its questionnaires for classes, deserves a better binding: it should be sold to the general trade. If professors nowadays are like Payne, culture in America is looking up.

Professor Payne has made a selection of the prose and verse from the work of such moderns as James Gibbon Huneker, Booth Tarkington, James Branch Cabell, Joseph Hergesheimer, Conrad Aiken, Elinor Wylie, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandberg, Wallace Stevens, Alfred Kreymborg, William Carlos Williams, Marianne Moore, T. S. Eliot, Maxwell Bodenheim, and E. E. Cummings. And what careful and sympathetic interpretations he gives! What painstaking exposition and what judicious criticism! If you are skeptical, I invite you to read his notes on Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, E. E. Cummings and William Carlos Williams. It doesn't look it, but it is a book for the library table as well as for the class-room.

* * *

The new Doubleday-Doran combination — and what a combination! — gave a tea-party at the Coffee House Club one afternoon in early January for Mathilde Eiker, author of "Over The Boat Side". It was a small party. One could talk without the distracting buzz of voices and the jostling inevitable at large tea-parties — tea-parties where you begin a sentence only to have to break it off with a "Oh, how do you do?" and where what you are saying seems so inadequate to the occasion beside what you have just overheard someone say who is not in your own group, though that may not be so. It was all jolly and quiet and informal. Harry Maule said he had purposely arranged it that way. Good boy! Thoughtful! If it has been staged out in Garden City it would not have mattered how big the crowd was: as Russell Doubleday said, one could amble off with a partner to a shady nook among the roses. But they — the impersonal they — don't always arrange things so well in tea-parties that are held in small rooms like those of the Coffee House.

Some guests coming up the stairs to meet Miss Eiker found their way impeded by an expert and a neophyte at the Charleston, who had taken up their positions immediately in front of the doorway. John Farrar was the neophyte. He had just said that his son, aged nine months, was already learning to dance. Parental exaggeration at its apogee! The child can barely stand: Margaret told me so. He wiggles his legs while holding on to something with prehensible fingers when he is pulled up from a reclining position. John calls that dancing. Well, a father would. So Mrs. Russell Doubleday, an expert at the Charleston, undertook to teach John the Charleston to teach his son. John was slow. His feet moved heavily. He seemed lackadaisical about it.

The people coming up the stairway were not considerate. They wanted, apparently, to meet Miss Eiker. They let their presence be known instead of tip-toeing down the stairway, as one does when coming into a party where someone is playing a nocturne with unusual feeling.

The lesson stopped. But Mrs. Doubleday, blithe spirit that she is, made way for the newcomers by dancing down toward the samovars where, to a delighted audience, she executed a few pat-steps. Watching this performance, your reporter's feet itched and he wanted to show off his falling pat-step, his swing-around, and his slide-back; but diffidence overcame him. He balanced coffee and cake, served by Mrs. Robert Graves and Margaret Farrar and talked to Henry Hazlitt and A. Page Cooper of Booth Tarkington's "Claire Ambler", a novel so well written, so entertaining as to blunt one to its improbabilities and to its cinematic melodrama. "He has written," I said, "a modern-flapper version of 'What Maisie Knew'; but how admirably that fellow can write." However, Hazlitt had roasted the book, because of the point of view — the switching around from terrific satire to the proclamation that Claire was, at heart, all right. Meanwhile I must have, if I can arrange it, a tap-step contest with Mrs. Doubleday.

Miss Eiker is slim, gracious and self-

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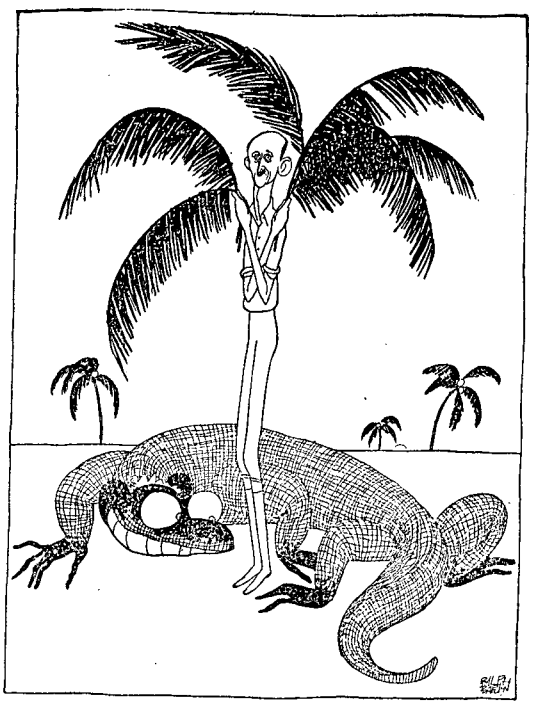
possessed. She writes, she says, for money, that is to say for leisure to write, that is to infer for the pleasure of writing. She teaches school in Washington, D. C., collects China and means to live abroad two years. Isabel Paterson, who first called my attention to her work, says she will be a best seller in a few years. And when Mrs. Paterson makes predictions, she has read her stars aright. Without thinking a great deal of Sabatini, she told me he would write a great popular hit someday and within less than six months "Scaramouche" was the rage of the movie-fans as well as of the consumers of popular literature, and Sabatini's prices shot up in the popular magazines like a skyrocket.

* * *

Count Hermann Keyserling was the guest of honor at a recent P. E. N. Club dinner, and from all the guffaws coming from the table at which he sat I wished that I could have been within earshot. Mrs. August Belmont, who sat to Keyserling's right, made the most noise. Her laughter filled the room. I thought to myself that the philosopher must be just full of wisecracks. Glances at his table told me that no one else had been able to get in a word edgewise. John Dewey sat there, amused, apparently, but inarticulate.

Suddenly a servant appeared at the table and told Count Keyserling that he was wanted on the telephone. He left. While he was gone, someone took advantage of the breathing-spell to pull what is called, on the Rialto, a wow. The people at that table gave vent to uproarious laughter. I hope, I think, that the gag was Professor Dewey's. It must have been worth waiting for. I wonder what it was.

I saw Dr. Henry Seidel Canby afterwards. Count Keyserling had been forced by the terms of his contract to refrain from any sort of formal address and to limit himself to a few informal words of thanks for the honor accorded him and to the telling of an anecdote about a Scotch woman. But Canby told me that Keyserling had talked four volumes at the table in superb English. "He speaks Russian and a dozen other languages with equal fluency," said Canby. "He tells me that he learns all about the countries he visits by intuition within the first twenty-four hours after arriving there."



William Beebe, a caricature by Ralph Barton

After reading Keyserling's chapter on Chicago in "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher" I told Canby I was convinced that he has written it by intuition before ever seeing Chicago.

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THOSE WHO CAN, CRITICIZE

By Burton Rascoe

LEAVES AND FRUIT. *By Sir Edmund Gosse, C. B. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.*
OPEN HOUSE. *By J. B. Priestley. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.*
PREJUDICES: *Sixth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. $2.50.*

IN 1875, that is to say (five from eight is three and seven from twelve is five) fifty-three years ago, the author of the first book in the above list was trotting about in Bloomsbury when he came upon a "little, brown, gentle person with an enormous folio under his arms". This gnome-like little creature with the bookish impedimentum was Stéphane Mallarmé, who had gone to England to learn the language that he might earn a living by teaching it in his own country. The folio he carried was his own incomparable version — "one of the most faithful and exquisite translations ever made" — of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven", in an edition illustrated by a painter then as obscure as Mallarmé himself, by name Edouard Manet.

It was entirely like Sir Edmund, then plain Mr. Gosse, to get, with all possible but courteous expedition the book from the timid stranger's arms and stick his acute and appraising nose into it. If it was a book it was Gosse's meat, and being of folio size and presumption it might contain a textual error which Gosse would recognize in a minute. If Mallarmé had not acknowledged Gosse's right, he would have been lacking in perception. At any rate the folio was limned and the text and illustrations evaluated in a neat and perfect appraisal; and Gosse hurried the Gallic leprechaun away to Swinburne's house to show the castigated poet of "Laus Veneris" his extraordinary find. Swinburne, who was always under the imputation of being obscure when he was not under the imputation of being obscene, was mystified by Manet's designs and saw not a great deal to get excited about in Mallarmé's version of Poe. But Gosse was all enthusiasm and appreciation, as he has ever been for anything that is valid in literature or the associated arts. His perceptions are instinctive, spontaneous, natural and uncoaxed; and yet when he chooses to do so, he can weight his dicta with a formidable learning.

There are critics who would be content to rest all their lives upon the fact that as early as 1875 they recognized that Manet and Mallarmé were good. Since 1875 there have doubtless died no end of them who commended themselves to their Maker with much less reason to be content. But look at Gosse. He is 78 years old, and yet so little has he been touched by sclerosis of the mind that he can write with understanding and with discrimination of such writers as Edith Sitwell, Siegfried Sassoon, Réné Boylesve, James Joyce and Marcel Proust. If you think that is not a notable record, examine please the acidulous essays of men and women much younger than Gosse who are peeved that books continue to be produced in the world that are too great a tax upon their powers of attention.

Sir Edmund has what is one of the most desirable of all attributes in a critic — patience. He had patience with Miss Edith Sitwell and his patience was rewarded. He surveys the whole of her slim body of work in an essay that is a model of critical fairness and illumination. The central instinct which drove her into metrical expression, he found, "was a sense of the need she had of escaping from boredom. She found herself stifled in a literary atmosphere where almost every human being, even every boy and girl at a board school, could exhale what was called 'decent poetry'. The torpor of style pressed upon the whole generation; she saw no great fixed stars, but a Milky Way. She felt an irrepressible desire to introduce fresh emotion and above all to divest words of their traditional value. She deprecated the modern excessive cultivation of logic; she

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proposed to herself to be preposterous and prodigious. Her imagination was fantastic, and it expressed itself naturally in unfamiliar terms".

We should meditate for a moment upon that last sentence to get the full force of it. It is quite uncommon for a critic to admit that a writer may possess a fantastic imagination and be entirely true to her own nature when she expresses herself in unfamiliar terms. I have heard it argued at least a hundred times that the great work, "Ulysses", upon which the half-blind James Joyce labored ten years in poverty and without hope of financial award, is a practical joke; and I have read a hundred diatribes against that book by critics who sound as though they thought Joyce wrote it as a personal affront to them. Sir Edmund knows that the creative impulse never springs from so petty a desire as the one to shock. The desire to shock may be developed along with the flowering of a talent, especially when the natural flowering of that talent meets with hostile and unfair criticism; but when it does develop it results in an extravagance that "never does full justice to the seriousness of the writer's purpose".

Spurred into retaliation by the attacks of reviewers, Miss Sitwell became wilfully eccentric and enjoyed for a time "the pleasant exercise of putting out a defiant tongue at her enemies". But "if Miss Sitwell were not prepared to advance beyond, let us say, the giddy bravura of 'Beelzebub called for his syllabub', we should have to confess that amusing as her impromptus were (I adore 'Beelzebub and his syllabub'), they had in them no quality of permanence".

If, however, the candid reader will examine Miss Sitwell's "Rustic Elegies" with an open mind and without prejudice for or against her previous productions, according to Sir Edmund he will find that "the book is formed by a group of three very elaborate and artificial studies in lyrical satire, all composed with extreme and somewhat finicking minuteness by a writer who pretends to have a contempt for art, but who is to her most diminutive finger-tip an artist and nothing but an artist".

I have dwelt thus at length upon one particular chapter in Sir Edmund's book because it is indicative of the catholicity of his literary taste and appreciation. In this chapter he says, "I ask that literature should give me pleasure; I do not dictate to writers by what route they shall approach me". That saying has especial point since we know that Sir Edmund's capacity for pleasure in literature is immense and undiminishing. He has probably read more books than any other man alive and yet he continues to write about them week after week with enthusiasm and with a sense of discovery.

Sir Edmund is not one of the greatest of critics but he is one of the most readable of them. He is informal and courteous, urbane and sweet-tempered. This is not to say that he will let error pass unchallenged. He does not hesitate to cast an honest veto against something every one else is approving. Not long ago people in England and America with a literary turn of mind were crying up a compact and witty lecture on Alexander Pope which Lytton Strachey delivered at Cambridge. The lecture was reprinted and it was at the time one of the things to be familiar with, so neat and pat were the phrases with which Mr. Strachey disposed of Pope as a person and as a poet. No one challenged the criticism except Sir Edmund Gosse. Here is how, in part, he did it:

"It is impossible to imagine Mr. Lytton Strachey dull on any subject; he has a scintillating mind. I am told that when he assured his Cambridge hearers that the 'Satires' and 'Epistles' of Pope

" 'resembled nothing so much as spoonfuls of boiling oil, ladled out by a fiendish monkey at an upstairs window upon which of the passers-by whom the wretch had a grudge against,'

"they broke out into laughter and applause. If it had been my privilege to be present, I must have buried my face in my hands, and when Mr. Lytton Strachey went on to say that if Pope had been a Frenchman and had written as he wrote in English, he would never have been tolerated, 'the monkey would have been whipped into silence and good manners in double quick time', I should have been lost in astonishment at Mr. Strachey's momentary forgetfulness.

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Was Boileau 'whipped into silence'? Had Régnier been exiled for his malevolence?

"No doubt it is a matter of temperament to like Pope or to dislike him. Mr. Lytton Strachey says that 'the fate of Pope's soul leaves us cold'. He must speak for himself; there are some of us who always keep a warm place in their hearts for Pope. But Mr. Lytton Strachey strikes, at the outset of his lecture, a note which jars upon my ear. He says that we can congratulate ourselves that we run no danger of waking up one morning to find that we are 'hanging by the neck and kicking our legs on the elegant gibbet that has been put up for us by the little monster of Twit'nam'. The picture is vivaciously designed, but labours under the disadvantage that it is radically false. The idea of 'a fiendish monkey' flinging boiling oil at everybody, without a purpose, without responsibility, without selection, is highly amusing, but perfectly unjust. If Mr. Lytton Strachey had been living in 1725, he would not have run the slightest danger of being scalded by Pope. The oil was reserved for persons whose faults demanded it. That the attacks of the poet were too virulent, and were pitched in too shrill a key is not to be denied, but that they were flung about insanely, as a maniac pours revolver-bullets into a crowd, is to perpetuate an absurd injustice. With a few exceptions, the people attacked by Pope deserved the punishment they got, however much we may be conscious of want of dignity and loss of temper on the part of the chastiser."

Sir Edmund, then, is courageous as well as benign; he is ready to buckle on his armor in a fair fight when he thinks the cause of good literature has been threatened, or a dead writer has been unfairly presented. There are not many who would have either the resource or the courage to call Strachey's attention to his error with that reference about Boileau, for remember that Mr. Strachey has written a "History of French Literature" and his sympathies are so Francophile that he would probably consider it a compliment to be told that sometimes he writes more like a Frenchman than like an Englishman.

Among the many pleasures that come to the reader of Gosse is that of acquiring unexpected and highly specialized bits of information. I discover from him, for instance (though maybe the whole world knew it but me), that the most exact bibliographer living is Thomas J. Wise, who catalogued the famous Wrenn library in Austin, Texas, and that Miss Grace Norton, an American, is the greatest living authority on Montaigne. One wonders how Sir Edmund knows these things, and then one remembers that such things are among the many things that Sir Edmund as a critic has made it his business to know. In "Leaves and Fruit" the diversity of his interests may be judged from this partial catalogue of its contents: "A Song to David"; "Montaigne"; "Shakespeare in Arden"; "Epictetus"; "Fathers of the Church"; "The Agony of the Middle Ages"; "Gentlest Otway"; "Cibber's Apology"; "La Nouvelle Héloïse"; "Walt Whitman"; "Gissing"; "Samuel Butler's Essays"; "A Great Lady"; "Cummy"; and "The Prose of Dr. Johnson".

And that is the partial contents of but one among his twenty-nine books of critical and biographical works. To possess a shelf of his books and to read them is to acquire (in a phrase he would never use) a liberal education. And it would be a highly pleasurable employment of one's time. Consider: he has lived through Victorianism and its reaction, the Yellow Nineties and the Shaw-Wells iconoclasm, the war and the disillusion after war, the neo-Thomist movement, the neo-Catholic revival, the reaction against the materialists of the nineteenth century and the potential anarchy of the theory of relativity, and among all these sweeping winds of doctrine he has kept his interest and his enthusiasm centered upon pure literature which is a product of living and a reflection of experience in life and not a propagandum or a panacea. It pleases me, in closing, that Sir Edmund is not running with the snobbish pack in adulation of Paul Valéry. Perhaps Valéry is a great man, a great philosophical, sociological, poetical, literary and critical genius; but if my comprehension is not become much duller than I imagined and Valéry's obscurity is not more obscure than I have been led to believe, he is

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a muddled writer whose ideas may be reduced to precisely these:

1. That man can be happy by becoming an intellectual abstraction and by wilfully refusing to permit anything — poverty, injustice, infidelity, the failure of friends, disaster, bad luck, and death — to affect him emotionally. (*Soirées avec M. Teste*).

2. That by a refusal to be swayed by claims of friendship, love, pleasure or expedience, and by concentration upon the full development and realization of one's powers, one may become a great universal genius, like Leonardo da Vinci. (*Introduction to the study of Leonardo da Vinci.*)

3. That there is nothing esoteric or metaphysical about genius: it is but an ability at co-ordination and in the working out of design. Its basis is a mathematical precision in detail, as set forth in Poe's "Eureka" and da Vinci's "Notebooks". (*Variété.*)

Dr. Frank Crane, among so many things, has said as much, and so has the Rev. Waldo Trine, though neither of them with such grace and delicacy and so much blah.

Young Englishmen, when they take up the essay generally possess a definite ability in the *genre*. They are like the Negro lads in Harlem who dance for pennies on the sidewalk: the Lord knows who taught them; they seem to acquire the talent naturally and turn it to profit as quickly as possible. There is little personal style or variation in the dancing of the darkies, and there is little personal style or variation in the essays of the young Englishmen. But in both cases the performance is not dull; it is clever, to a pattern, and done in rhythm and with spirit.

I have read "Open House" from cover to cover with quiet satisfaction, something like that of swinging in a hammock on a summer's day. It is a book of "familiar" essays, through which we are supposed to become familiar with the soul and the idiosyncrasies of the author. The essay is an honorable form of writing and when it is honest, as in the case of the father of the familiar essay, Montaigne, nothing can be more enlightening; for when a writer depicts himself truthfully he is adding vastly to our store of knowledge of human behavior, if not actually writing a history of the human race.

The late Marcel Schwob held that diaries and intimate letters were the key to the heart of mankind and that the most trivial things in them were overwhelmingly significant. He said that the perfect diarist would not omit a thing he did or said or that happened to him in the course of a single day; and that if we had such a record we would not only know everything about the man but we would also know a great deal more about ourselves. Schwob wrote a subtle and beautiful book of short biographies — a book Anatole France admired more than any work of his contemporaries — in which he made the consequences of the careers of famous men and women turn upon a single, small, and seemingly unimportant incident. It is a convincing book, even though it is obviously a work of the imagination, the imagination of a brilliant and cultivated mind that had observed life with attention, sympathy and serenity. In it Schwob proved his point, at least to my satisfaction, that the only quarrel he had with Boswell's "Life of Johnson" was that Boswell was too sparing in details, not of Johnson's monologues (which Schwob thought were comparatively unimportant) but in those little matters of personal habits, gestures and expressions.

The familiar essay is a refinement upon the diary. Originally, as with Montaigne, its form was almost the same as the diary and was for the delectation of the writer himself rather than for a hypothetical reader. In time, however, its form became set, and its purpose was to be personal and at the same time to be literary, to be frank without being offensive. Unless it is merely charming nonsense, the familiar essay should, nevertheless, reveal ourselves to ourselves through the author's ability to make discoveries concerning himself.

I closed the covers of "Open House" after having read thirty-three essays by Mr. Priestley with something of a feeling that I had been cheated. I had been hypnotized by an agreeable style; but I had learned very little about Mr. Priestley, less about myself, and

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nothing at all about things in general. The only observation on things in general that I could remember simply isn't so. For instance, "Paris is now full of Americans who have burst their bonds, fled from the crippling influences of Virginia or Illinois to a place where they can express themselves in fullness and ease, but curiously enough, all the good writing comes from those poor stay-at-home creatures on the other side who have not had the wit or courage to escape, and from Paris comes nothing but pretentious claptrap".

The fact that this has been said over and over again by querulous and sloppy-minded writers of literary articles in American magazines and that Mr. Priestley must have read it a hundred times doesn't make it so. From Americans in Paris or in France have come the bulk of Mrs. Edith Wharton's novels, one or two of Willa Cather's novels, "Dark Laughter" by Sherwood Anderson, "The Sun Also Rises" and the other books by Ernest Hemingway, "The Grandmothers" by Glenway Wescott, "The Cabala" by Thornton Wilder, many of Edna Ferber's short stories, one or two of Louis Bromfield's novels, some notable verse by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Dorothy Parker, two novels and a biography by W. E. Woodward, short stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald, a novel by Homer Croy, two books of humor by Donald Ogden Stewart, at least part of one novel by Sinclair Lewis, and doubtless many other works that do not at this moment occur to me. All these writings may be pretentious claptrap to Mr. Priestley, but I doubt that they are or that he would be guilty of saying so: he has merely been taken in by a current fallacy; and to repeat a current fallacy is an indication of a careless and unchallenging mind.

For the rest, it is a pleasure to learn from these thirty-three essays (and I am not writing sarcastically) that Mr. Priestley has twenty good pipes in his study and that he doesn't like cigarettes; that he cannot resist an invitation to a party, although he never has a good time at one, but always hopes to; that Americans do not seem real to him but like automata; that he slumps into his chair on a first night and is always one of the first to the bar between acts; that he is a young man, pleasant and audacious, who never feels old even when he says he does; that he doesn't care for cricket; that he is always planning plays, novels, revues, and essays which he never gets around to writing; that he does not like the looks of the modern "scraggy and closely cropped" women, especially the fashionably dressed first-nighters, who "contrive to combine in their persons all that is most objectionable in the sticky-mouthed death's head and besatined raw-bones that we call the woman of fashion"; and that he wishes rather wistfully that his writings would bring him as much fame as the batting of a professional cricketeer.

H. L. Mencken in his new book, "Prejudices: Sixth Series", is much more revealing than Mr. Priestley; and the things he reveals are much more significant, even though he does not indulge in the "familiar essay". Mencken has never been conspicuously reticent and this last is the least diffident of his books. I thought I knew the man pretty well; but I never knew that one of the things that is eating him is distress over the contour and design of his façade and his consequent inability to be a sheik among the shebas. I always thought that he was handsome enough for all practical purposes and that the things of the mind that interested him made up for his deficiencies in the preciosities of amour. I thought that he had taken as a guiding principle of his life the admonishment of Thomas à Kempis: "Be not overfond of any woman, but commend all women in general to God".

In this, it seems, I was mistaken. And Mencken is an honest man. He will confess to any fault, including lying, when lying is not to his central purpose but an expedient to avoid annoyance or to preserve the amenities. But he does not, I think, lie about his intellectual processes or about anything that touches his fundamental belief in the liberty of the human being to dance, unhindered, "with arms and legs".

So attend:

"Why am I hated by theologians? It is because I am an almost unparalleled expert in all branches of theology. Whenever they tackle me I floor them. In precisely the

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same way I hate such fellows as the movie Salvini, John Gilbert. Gilbert is an amiable and tactful young man, and treats me with the politeness properly due to my years and learning. But I heard in Culver City that no less than two thousand head of women, many of them rich, were mashed on him. Well, I can recall but fifteen or twenty women who have ever showed any sign of being flustered by me, and not one of them at a forced sale would have realized $200. Hence I hate Gilbert, and would rejoice unaffectedly to see him taken in some scandal that would stagger humanity. . . . Gilbert I suppose is rich; he wears very natty clothes. But it is not his wealth that bothers me: it is those two thousand head of women."

In one of these essays Mencken touches briefly upon a point allied to the one he made in the above paragraph. I am sorry he did not elaborate it. Writers as a race have always been contemptuous of actors. George Moore was not the first one, of course, but he was one of the most virulent in his denunciation of actors as strutting dumb-bells, vain, empty-headed posturers, and ignorant ninnies. And there have been many since to add words to the argument. I never remember having read that actors and actresses as a whole or that even some of them are persons of average intellectual calibre: it is taken for granted that men and women who act upon the stage are mentally subnormal and ignorant and unlettered to boot.

I know for a fact which I will explain in a minute that these things are not so; but I am wondering how the fallacy became so prevalent and why it has never been challenged. I think that it is because writers as a race are unprepossessing in appearance, whereas actors as a race are handsome and comely. George Moore is certainly, by any standards I am acquainted with, a very homely man: his chin recedes, his upper teeth protrude, he is ungainly in height, he has champagne-bottle shoulders, he has a straw-colored and scraggly moustache, his hair is always a sight, and his complexion is sallow. And, on his own confession, he has always had an eye for the ladies. The handsome heroes of the stage must have given him many an unquiet and envying hour. What would be more natural than that he compensate to himself for the difference between his looks and the looks of the matinée idols by using his gifts as a writer to asperse the intelligence of actors?

Some of the finest private libraries I have ever seen are owned by actors and actresses, who own books not as ornaments but to read. If there is a person better versed in both classical and modern literature than Miss Ethel Barrymore I have yet to hear or read of it. Tallulah Bankhead looks beautiful enough to be dumb; but her knowledge of contemporary English and European literature is amazing in one not engaged in making a living by reading books. The writings of Patricia Collinge, George Abbott, John Barrymore, Will Rogers, Groucho Marx, Peggy Wood, George Kelly, James Gleason, Lucille Webster, Mary Kennedy, Frank Craven, Leslie Howard, and Louise Closser Hale show that miming and mummering on the stage is not incompatible with the production of literature at least of a sort. Why haven't actors and actresses arisen to defend themselves? And in defending themselves used the Napoleonic means of defense, which was the attack? Why haven't they pointed out frequently and stridently what a rummy-looking bunch of people male writers are as a class?

It may sound strange, but in this book Mencken has risen to real heights of tenderness and compassion in contemplating the spectacle of the last days of Rudolph Valentino. He dined with Valentino not long before his death and talked with him alone for a long time while Valentino unburdened himself. He found that Valentino was bewildered and made fearful by the vast and dizzy success which he had achieved out of nothing — and that his agony "was the agony of a man of relatively civilized feelings thrown into a situation of intolerable vulgarity, destructive alike to his peace and his dignity. . . . Was the fame of Beethoven any more caressing and splendid than the fame of Valentino? To you and me, of course, the question seems to answer itself. But what of Beethoven? He was heard upon the subject, *viva voce*, while he lived, and his answer survives, in all the freshness of its profane eloquence, in his music. Beethoven, too,

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knew what it meant to be applauded. Walking with Goethe, he heard something that was not unlike the murmur that reached Valentino through his hospital window. Beethoven walked away briskly. Valentino turned his face to the wall.

"Here, after all, is the chiefest joke of the gods: that man must remain alone and lonely in this world, even with crowds surging about him. Does he crave approbation, with a sort of furious, instinctive lust? Then it is only to discover, when it comes, that it is somehow disconcerting — that its springs and motives offer an affront to his dignity. But do I sentimentalize the perhaps transparent story of a simple mummer? Then substitute Coolidge, or Mussolini, or any other poor devil that you can think of. Substitute Shakespeare, or Lincoln, or Goethe, or Beethoven, as I have. Sentimental or not, I confess that the predicament of poor Valentino touched me. It provided grist for my mill, but I couldn't quite enjoy it. Here was a young man who was living daily the dream of millions of other young men. Here was one who was catnip to women. Here was one who had wealth and fame. And here was one who was very unhappy."

In that passage I think I detect a sadness that is not entirely objective. It suggests that Mencken himself has begun to be oppressed by a sense of the hollowness of fame. Courageous and independent he began early to fight against cant and stupidity, shams and hypocrisy, intolerance and reaction, and he fought against great odds and many enemies — and won. In the fight circumstances and expediency have doubtless thrown him off repeatedly from the high resolves he once had and so, like Valentino, he has felt sadly that he has never done quite all that it was in him to do. He has fame, security and a certain power; he has a swarm of admirers as fervent as the admirers of Valentino, and he has also a swarm of enemies as spiteful and malicious as the one who wrote that editorial which troubled Valentino so profoundly. A poet of a peculiar order, who uses all the license of fact that a poet is entitled to, Mencken has been and is a personality, he has meant and means something in the life and thought of this country, he is a symbol; and as a symbol he must also be and mean something — again like Valentino — that is foreign to his wishes and more than a little distasteful to him. *Hinc lacrimae rerum.*

George Jean Nathan's "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride" has been barred from the shelves of libraries in several states. It is impossible to discuss this profound philosophical work in THE BOOKMAN without running the risk of similar disaster. We hope to keep in the good graces of librarians whenever to do so subjects us to no great sacrifice to our intellectual integrity; for librarians are among the most powerful of all agents for the dissemination of knowledge. Fortunately for the purpose of this review, which is to call attention to the entertainment and instruction to be found in this book, it is much better to let it be known that the book has been barred by several libraries than to run the risk of getting this magazine barred by setting forth what the book contains.

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GEORGE W. BELLOWS: HIS LITHOGRAPHY

By Rockwell Kent

GEORGE W. BELLOWS: HIS LITHOGRAPHS. *With an Introduction by Thomas Beer. Knopf. $15.00.*

PEOPLE don't sit up and pay too much attention to art here in America; art isn't terribly important in a busy land. And genius that, living, no one anywhere cares much about, we in America are apt hardly to know or miss. Even today, with cultural passion animating every breast, what in the arts goes on among us, here and now, is still to us less worth while knowing than what's happening elsewhere, or what happened even here or anywhere at any time but this. Yet so recently was George Bellows among us, so little can a man thus singularly of our immediate time and generation go from the thoughts of those who knew him or who know his work, that we are found believing that he wore in life the aura which today illuminates his name. But, in truth, aside from a somewhat irrelevant general popularity which the subject matter of his work had brought him, and the devotion of that negligible number among our one hundred and thirty odd millions who are susceptible to living art and tolerant of vigor, George Bellows was at most a man of promise — and to the Metropolitan Museum not worth buying.

Of George Bellows's place in American art as a distinct and forceful personality we'd say there can be now no question. It is by the power of his personality, so completely, permanently realized in all he did, that he assumes that place; and it is by the quality of that personality, as revealed by what he saw in life, that he'll be judged.

George Bellows represents a class or genus of our American civilization so large, so virile and aggressive in spirit and accomplishment, that to the wide world it has come to represent the American character. By those distinctly American traits which he so notably embodied he achieved an amazing power and completeness of expression, and stood at last — and stands — an almost solitary contradiction to the inarticulateness of his kind. No criticism of his art may encroach upon the unique integrity of its achievement; its faults and virtues were the faults and virtues of the man, of his variety of human nature. The limitations of his art were of himself; and they were definite. He was potentially no greater than his work from first to last reveals. There have been men whom years enriched increasingly so that their art seemed always less than it might be, less than they otherwise revealed themselves as being — men who appeared as though nourished by remote and hidden springs of wisdom toward an infinitely far and wise maturity. George Bellows was not one of these. To a finite and completed being was added the rare power of adequate expression. There, one may say, within the compass of one picture's frame, stands Bellows; and what his art is not, God didn't make him.

For every many hundred books that Europe publishes on its contemporary artists, America may produce one. This time, in "George W. Bellows: His Lithographs", the book is well chosen and well done; and in that single volume we may review the short, entire life-work in lithography of perhaps the world's greatest master of that medium. Here we may see suggested all the incomparable silver delicacy and the deep, black velvet richness of the prints, and by that eloquence be drawn to move among their characters, to delight in them, to know them, want and start to love them. Then, maybe, someone by much beauty led too far shall find at last too little there — a wall perhaps where rarer beauty should begin, or an abyss on emptiness where there should be a threshold to unending mystery. That wall, that sudden definite and finite ending to an art so most convincingly begun, forces

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a disillusionment not too unlike in its effect the sometime disillusionments of human contact. That not in his portrayal of conventional beauty, nor of ugliness, nor of tenderness, nor of brutal force is there ever a suggestion of the abysmal quality of all or any one of these or of anything, reveals too clearly the limits of the artist's sensibility and imagination. The art of Bellows at its best concerns the people and events of daily life, of life accepted as the eyes encounter it — not superficially nor yet with penetration, of life met and welcomed in good fellowship as in no way different from what it seemed, of life as it is — fair, ugly, virile, human, finite — all, and quite enough, for anyone.

And when we make its being merely that our ground and end of criticism we invite, we may be sure, the master's own good-humored ridicule.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

By C. E. Ayres

IDEALISM AS A PHILOSOPHY. *By R. F. Alfred Hoernlé. Doran. $2.50.*
PHILOSOPHY. *By Bertrand Russell. Norton. $3.00.*
INSIDE EXPERIENCE. *By Joseph K. Hart. Longmans, Green. $2.50.*

"CONTEMPORARY Philosophy: Idealism, Realism, Pragmatism" — so is this subject laid to rest in the college catalogues. Like all Gaul and the relations of the sexes, the story of philosophy is triangular. This is not a recent accident. Philosophy has always shown a definite predilection for the sacred number. For generations its "major problems" have been triune: God, freedom and immortality. In the hierarchy of learning it belongs to a triumvirate: science, religion and philosophy; and the greatest of these, the supreme arbiter (as it thinks) of all destinies, is philosophy.

Strange as it may seem, there has often been some method in this triplex mysticism. It has not always been the same method. I shall not attempt to say a good word for God, freedom and immortality. But the three horns of the modern dilemma (or trilemma) are no mere accident. Their logic is the logic of two extremes and a mean. Assuming an opposition between science and religion, it has been conceived to be the business of philosophy to resolve the opposition — hence that trio. The same circumstance has brought three schools to the front of contemporary speculation. Idealism, the most ancient and orthodox of philosophic sects, is derived primarily from religion. It perpetuates the mediaeval tradition of philosophy as the "handmaid of theology". Realism, on the contrary, takes its cue from science. It makes a considerable parade of mathematics, electrons and relativity; and just as the works of the great idealists — Royce's "World and the Individual" and Bosanquet's "Principle of Individuality and Value" — are frequently to be found in pastors' studies, so the realists — especially Russell and Whitehead — are quite likely to be seen on the library shelves of scientists.

Between these two extremes the pragmatists — or instrumentalists, or humanists, as the followers of John Dewey and F. C. S. Schiller, respectively, prefer to call themselves — represent a sort of mean. Their starting point being the immediate and unsophisticated interests and behavior of common humanity, they reject the abstractions and the dogmas both of religion and of science. They have even raised the question whether many of the most abstruse problems of philosophy, the problems with which idealists and realists wrestle valiantly, are not after all artificial conundrums into which we have been plunged, not by present difficulties but by the ancient follies of our language. It was from them, I suspect, that Dr. Will Durant learned to side-step metaphysics. Their chief problem has been the actual,

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concrete problem of living. Their influence has for many years been preponderant wherever a congestion of practical problems has appeared — for instance, in jurisprudence and pedagogy. But for these pains they have been cursed all the more heartily by orthodox philosophers. Dollar philosophy, Bertrand Russell once contemptuously called instrumentalism.

In this respect, as in all others, Professor Hoernlé is impeccably respectable. A disciple of Bosanquet, he is too far up in the clouds of transcendental speculation to do more than glimpse the pragmatist. He can barely make him out, a tiny beetle, crawling meanly about on the surface of the earth. Realists he recognizes. They are the honorable gentlemen of the negative. They at least are playing the same game. Both teams have a good deal of public-be-damned in their constitutions. They agree, as rival politicians do, that the electorate is always wrong. The idealists, as Mr. Hoernlé lucidly explains, have nothing in common with ordinary piety. Their Absolute is no mere prayer-answering God. In their esteem the world of ordinary men is a complete illusion, nothing being real but "mind", which (since all it presents us with is an illusion!) must of course be the ultimate reality. To the realist, too, the ordinary world is an illusion, reality being not the common substances of the five senses (crude, untrustworthy reporters!) but the electron-pin-points of electricity, space-time-quantum-theory events, and such things. These things (since by the aid of instruments we can actually *see* them, and *hear* them!) *must* be real. In short, the goals are just alike, being only at the opposite ends of the field.

Therefore Mr. Hoernlé, though he keeps up a running fire of argument with the realist opposition, mentions pragmatism only twice. It really isn't in the game. This is what all the idealists, including Mr. Hoernlé in his time, have said. The pragmatist is not playing the game. The implication is that he should; that if he had sense enough he would; that his failure is due to an obvious lack of subtlety; and therefore, since he is beyond the pale, he can only understand crude arguments. Mr. Hoernlé's two references — the only ones I can find — are well adapted to the pragmatic intellect. In one he characterizes pragmatism in three lines in the boldest of William James's metaphors. Pragmatism, he says, is the view that whatever works is true. This theory, he then says, "starts" from certain "practical makeshifts" which "remain over" from the philosophy of F. H. Bradley (an eminent British idealist). Poor William James! What a groan he would emit, if the spiritualists could raise him now, to find himself germinated from the leavings of his arch-antagonist! The other reference is directly to one of James's essays. It states that in attempting to "discover what thinking is" William James was reduced to identifying it with breathing. "To think = to breathe!" exclaims the author. But my recollection is that in this essay James was discussing not thinking but consciousness. It is the idealist's chief talisman that we are "directly aware of" consciousness (or mind — which, please to note, is quite a different matter from thinking); we "are" consciousness, as they say. This struck William James as an illusion; and in a superbly ironic article he suggested that what idealists are aware of when they are thus communing with their consciousness is their own viscera, or even respiration. Thinking has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Such is the scholarship and such the intellectual subtlety which the pragmatist is sternly called upon to emulate.

There is something about subtlety which addles the wits of men. The history of philosophy is the history of our befuddlement. No one, apparently, who goes in for being more profound than his neighbors can escape. Certainly the realists do not escape. They have their profundities, and are just as silly about them as the idealists. Fortunately for the completeness of the record, Mr. Bertrand Russell has come forward just in the nick of time with a beautiful demonstration. Mr. Russell is not a doctrinaire. He is not conscious of defending a sacred and historic creed, as Mr. Hoernlé is. He is one of the most modern and vigorous of men: such distinctively modern phenomena as pragmatism and especially its god-child, behaviorism, were bound to engage so lively

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an imagination. But Mr. Russell is fatally subtle and profound. To exhibit to his readers at the outset how intricate are the mazes philosophers must penetrate, he states that Dr. John B. Watson (the behaviorist Messiah) holds "that we do not think, but only talk". It might seem strange to the uninitiated, he adds, that a man should think he does not think; but we must honor the bold opponent. Indeed? And this is what Watson gets for venturing an explanation along organic lines of *how* we conduct so sacred an operation as thinking: honor for the boldness of an absurdity he never uttered!

Mr. Russell began as a mathematician and has produced original works of imposing — distressing! — magnitude in that field. He knows science from the inside; and his prestige among the philosophers derives chiefly from that fact. He can talk about the recent developments of science (as he does in the present volume) with awful familiarity; and when he says that recent science "alters fundamentally our notion of the structure of the physical world", and that this alteration "has, I think, repercussions in psychology", he has us all eating out of his hand. He should know! But what the repercussions of Einstein upon Watson are, I can't make out even from so brilliant and witty a realist as Mr. Russell. The subtlety of the reasoning quite escapes me, and I turn for relief to Mr. Russell's humanistic writings, where, the repercussions of Einstein being forgotten for the moment, I find myself in hearty sympathy with all he says.

But I am still more troubled by what I vaguely discern as a distinct increase of subtlety among the realists. Dr. Samuel Johnson was a rugged old pragmatist, as contemptuous of subtlety as William James; and when he was told that Berkeley had proved by logic that the world is an illusion and that only mind is real (and especially the mind of God, a theory satirized by Lewis Carroll in the dream of the Red King) he indignantly stamped his all-too-actual foot upon the flag-stone. That for Berkeley! Mr. Hoernlé, of course, recapitulates the incident with gentle patience for Johnson's stupidity. That was to be expected. Mr. Hoernlé has given us a complete guide to modern idealism, perhaps the completest Baedecker we have; and Berkeley is one of idealism's greatest saints. What disturbs me is to find the realists travelling the same road. With the "discovery" of the scientists that the electron is not "matter", the Red King seems to have waked up, and we have all gone out, pff, just as Tweedledee said we would. If Dr. Johnson had only known, says Mr. Russell, "that his foot never touched the stone, and that both were only complicated systems of wave-motions, he might have been less satisfied with his refutation". Perhaps. Yet somehow I have a lingering doubt whether Dr. Johnson would have been much impressed by the doctrine that his foot, being "only" a complicated system of wave-motions, never touched the stone. Somehow, there is too much "only" in the theory. It smacks of ancient subtleties. At least that is what the idealists think; for I find Mr. Hoernlé hailing Mr. Russell with a kiss which, however distasteful it may be to Mr. Russell, strikes me as quite appropriate. "It is worth remarking, as illustrating the modernity of Berkeley's thought," Mr. Hoernlé expatiates, "that his treatment of 'things' has been revived in our own day in the more refined form of Bertrand Russell's theory. . . ." Refined, yes; but modernity? Or has Mr. Russell gone antique?

But I seem to have had little to say of Mr. Hart. That is because on the whole I have the misfortune to agree with him; and it is much better sport to watch the shuttle-cock of subtlety. Mr. Hart tempts me to epigram. The idealist presents a system without originality. Mr. Hoernlé is typical. Of the others, *de mortuis nihil*. In the realist we find originality without system: witness Russell, Whitehead, Santayana. The pragmatist is neither systematic nor original. His is the re-affirmation of simple, homely truths, distrust of all matters that are too subtle to be understood, a stubborn interest in the common though infinitely difficult problems of ordinary humanity and a conviction that they are not going to be made easier by intellectual legerdemain. Mr. Hart is a typical pragmatist. He writes simply, even plainly. He makes no parade of erudition or profundity — if anything, he

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goes to the other extreme of avoiding all contact with the intellectual medicine-men. He does not give his readers the sense of sublime elevation or of momentary blinding disclosure of the ultimate uncanny wisdom; but what he sacrifices in distance he makes up in clarity. His is a picture of the world of actual experience and nature: not final, perhaps (he would be the last to claim finality), but perseveringly candid: the world neither of immaterial electrons nor of infinite spirit, but of men.

THE HITHER OF THE BEYOND

By Horace M. Kallen

SYMBOLISM: ITS MEANING AND EFFECT. *By Alfred North Whitehead. Macmillan. $1.50.*

BEFORE Science, when Dante wrote and choir boys sang, the men of Europe lived in two worlds. In one, the visible and tangible one, into which they were born, they lived and bred and sinned and shrived and died. In the other, the invisible and intangible one, into which they died, they received the measure of pain or pleasure that they had laid up for themselves by their behavior in the world into which they were born. The world into which they died was far more important to them than the world in which they lived. They spent much time and money and effort in describing God and Heaven and the hosts of heaven and Satan and Hell and the legions of hell, and in working out and keeping up devices for getting right with God and not getting in wrong with Satan. They spent only the least that they could possibly spend in describing Nature and in working out devices for getting right with the actual conditions of their existence and not getting in wrong with natural law.

After Science, the men of Europe paid less and less attention to the unseen world and more and more attention to the visible one. Those who had profitable investments in the unseen world resisted this shift of attention in every possible way. They excommunicated and interdicted; they jailed, they slaughtered, they burned; they devastated great lands and decimated large populations with long religious wars. But the intellectual successes of science and the practical successes of inventions based on science were too pervasive for the power of religion to break, and too profitable for church authority to root out. In the end, the champions and beneficiaries of the unseen Otherworld had to compromise with insights and achievements of Science mapping and analyzing this visible hither one. Since they could neither destroy nor banish the discoveries of science, they disposed of it by claiming to absorb them.

The pretense to absorb into the Otherworld the world that science revealed was accomplished by a trick. The trick is called Idealism. It starts with admitting that what science thinks about the world is so. But, it adds, the way of thinking it is what makes it so; if we did not think as we do, the world would not be what it is. Thus, behind the thought there is a Thinker who thinks the thought; behind the world of science there is a God of faith; behind the passing show of our natural life, there is the Immortal Soul of our supernatural being. What we are and see and do in this visible world of error and appearance is but the changing front of the eternal deeps behind, the uncertain Hither of our sure Beyond.

In essence, how such a front can be the front of such deeps behind, is Mr. Whitehead's theme in what he has to say about symbolism.

What he has to say seems to me neither intelligibly nor well nor truly said. I wondered, as I read this congested text, what his audiences at the University of Virginia, before whom it was first presented, made of it. They must, I am sure, have expected some-

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thing more lucid and important. And they had a right to. For a decade and more Mr. Whitehead had been the partner of Bertrand Russell, the most lucid philosopher in the English-speaking world. Studying the methods of science and the underlying assumptions of mathematics, they invented a new method for philosophy and laid open new fields for mathematics. Both were deeply influenced by the theory of relativity and the new physics. Russell, however, devoted himself to providing for the unspecialized intellectual world the clearest and simplest exposition of these matters that English literature possesses, and to basing on them a philosophy of nature and man that makes for freedom without dogma, for courage without illusion, for hope without security. Whitehead has devoted himself to putting together a new variant of the idealist trick. "Symbolism, Its Meaning and Effect", is the most recent phase of this production, in which some altogether new things are named with old names of God and the like, and some altogether old things are named with the newish names "presentational immediacy", "symbolic reference" and the like; while still others, important to the argument, appear to be either unknown or ignored, and all are applied in the persistent endeavor of idealist obscurantism to eat your cake and have it too.

The point of the argument is in the names rather than the things named. It is an argument about how we know, and what knowing does to us and to the world we believe it to be a knowing of. This world, declares Mr. Whitehead, is an organism. It has an infinitude of parts, but the parts are so related to one another that we cannot possibly know everything about any one of them without knowing everything about all of them. Each is somehow a living thing, being altogether with other living things in a society. An atom in one of those lasting communities we call rocks and an individual in one of those ephemeral communities we call states have alike a life-history in the "stubborn fact" of their changeless past and instant present.

When they are known, they are known in two ways. One of these ways, called traditionally *appearance*, Mr. Whitehead prefers to call "presentational immediacy". The other, called traditionally *reality*, Mr. Whitehead prefers to call "causal efficacy". "Presentational immediacy" is the plane in which the infinite varieties of "causal efficacy" which is really *one*, intersect; it is here and now; it is what is given to us by our senses and our thought. "Causal efficacy" is the recession in time, the sequence of past events, the history, the biography, the stretch of the life-force, which culminates here and now; it is known by instinct, and an electron as well as a man knows by such instinct. "Presentational immediacy" is the "symbol" for "causal efficacy". "Causal efficacy" is the "meaning" of "presentational immediacy". The movement from the one to the other is "symbolic reference". The reference can be successfully made because the present always conforms to the past. This conformity enables us to discern universal truths, to predict the future, to adjust ourselves to an environment. It enables societies to use symbols — whether as ceremonials, language, icons, banners, heroes or what you will — to keep themselves stable and secure. A revolution which destroys a system of symbols requires a reign of terror to keep society together.

All of which is an unnecessary obfuscation of a few obvious and age-old matters, and much of which has no foundation in the record. Faith not fact makes of the world an organism of internally-related parts. Faith not fact assigns instincts to electrons. Faith not fact makes "presentational immediacy" alone symbolic and "causal reference" alone meaningful. Faith not fact can lead a thinker to disregard the actualities of history and the real history of symbols. In real experience the whole world is always a chaos and never even completely an organization, not to speak of its being an organism. In real experience electrons have instincts only by virtue of the pathetic fallacy. In real experience anything gets used as the symbol for anything else; and "causal efficacy" is at least as often a symbol for "presentational immediacy" as vice versa. In real experience revolutions sometimes take place without any change of symbols, and symbols get transformed without revolutions. In real

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experience there are elements of change and chance which Mr. Whitehead's closed system denies. Life as science describes it and as Everyman feels it, is a dangerous adventure, the outcome of which is not guaranteed in advance. Life as idealists like Mr. Whitehead interpret it and Everyman desires it, is a safe pilgrimage from a sure beginning to a secure conclusion, the security being guaranteed by God in advance. The visible world that is the hither side of the invisible beyond is a sign and portent of the benevolence of the unseen universe, which is the beyond side of the visible hither. Yes, yes. Dreams are such stuff as this is made of. . .

"The Ascent of Man", design by Louis Bromberg for the end-papers of "The Outline of Man's Knowledge", by Clement Wood, published by Lewis Copeland Co.

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A Shelf of Recent Books

MUSICIANS IN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY

By Axton Clark

BEETHOVEN: HIS SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT. *By J. W. N. Sullivan. Knopf. $3.50.*
THE UNCONSCIOUS BEETHOVEN. *By Ernest Newman. Knopf. $2.50.*
LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER. *In Two Volumes. Selected and edited by Wilhelm Altmann. Dutton. $10.00.*
MODERN RUSSIAN COMPOSERS. *By Leonid Sabaneyeff. International Publishers. $2.75.*
PAGES FROM MY LIFE. *By Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapine. Harper. $5.00.*

CENTENARIES mean revivals and revisions. During the year of the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's death, a number of books about him have testified that his living force in the world of music is so great that the word "revival" seems incorrect. But as far as the "revision" goes, it becomes evident that the personality of the man, one hundred years after, is enigmatic in a way that few of the Victorians realized. Nothing has emerged more clearly, by this time, than that Beethoven's music has, at its best, an unequalled quality of spiritual nobility rooted in an exquisite human passion and sensibility. It is emotion organized, clarified, sustained and powerful whether in tenderness or vigor. Yet the history of the man in his social relations and personal vicissitudes shows him strikingly lacking, much of the time, in the very qualities his music has. It is not the ordinary discrepancy between the work of genius and the actions of the genius. One may wonder that Wagner could imagine such marvellous passages of sound and yet be such a cad in the conduct of more than one passage in his life. But there is never, in Wagner's music, the expression of the almost extra-musical personal nobility one finds in Beethoven's. There is, in a sense, nothing ultimately contradictory between the dramatist's compositions and his life. With Beethoven the opposite is true. It seems almost inconceivable that so powerful a musical ethos should be simply the alien resident in an existence chaotic with contradictions, often uncontrolled personal vehemences, and obvious disorganizations of character.

J. W. N. Sullivan, in his "Beethoven", approaches the problem by denying that there is any real conflict. He envisages his subject as a dominant personality, instinct with power. During the composer's earlier years "the whole man was intensely alive . . . Everything interested him. . . . His art was . . . a glorious vehicle for the expression of the vivid experiences life presented to him". But with the coming of deafness the change began. For deafness, in a musician, seemed the last outrage and humiliation of fate. Yet Beethoven conquered the ultimate despair and emerged at the end into a world possessing ecstatic validity in spite of all suffering. He had found, in an unorthodox and mystical way, what Sullivan calls "God the Companion". The music from the *Missa Solemnis* through the last Quartets springs from a mind weary with pain yet spiritually triumphant. To such a mind, Sullivan believes, no profound disorganizations of character in conduct would be possible. In a world not measuring up to his ideals, he would be forced to make the best of the situation, using those who were mercenary and did not "understand", or finding himself unable to conceal his contempt or his irritation at stupidity.

Ernest Newman in "The Unconscious Beethoven" attacks the problem from a radically different angle. Beethoven's musical genius, he suggests, was in its essence unconscious. Its quality and its perfections were not the product of conscious elaboration but of an unconscious upwelling. "This conception of Beethoven the man as an instrument used by the spirit of music to realize itself through, rather than as a normal being who, during certain intervals in his bodily existence, wrote music, is confirmed

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when we observe the unconscious workings of his mind." The solution of the whole matter has become simple. Beethoven, the man, was disorganized, a person who not only was often almost incoherent in his conduct toward others, but was also afflicted with deafness and, as Newman discusses in some detail, very probably venereal disease. The music stands as a thing apart, a flowing of what Goethe in his old age referred to as the "demonic".

Of the two books, J. W. N. Sullivan's is the more rounded. He begins with a discussion of aesthetics. Music has its own sphere in reality, he believes, and it is one apart from the spheres of reality touched by science. That it can thus be a means of revelation of its own fields, he upholds against a materialistically scientific denial that music can be anything more than an arrangement of titillating sound-waves. In discussing the fact that modern science is aware of the limitations of its domain he speaks with something of inside knowledge, for the reader will recollect him as the author of books on science, including the theory of relativity. Within this independent realm of music, Sullivan feels, Beethoven has given a revelation *sui generis* of what an extra-scientific spiritual achievement can be. One may be allowed to doubt whether such Kantian divisions will stand before careful criticism. Beethoven's music certainly exists as the expression of a specific area of being; why this should be so alien and resistant to the nature of science does not transpire, unless one defines science in what seems too narrow a way.

Newman's "The Unconscious Beethoven" gives a much more sharply critical account of the composer's life; and though the work is, from the standpoint of its own intention, unachieved as a whole, it contains individual points of insight and value. The first section, "The Man", trenchantly demonstrates that most estimators of Beethoven have not read their Thayer. Such incidents as the negotiations over the sale of the *Missa Solemnis* and the difficulties with the relatives, such factors in his personal life as the diseases, are clearly stripped of their Victorian whitewash. The second section, "The Composer", contains two points of great value. By numerous musical illustrations, Newman pursues a characteristic group of notes through Beethoven's work, seeing in them a "finger-print" and a manifestation of the unconscious. He also urges the view that, as a manifestation of the same force, the greatest compositions were conceived as wholes in which the details were later supplied by further concrete promptings of the unconscious. Both points have much weight. But when Newman begins his argumentation, he gets himself tangled in a hopeless web of insufficiencies. His conception of the unconscious is inadequate, amateurish, and dogmatic; and the ways in which he leads his thought are too often involved and contradictory.

The truth about Beethoven probably lies in a region less psychologically schematic than either of these books indicate. Beethoven was a man of the greatest nobility of spirit, highly equipped with the technique and the language of a music wherewith to express it, but woefully lacking in the common technique of living in a world more indocile than tones to the realization of his high emotional qualities. That he could not understand this inadequacy and master it, therein lay his personal tragedy. Goethe's life, in spite of its external felicity, had much of a tragic quality. But Goethe's technique of emotional wisdom mastered his living. Beethoven's mastered only tones.

Without profound experience of tragedy, Richard Wagner could hardly have written "Tristan", but the flavor of Wagner's tragedies, seen from the vantage of history, is humorless to the point of the comic. Tragedy, in Beethoven or Goethe, co-existed with comedy, and hence remained real tragedy. There is no more marvellous mixture of exultant laughter and terrible suffering than the Scherzo of the "Quartet Opus 135". But a good laugh would have wrecked Wagner's tragedies. Their calibre was not the same as the Beethovenian. Nevertheless, the panorama of the man's life is moving and spectacular. Wilhelm Altmann has made a copious selection from Wagner's complete letters, the first volume of its kind to appear. It comes as an extremely handy supplement,

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for the general reader, to the composer's autobiography and to the various biographies. The overwhelming energy of the man appears on every page, and the selection is such as to give one a comprehensive view of Wagner in every variety of human relation. The two volumes present a splendid pageant of tragedy and often all-too-unconscious comedy.

Leonid Sabaneyeff's "Modern Russian Composers" is a survey of the main contemporary, or near-contemporary, Russian Moderns, individual by individual. It gives account of a period when the new actively attacks the old, on the peculiar background of Russian musical history. The author, himself a composer, attempts to take a nonpartizan stand, and succeeds rather amazingly in doing so until he gets well along through the volume. There is interesting discussion of many a little-known modern, or revindication of the importance of such a man as Tañeyeff. Scriabin and Stravinsky are shrewdly evaluated. In Rachmaninoff and Metner, Sabaneyeff reveals another tragedy of the musician: the discovery that the world of tones has moved on, leaving one stranded behind in the realm of an idiom which sounds to one's own ears convincing, but which the contemporary mass of listeners finds faded. In Rachmaninoff's case, at least, the author points out, this situation has resulted in almost eight years of silence in composition. What the emotional acuteness of such a predicament may be, no outsider can guess.

Chaliapine's "Pages From My Life", on the other hand, are from the very beginning saturated with a robust humor. And his early life was nothing to be particularly humorous about, either. Only a thoroughly sturdy nature could have come sound through some of the childhood experiences he recounts. The whole story reads like a fairy-tale. If there is no ultimate profundity of observation or expression, there is nevertheless an exuberant humanity and a successful irresponsibility that keep the narrative alive from beginning to end, and that distinguish it from the bulk of singers' autobiographies. It is not every musician who can with such vividness and sense of comedy look back to the period of his first sentimental attachment as does Chaliapine, who says that he was "in love with Olga B., a pretty, placid schoolgirl who walked with a waddling gait rather like a duck, and looked on the whole world with indifferent gaze". Such detachment is in itself an achievement springing from the vitality and intelligence which have made Chaliapine the greatest singer-actor of our day.

THE CHRONIC SICKNESS OF BRITISH COAL

By Keith Hutchison

THE BRITISH COAL DILEMMA. *By Isador Lubin and Helen Everett. Macmillan. $2.50.*

AMONG the main causes of Britain's leadership in the industrial revolution were her large and accessible coal-fields. Throughout the nineteenth century a constantly expanding coal industry fed the forges wherein her plowshares were beaten into machinery. It supplied not only British factories but those overseas—in Europe, Asia and South America. Right up to the outbreak of the war this profitable export trade grew. In 1913 one-third of the total production, ten percent of Britain's exports, was consumed abroad. It was a trade which provided outward cargoes for British ships, thus keeping freights low and cheapening imports of food and raw materials. Coal, in short, was the root of British prosperity.

Since the war, disease and decay have attacked the root and all industrial Britain is sick. The symptoms are strikes, unemployment, declining trade, deficits, Parliamentary uproar. All the distinguished doctors of economy, to say nothing of countless quacks, have gone into consultation over the case. They have argued and disagreed and a library could be formed of their conflicting reports and suggested remedies. Now two members of the American Institute of Economics have studied this plethora of literature, in addition to surveying the industry at first hand, and their book makes an admirable guide to one of the most difficult problems of the day.

The first part of their study sketches the history of the British coal industry through

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its long period of prosperity to its post-war collapse, culminating in the great strike of 1926. This conflict, it will be remembered, ended in a complete victory for the mine-owners. Wages were reduced and hours lengthened. The men had to submit to district agreements, instead of the national agreement they prized so highly, and their trade unions were left bankrupt and paralyzed. The industry had swallowed, after a long struggle, the medicine the operators had prescribed. Today, twelve months later, the patient shows no improvement; is, in fact, much worse. Wages are at bedrock; a quarter of the miners unemployed; profits nil. The operators, apparently, have mistaken the nature of the disease; their search for symptoms has not penetrated far enough below the surface.

Mr. Lubin and Miss Everett dig deeper. They find that high costs are due not only to wages. There are such factors as the increasing average age of the mines. This means poorer seams, longer hauls underground, more expensive upkeep. In this country the average depth of mine shafts is but a third of that in Britain. British mines are backward technically. Less than one-fifth of the coal is machine cut, and in few pits have the antiquated man-power and pony-power haulage systems been modernized. These are important factors, but even more serious is the threat of a permanent loss of markets.

In 1925 British exports of coal were only about two-thirds as large as those in 1913. The operators believe that this does not represent a permanent loss of markets; that reduced wage-costs making possible lower prices will allow them not only to regain their pre-war position but even to improve on it. The authors of "The British Coal Dilemma" disagree—and support their view with an elaborate analysis of the fuel requirements of the industry's foreign customers. They show that several of these countries have greatly increased their own productive capacity since the war. Germany, in particular, has not only halved her own purchases but is becoming a formidable competitor in the export field. All over the Continent hydro-electric power is being rapidly developed. This does not seem to have displaced coal but, by taking care of the new industries, it prevents any growth in the demand.

Another adverse factor is the growing tendency of shipping to use oil instead of coal. The British Navy alone accounts for a decrease under this head of 1,500,000 tons per year. Nor does the domestic market for coal promise a recompense for foreign losses. Consumption has not decreased appreciably since the war, but it shows no signs of a growth proportionate to the larger population. It is clear that, even at the present low price-level, the supply of coal will for a long time exceed the demand. How is this situation to be met?

Setting aside for the moment political difficulties, the authors suggest the drastic remedies that a technician with a free hand would apply. The oldest and least efficient pits would be closed; the rest formed into groups operated as units. Better methods of colliery working would be introduced with the object of raising the standard of the whole industry to that of the best existing mines. Distribution as well as production is open to criticism. A central selling organization, such as the German operators maintain, would make possible great economies. A reduction of the absurdly large number of retailers would diminish the present margin between producer and consumer.

The technician would also endeavor to extract the utmost value from the coal produced. He would build giant power stations in the coal-fields to displace small inefficient local plants. He would look on coal not merely as something to burn, but as a valuable raw material for industry. Utilizing recent discoveries he would operate coke-ovens in conjunction with his power-stations and would thus extract from coal gasoline, fuel-oil, tar and chemicals as well as coke. In short he would reconstruct the industrial map of England, and make coal the basis of a new era of prosperity.

Unfortunately the technician has not a free hand. Such proposals as these become the currency of political controversy and have to make their way slowly, if at all, against the bitter opposition of vested inter-

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ests. The sickness of the coal-industry is mental as well as physical. Its diagnosis cannot be purely economic; it must account also for the psychological factors. In two brilliant chapters Mr. Lubin and Miss Everett unfold for us the minds of operators and miners. The former they describe as proud of the individualist faith that has built up their industry; certain of the efficacy of the laws of supply and demand to remedy its ills; opposed alike to government interference and to co-operation with each other.

The miners, on the other hand, believe that private enterprise has ruined the industry. At the back of all their recent struggles has been the demand for nationalization — an idea that has become charged with religious fervor. It means for them not only a hope of better economic conditions but a new way of life, an opportunity to share with the community the control of their industry.

In the great strike the miners undoubtedly combined poor strategy with an heroic resistance. Nevertheless it is certain that they are nearer the solution than the operators who can no longer hide their shivering nakedness of ideas behind Adam Smith's fig-leaf of *laissez-faire*. Co-ordination and reconstruction must come if the industry is to be rescued from its present chaos. To that extent all the independent economists and engineers agree with the miners.

The authors of this book have been able to approach this problem with an objectivity almost impossible to British economists, who are caught up in the controversies that, for years, have raged round the coal-mines. This makes their conclusions, cautious as they are, of immense value. The owners, they find, have utterly failed to face the issues. "Only on the supposition that all the vital problems that face the industry are unreal and illusory can the future of coal safely be left in their hands. . . . The initial impulse for reorganization must come from the Government."

But reorganization will not in itself solve the problem; it will, in fact, by displacing capital and labor create, at any rate in the transitional stages, a host of new difficulties. Coal, as we have seen, is the pillar that supports the structure of British industry. It cannot be reconstructed without extensive alterations to the rest of the building. This is an undertaking calling for a high degree of courage, energy and foresight; an undertaking fraught with difficulties. Hence the note of interrogation with which the authors conclude their investigation. "Can the British mind rise above these difficulties? Can it free itself from the paralyzing caution which results inevitably from the knowledge that the margin for experiment in Britain is small? Has the time come for a definite departure from established modes of direction and control in industry? These are the questions which fundamentally constitute the British coal dilemma."

THE SEARCH FOR GEORGE SAND

By Edna Kenton

THE SEVEN STRINGS OF THE LYRE: THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF GEORGE SAND. *By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*
GEORGE SAND: THE SEARCH FOR LOVE. *By Marie Jenney Howe. John Day. $5.00.*

RARELY will you find two books in the same season on the same aspect of the same figure so unlike that they are complements of each other, as the two recent Sand biographies; Miss Schermerhorn's "The Seven Strings of the Lyre: The Romantic Life of George Sand", and Mrs. Howe's "George Sand: The Search for Love". The opening sentences of the two books illustrate this perfectly. The first begins: "In the early part of the nineteenth century, before Paris had entered upon the era of boulevards, department stores and tramways that has destroyed so many landmarks, there still stood in the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Victor, a great, bare, ugly building, pierced by a small arched gate, to which a high flight of steps ascended". The second: "She was born to the sound of the violin".

Miss Schermerhorn's treatment of her subject spreads — is all-inclusive of material accessories to "the romantic life". Mrs. Howe's treatment is confined — exclusive of all that does not bear with psychological directness on "the *search* for love". Where one paints in a lavish background of eras, manners, houses and furniture and

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people of the material world, the other uses for her background, first, last, and all the time, the *consciousness* of her subject, the reflection of the outer world on the inner life. The first author is much at her best in analyzing the effect of her heroine on others — on her lovers, for instance; the second eliminates everyone who does not profoundly affect George Sand in her search for love. One gives the outer story of George Sand's love life; the other puts us in touch with her inner life, which, picked up at the beginning, is never dropped. The first book helps to substantiate the second; the second helps to interpret the first. The Schermerhorn book is excellent, accurate, standard biography — we know where we are at any moment. The Howe book is biography in a new form and from a new point of view — tracing out George Sand's unique stream of consciousness, as she herself set it down in her enormous mass of autobiographic material, from birth to death. All this is why these two books may profitably stand side by side.

It takes a good Sandist to recognize not only the intention, but the integrity of the method Mrs. Howe has employed in organizing her material. George Sand's famous heredity, for instance, of itself makes her an eminent instance in life and letters — this would go into any first chapter, and in the first chapter of Miss Schermerhorn's book you find it. But Mrs. Howe's method made her ask not so much "What heredity?" as "When did the young Aurore-George become herself first aware of it?" — that marvelous mixed blood of kings and bastards of kings, soldiers and generals, courtesans and grizettes, high-bred men and women, and low-bred dancers. In George Sand's *Histoire de ma vie* (in Vol. III) she herself tells us when and where and how, but not here does she relate the story she heard. Turn to Mrs. Howe's book (pp. 29–34) and see how, from George Sand's own story of heartless grandmother and shocked awareness, the "genealogical scene" is set. And in the scene, at the time in the child's life when it occurred, Mrs. Howe tells the story of the famous heredity, pieced together from George Sand's references to it and comments on it running through a lifetime's writing.

Another delightful example of this method — again the *Histoire de ma vie* gave the material for this simple, easy paragraph — is the ninth paragraph of Mrs. Howe's book: "Aurore the third, knowing nothing of past grandeurs or present poverty, had for a cradle a plain wicker basket. She lay in her cradle and stared at the ceiling or slept. The days, the months, went by. Instead of the cradle there was a little bed; instead of the cradle dreaminess, a gradual awareness. Hour after hour she would lie in absorbed contemplation of some fold of the window curtain, or some gay flower in the wall paper. One day the candle, which had always given a single light, seemed to give two lights, side by side. She watched; she was enchanted, she tried and tried to make the twin lights come again. Sometimes she succeeded. She loved the illusion without knowing why she loved it, or what it was she loved. Illusion was her first interest in life". The search for love!

Two simultaneous biographies of George Sand may not go by without a reference to the Sand-Chopin affair, in view of Guy de Pourtales's recent careless handling of it in his "Polonaise". Chopin biographers have always handled this episode — if one may so term an eight-year friendship — a little carelessly. Here is a typical paragraph from "Polonaise", where the stage is being cleared for Chopin's entrance into George's life:

"In the summer of 1836 she shook off the lover's chain (Michel's) and broke the hobble of a husband. She was free. On the spot she turned over her two children, Maurice and Solange, to a young tutor by the name of Pelleton, whom, to know him better, she put to the test by becoming his mistress. Then she left for Geneva to join Liszt and Madame d'Agoult."

Pourtales's confused version of known facts suffers badly by comparison with Mrs. Howe's and Miss Schermerhorn's careful pages. It is true that in the summer of 1836 George Sand got her divorce and left for Switzerland. But she took her children with her. She did not shake off Michel of Bourges till September, 1837. Pelleton did not enter her house till May, 1837, and

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(never before charged by any one with being one of her lovers) has evidently been confused with his successor, Mallefille, who was Chopin's immediate predecessor in George's love life. Both Miss Schermerhorn and Mrs. Howe are in accord in their view of this famous affair, and thoroughly exonerate her of cruel and inhuman treatment of the great but petulant musician.

"All that any woman has ever felt or dreamed or suffered," says Mrs. Howe in her Preface, "is summed up in the life of George Sand." She might have added, "all that any woman has ever dared or done". It is a large statement, and discussable; but it is doubtful if discussion would do more than establish, point by point, its truth.

OCTAVE

By John Hyde Preston

STEEP ASCENT. *By Jean Starr Untermeyer. Macmillan. $1.25.*
THE LAND. *By V. Sackville-West. Doran. $1.50.*
TRINC. *By H. Phelps Putnam. Doran. $1.75.*
A WORLD TOO OLD. *By Ramon Guthrie. Doran. $1.50.*
BEAUTY THE PILGRIM. *By Gerald Gould. Doran. $1.00.*
LITTLE HENRIETTA. *By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Doran. $1.50.*
UPPER NIGHT. *By Scudder Middleton. Holt. $2.00.*
THE BRIGHT DOOM. *By John Hall Wheelock. Scribner. $2.00.*

FACE to face with the tremendous output of poetry in every season, one must bear in mind the question: in how far is this poetry really vital? One must be able to discriminate between what was written because it could not help being written, and what was written simply because its author felt that he must remain professionally active. Poetry, thought Keats, must come naturally, or not at all. For art is the intensification of life, and poetry, among all the arts, is probably the highest intensification. We can have pretty ideas turned into charming verse; but until we have the emotion that must be expressed or left to kill us, we have no real poetry. That is why Whitman today seems forever fresh and young, and why Longfellow is hardly more than a Victorian curiosity. Without the quality of inevitability we become self-conscious, homo-aesthetic, and, also, curiously dull. To make conversation is a sin hang-dog enough, but to "make" poetry is the first among unpardonable things.

Let us consider Jean Starr Untermeyer's "Steep Ascent". Here is delicate feeling, evidently sincere and nicely set down; but somehow it does not impress you as being intensely important either to yourself or to Mrs. Untermeyer. Great poetry deals, of course, with emotions that are more or less universal, and to put down your own individual reactions to these emotions for all time, requires a strange gift of technique which we call genius; for these same feelings have been set on paper for thousands of years by thousands of men, but the man who has known and written of them best is, in the final run, the only man who has written of them at all. So that it may be some fault in Mrs. Untermeyer's technique; but I cannot think that she would have suffered very much had she not been allowed expression for these emotions. The "Last Plea" and the very beautiful sonnet "They Say —" are the only pieces here that bear the mark of keen originality. There is much that may be admired, but little that one would read a second time.

Miss Sackville-West's "The Land", a celebration of farming-life in Kent, is another case in point. One's most definite reaction to this poem is the question as to why it should ever have been written. In the manner and spirit of Thompson's "Seasons", it is almost unbelievable that it should be contemporary with this restless twentieth century. The poetry itself is solid, well-written, and often quite beautiful; but it moves nowhere and ends just where it began; it has little sensitiveness, no element of emotion; it has, in short, no *raison d'être*. Miss Sackville-West, honoring the farmer and farm-life, describes everything from a plowshare to the side of a ruddy apple, and seems to wade through a whole year of Kentish life without saying anything more important than a few stuffed platitudes.

H. Phelps Putnam is concerned with another celebration — that of drink — which, as one reads into his book, becomes

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irritatingly more a complex than a concern. Here is a man who has written a most excellent sequence "To The Memory of Yale College", and the splendid second sonnet in the "Seven Against Chance". And here, too, is a man who, first wishing to be something like Francis Thompson, has met Masefield and has followed that master for a while, has subsequently collided with E. E. Cummings and has headed towards the doom of easy smartness and an affected disenchantment with life and its properties. Adopting to himself all of Cummings's worst qualities, he yet lacks Cummings's undeniable cleverness; his use of language, instead of being brilliantly grotesque like his master's, is only pale derivative dullness. Some one should show him, for example, that the words "jerkily" and "oily" do not go well together in the same line. Of course if you have ever seen elm trees "rising improbably", or a "ripe" house, or a "mill-pond burned", it is quite likely that you will enjoy Mr. Putnam's poetry.

Ramon Guthrie, who loves to consider himself a twentieth century troubadour and pagan, is somewhat different. The title of his book, "A World Too Old", conveys the nature of his complaint against this sad modernity of ours; but while he is offended that there are no fauns in Twenty-second Street, he yet derides (perhaps more sincerely) an old lady who demanded: "Pourquoi n'écrit-on plus de poèmes dans le genre de M. de Musset? Ils étaient bien gentils". His "Thessaly" is charming in its way, as is his "Melitta", but it seems to me that Leonard Bacon has said exactly this same thing with a more convincing accent. However, the greater part of his volume is taken up by adaptions from the Provençal of Gaucelm Faidit, Marcabrun, and the great Bertran de Born, which, while interesting for the most part, lack the elements that make for endurance. Perhaps if I do not seem very enthusiastic it is because I realize that Ezra Pound has done all this so much better, and with far more poetic grace. As a matter of fact, Mr. Guthrie has studied Pound so sedulously that all his work, to me at least, carries hardly more than a certain unsatisfying echo of *le cher maître* at Rapallo.

In Gerald Gould's "Beauty the Pilgrim" there are suggestions of a powerful lyricism which has not yet come of age, but which obviously has the promise of a flourishing maturity. But a promise that presupposes that the one thing lacking will be provided some day. He has the impulse; he has something to say; but he has very little of what I should like to call insistence. And this rare quality of insistence is just what goes to make a great lyric poet — witness, for example, Edna St. Vincent Millay, who has it to a degree of poignancy that is equalled by no other writer in America today. After all, I must remember that Mr. Gould is an Englishman; and I hope that I will not be accused of patriotism if I say I sincerely believe that American poets of this century have infinitely more of thrust and stab, which make the good lyric, than have our English brothers. Is it because of the greater intensity of our national life? Perhaps — and perhaps not. But the distinction remains; though only the historians of tomorrow will be able to define its exact nature. All this, of course, is no argument against Mr. Gould, whose work I consider to be a very tolerable example of good Georgian lyricism.

The three most important books — the books which actually attain to what I have called the vital — I have saved to consider last. For here are three poets who know (in Mr. Wheelock's case I should say he has learned; he has not, to judge from his other work, always known) the difference between a mere poetic idea and a living emotion.

Lizette Woodworth Reese needs no introduction to those who are concerned about what will endure out of the mass of our modern poetry. Her place, particularly since the publication of her "Selected Poems", is definite and very high, and she will doubtless occupy it through a good many storms of revolt. "Little Henrietta", an elegy for a child, is the product of Miss Reese's profoundest maturity, both of viewpoint and technical achievement. Of course it is no "Lycidas" or "Adonaïs"; but it is nevertheless a lament that can stand solidly upon the merits of its own grave beauty and depth of sensitiveness. Best of all, it is a joy

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forever to find one who can use the English language as a fine instrument, and can make deep music from words, rather than look upon them, as does Mr. Putnam, as mere clever strings to direct the grotesque gestures of his puppets. Miss Reese has come to life generously, intimately, and hers has been a passionate response.

And Scudder Middleton, also, has this insistence, though perhaps not to the degree where, like Miss Reese's, it fails itself so seldom. His is, I think, more tense and cynical and therefore subject, possibly, to greater heights and, certainly, to lower depths. Essentially modern, he is yet primarily aware of the discord and falsity of the modern note, and his book's title, "Upper Nights", suggests the release of a spirit, bound by materialism, into the clarity and spiritual felicity of a state of mind which has rid itself of conventional gags and orthodox motives. To understand things with sympathy is not necessarily to accept them; and Mr. Middleton's concern is to use all the materials of life towards his own emotional growth.

"I'm like a tree, for I can only sway
The upper branch — the rest is fast in earth."

It is this almost Epicurean craving for the entirety of life that gives to his poetry the marks of vitality, and to his language the beauty of strength. In such a thing as "A Night at Joe's", he seems to be giving us a clever "exhibition" more than a sincere poem; and "Apostolate" is rather meaningless froth. But on the other hand, he has written "Jezebel" and the exquisitely lovely "Grasses", as well as "Shallow Water" and "Children of Blossom". And I say that it is a poet very worth while who can achieve the strangely moving cadence of "Pilots", which is like the prose of Joseph Conrad.

Mr. Wheelock's artistic advance in the last five years has given him a depth and fullness that he never touched before, which, together with the old ecstasy and a greater maturity of outlook, put him in a place among the scant dozen of America's finest living poets. In "The Bright Doom" is all the former intensity, but softened and sobered now by the constant thought of death; here, too, is his ancient love for the earth and the wide sea. This sea he has loved as fiercely as any poet since Swinburne, and in "Sea-Voyage", with its Baudelairean cadences, his language has the deepness and strength of a great organ.

This all is vital; Mr. Wheelock needed to say it and has suffered in the saying. Here and there appears a certain thinness, as in some of his sonnets, but he is never guilty of "manufactured" verse. The Phi Beta Kappa poem seems to me slightly forced, as if it were written to meet an occasion; but one forgets that in the face of such things as "The Holy Earth", "Communion", and "Noon: Amagansett Beach". Sometimes I feel that his control is not quite perfect, and that he lets himself go, as in "Golgotha", so far as to lose the significance for the sake of the thing. But he is sincere, and tragic in his sincerity. Perhaps some will complain that, like Pierre Loti, he is too mortally sad; but after all, one cannot ask of life and poetry much more than this profundity and mellowness.

BOOKS OF SOCIAL PROTEST

By Stanton A. Coblentz

DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION AND OTHER STORIES. *By John Reed;* THE MAIN STEM. *By William Edge;* AN AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE. *By Grace Scribner;* THE ABC OF PSYCHOLOGY. *By Vance Randolph;* THE ABC OF ART. *By John Haldane Blackie;* THE FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION. *By Harrison C. Thomas and William A. Hamm;* COMPANY UNIONS. *By Robert W. Dunn;* PROUDHON'S SOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM. *Edited by Henry Cohen;* KROPOTKIN'S REVOLUTIONARY PAMPHLETS. *Edited by Roger N. Baldwin;* EQUITABLE SOCIETY AND HOW TO CREATE IT. *By Warren Edwin Brokaw.*
Vanguard Press. $.50 each.

THE Vanguard Press is in some respects an organization more worthy of note than the individual books it produces. It is an organization unique in the history of our country; it is a publishing house that espouses a social policy, and puts forth only books of liberal leanings or significance; it is, moreover, a publishing house that avowedly is not in the field for profit, but issues its books at cost in the interest of popular enlightenment. Frankly, it caters not to the

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bourgoisie but to the proletariat; frankly, it favors works tending toward the reform if not the total transformation of the social system; its mottos, stamped in each book, "The cause of labour is the hope of the world", and "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof", will stand as sufficient proof of the principles behind it; while the price of fifty cents for volumes of substantial size should combat any imputation that commercial motives dominate.

What then, precisely, is the nature of the books produced by this unusual publishing firm? In general, they are to be classed in three categories: those embodying autobiographical material or stories marked by social protest; those of a more or less elementary educational nature; and those presenting schemes for economic or social reconstruction. In the ten volumes selected for review, all three of these tendencies are represented; and even a casual survey of the books, accordingly, will serve one by way of summary of all the Vanguard publications.

"Daughter of the Revolution", by John Reed, has been deliberately placed at the head of the list, for it is easier of approach than most of the volumes. It is composed of a series of sketches and stories embodying social criticism and commentary; it is written with vigor, irony, and occasionally a fine vividness of description; it is largely a record of personal experience, in New York City, among Mexican revolutionists, in Europe during the war. While fragmentary and disappointing in parts, it may be taken upon the whole to show what a notable talent was lost to the world by the death of Reed in 1920 at the age of thirty-three.

Much more personal are the revelations in William Edge's "The Main Stem" — a narrative of hobo life. Here we are told in no uncertain terms "how the other half lives"; we learn of the adventures and misfortunes of the migratory worker, sometimes without food, often without warm clothes, always without a clean shelter. Although the book is written in a ragged style and with little hint of literary talent, it will be sufficient to open the eyes of many a man who has never known what it is to be roofless and has never had to scheme how to secure his next meal.

A personal record, likewise, is to be found in "An American Pilgrimage", which is composed of portions of the letters of Grace Scribner. Miss Scribner, a self-denying social worker, was ironically the victim of an automobile driven recklessly by a self-indulgent son of fortune; and the record of her life and thoughts, as embodied in her correspondence, proved her to have been a high-minded and reflective person, capable of feeling deeply, of expressing herself beautifully, and of probing profoundly and seriously into the fundamentals of life.

Turning from the personal volumes to those of an educational nature, we will find ourselves, upon the whole, in a vague and dubious atmosphere. The aim of the Vanguard educational outlines is in every case highly commendable; but by no means in every case is the result successful. "The Foundations of Modern Civilization", it is true, has achieved its object, and has described in a clear and readable style the outstanding forces in the growth of civilization, treating the material in a manner necessarily cursory and yet as illuminating as the space makes possible. But not as much can be said for "The ABC of Art" and "The ABC of Psychology". After perusing these volumes, one doubts whether either art or psychology can be reduced to its ABC's: the former work makes a gallant attempt to present a personal theory, but does not succeed in making the theory convincing, partly because of the limited space devoted to each subject; the latter, based upon the behaviorist psychology, is so sketchy in its nature and makes unfounded statements in such profusion that it verges upon the ridiculous. To quote a single example — in discussing psychic research, the author declares baldly that the results of the investigations are "not convincing to the scientist"; and, on the basis of such a statement, the reader would never know that psychic research has actually found adherents among scientists as notable as Lombroso, Flammarion, and Lodge.

The four remaining volumes belong definitely to the class of works of social protest.

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The most limited in its appeal is perhaps Robert W. Dunn's "Company Unions", which makes an exhaustive study and a convincing indictment of the plan of employers to secure ascendancy over the workers by organizing their own labor unions. While this volume will prove invaluable for students of contemporary labor conditions, the general reader will probably be more interested in Warren Brokaw's "Equitable Society and How to Create It". The reviewer is not ready to state offhand whether the author actually does show how to create equitable society; but it is certain that he makes a vigorous attempt, and that his plan for a reformed society, based upon a "balanced land tenure", is deserving of a widespread and attentive hearing.

Such a hearing, assuredly, will be vouchsafed to "Kropotkin's Revolutionary Pamphlets" for the name of the great anarchist requires no introduction to students of social reform, and the present collection of his writings is comprehensive and representative. Similarly, there should be many readers for "Proudhon's Solution of the Social Problem", although the name of Proudhon has fallen under a shadow of late years, and many who would appreciate the acuteness of his writings are scarcely aware that he ever lived. Perhaps he is best known for the devastating epigram, "Property is an institution of justice; and property is robbery". Yet his thoughts go far beyond all such glib utterances, and challenge attention today no less than when first expressed nearly a century ago.

FARTHEST NORTH

By Earl Hanson

THE POLAR REGIONS AND THEIR PROBLEMS. *By thirty-three authors. American Geographical Society. $5.00.*
THE POLAR REGIONS. *By R. N. Rudmose Brown. Dutton. $3.75.*

IN one respect, these are the most valuable books on the polar regions that have appeared for years. Never before, even in the days of the Franklin search, has there been such wide-spread popular interest in arctic and antarctic exploration as there is today, in spite of the fact that the general public, obtaining its knowledge of the subject from adventure books and picturesque though often inaccurate newspaper accounts, knows very little of its aims and justifications. What's the use? What's it all for? These are questions which the average layman is unable to answer, except perhaps with the words "glory" or "publicity".

There are better answers — dozens of them. But hitherto most of them have been hidden away in places about as unknown and inaccessible to the general public as the North Pole itself — in the files and the journals and reports of scientific societies the world over.

Both the American Geographical Society and Dr. Brown have done great service in compiling and publishing résumés of knowledge extant about the polar regions and the problems still to be solved there. Both of the books are straightforward, dispassionate discussions of scientific or practical achievements and problems — neither is in the least concerned with the heroic or adventurous sides of exploration.

The first of the two, "The Polar Regions and their Problems", is by far the more comprehensive. Written by thirty-three authorities, most of them well known to the public, it covers or touches on almost every imaginable phase of the science, exploration and exploitation of the polar regions. A great deal of it has been published before, but none of it in a form available to American lay readers.

The book is divided into three parts. The first is a symposium of the unsolved problems in polar research, consisting of thirty separate papers by such men as Nansen, Mawson, Stefansson, Rasmussen, Wilkins, Byrd, Bartlett, Nobile, Ellsworth and a score of others equally eminent if less well known to newspaper-readers. The symposium, because of its diversity and direct connection with spectacular feats, the memory of which is still fresh, has perhaps the greatest popular appeal. Beginning with an account of the oceanographical problems of the still unknown Arctic regions by Fridtjof Nansen, it passes on through discussion of Arctic tides, the bearing of polar meteorology on world

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weather, unsolved problems in terrestrial magnetism, geological problems, etc., to Rasmussen's and Jenness's accounts of the ethnological problems still awaiting solution. Who are the Eskimos? Where did they come from? There are answers and many questions still unanswered in these sections. Waldemar Bogoras takes us into the ethnography of the Siberian and Russian arctic regions. Sir Frederick Stupart discusses the influence of Arctic meteorology on the climate of Canada. There are papers on the Arctic ice-pack, zoögeography, plant geography, geology, a résumé by Stefansson of his widely heralded ideas on the utilization of the resources of the Arctic, an extremely interesting paper on political rights in the polar regions, five papers on practical and academic problems connected with Arctic flying and a somewhat anecdotal account by Captain Bob Bartlett of ice navigation and ships. There are eight papers on problems of the Antarctic, geological, meteorological, zoölogical, etc., all of them thoroughly clear and concise.

Nordenskjold's study of polar nature, which constitutes the second part, is a scientific discussion of climates, ice, soil and life-conditions in the polar regions that is of special interest in that it goes a step further than the present Arctic and Antarctic. It applies the experiences from these regions to those immense tracts, now temperate, that were once covered with ice. In chapter three, it discusses the causes and natural conditions of the ice age as illustrated by polar nature of today.

But it is Part Three, Dr. Mecking's regional geography of the Arctic and the Antarctic, that is by far the pièce de résistance of the book. It is a description of the Polar regions of the highest order, written according to modern geographical standards and based on the whole range of polar literature. The history of polar achievement is touched upon, the natures of the regions are discussed — first as wholes, and then in their respective parts, the Siberian Arctic, Greenland, Spitzbergen, and the various regions in the South, from the point of climate, geology, and natural resources.

In a book of this sort there is naturally a certain amount of overlapping of material. But this does not in the least detract from its value or interest. The different authors and their different points of view take care of that. It is a book ideally suited for everyone who takes an intelligent interest in polar exploration, be it the practical interest of the professional explorer or the academic interest of the fan. But one word of warning. Those who look only for facile entertainment had better leave it alone. Like Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" it is "no book for milksops".

Neither is Dr. Rudmose Brown's, which goes over essentially the same ground in far less detail and less than one-third the same number of words. Its aim, as stated in the preface, is essentially the same as that of the Geographical Society's compendium — "to give a collected account of the actual state of knowledge of north and south polar regions, with indications of problems that still await solution". But what it loses in value as a reference work by comparison with the other, it gains in readability. In an evening's reading it gives a good picture of the districts around the meeting-points of the meridians.

After a brief treatment of Arctic and Antarctic exploration, Dr. Brown launches on a discussion of the polar regions from the point of view of the physical and biological geographer, treating successively polar climates, physiographic characteristics, plant and animal life of the northern and southern regions — the two compared and contrasted through an ingenuous juxtaposition of chapters. An extremely interesting chapter on the Eskimo, his distribution, past, and possible future, serves as a stepping-stone from the realm of pure science to that of utilization. Commercial trends and possibilities are discussed, whaling, political geography, trade routes, colonization and hygiene. The discussion of Spitzbergen and its development from the days when this barren land struck terror into the hearts of prospective trappers and colonizers until today when it is the home of hundreds of coal miners, comfortably living in steam-heated brick houses, is a fascinating illustration of the "Northward Course of Empire".

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A CENTURY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE

By Florence H. Winterburn

THE LETTERS OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ. *In Seven Volumes. With an Introduction by A. Edward Newton. Horn. $52.00.*
LETTERS OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ. *In Two Volumes. Selected by Richard Aldington. Brentano's. $8.50.*
THE GREAT DAYS OF VERSAILLES. *By G. F. Bradby. Scribners. $3.50.*
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MARSHAL DUKE OF RICHELIEU. *Translated by F. S. Flint. Brentano's. $4.00.*
THE SECRET MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES. *Edited by Robert Chantemesse. Brentano's. $5.00.*
THREE STORIES. *Translated by Mrs. Wilfred Jackson. Brentano's. $4.00.*
NAPOLEON AND HIS WOMEN FRIENDS. *By Gertrude Aretz. Lippincott. $5.00.*
NAPOLEON IN CAPTIVITY. *Translated and edited by Julian Park. Century. $3.00.*
THE WOMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. *By Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. Minton, Balch. $5.00.*

AS an offset to the oppressive materialism of the present day comes a general outburst of enthusiasm concerning the literary and social life of the eighteenth century in Europe. Old volumes that were believed to be out of date are being retranslated; reminiscences and letters are the vogue.

The memoirs of the women of the French salons during the reigns of the Bourbons are delightfully fluent and unaffected. Madame de Sévigné "wore her learning lightly as a flower" and this complete unconsciousness and absence of effort gave her a quaintness that, united to her shrewd wit, imbues with endless charm those hundreds of letters so carelessly, so rapidly thrown off by her ready pen. For the entertainment of her beloved daughter, Madame Grignan, she describes all the little events in which she participated: the dinners, the frequent fires, audiences with the king, Mademoiselle de Blois's threatened smallpox, the sermon of Father Bourdaloue "which transported everybody". She alludes to Madame de Maintenon's "being on the very pinnacle of favor" and rushes away to the newest scandal at Versailles — the arrest of the poisoner La Voison and her immediate execution.

The discoveries that involved so many eminent personages might well have affrighted Versailles, for there was scarcely a society lady of the inner circle but had maintained some commerce with La Voison and her confederates. Versailles, elaborated from the simple hunting lodge built for Louis XIII, became the splendid palace that was the pride of his successor. In it were brought together the queerest possible associates, and the excellent book, "The Great Days of Versailles", shows court life under the Grand Monarch in chameleon hues. Now we see the Maréchale de Villeroy, mother of the general who lost Romilies to France, wrangling over precedence with duchesses of more recent creation; now Madame de Maintenon, buried in her winged chair away from the dreadful drafts tearing through the vast rooms; again we are electrified by the echo of that great box on the ear given by Madame to her son, which "covered the poor prince with confusion!" A princess of the heroic age, as Saint Simon remarks. But King Louis, happy in the playful companionship of the young Duchess of Burgundy, sits benignly contemplating his heir, the worthy young Duke; no one sensing the tragedy hovering overhead, that was to deprive France of the best prince that the house of Bourbon had ever produced.

It has been said that if that young man, pupil of the saintly Fénelon, had survived, all the destinies of Europe would have been bettered. But who knows! His life might have been entirely changed by the moral standards of the nobility among whom the Duke of Richelieu shone as a sort of model! This grand nephew of the famous Cardinal was an extraordinary mixture of intelligence and viciousness. A perplexing volume, asserted to be his authentic memoirs, reads like the exaggerated experiences of Satan on a sex rampage. The most revolting incident in "The Private Life of the Duke of Richelieu" is vouched for by good authorities — that affair with Madame Michelin, the decent wife of an honest workman, whom Richelieu, to beguile the tedium between liasons with certain princesses, seduced with immense pains, then hounded to death. Taking the book lightly, it must be conceded that there are many amusing tales in it. There is the incident of the partition secretly demolished

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by some playful friends of the Duke so that it fell down and exposed him and his lady love at a most unpropitious instant. Fancy the graceful dandy chasing through breezy corridors to find refuge in somebody's chamber — no matter whose!

The practice of passing easily from one lover to another was the mode, and expertness in it proof of genuine *savoir vivre*. In "Three Stories", especially in the first one "Fortunes in the Fire", there is presented a perfect reflection of the philosophy of love as the accepted cult of the sophisticated man and woman. In warning her friend not to be awkward in her treatment of her latest lover, the Marquise observes that "no woman should yield herself with lightness" for "of all good things that love can offer, the first, the most essential, the most real, is the happiness of being esteemed by her lover".

But entertaining as are these dialogues they are slight before the intensity of "The Secret Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes". Laura de Permon, wife of Marshal Junot, one of Napoleon's generals, had been a playmate of the Emperor of the French in the days when their mothers were neighbors. She was one of the few women he could not browbeat, and he remained her generous, faithful friend. Incredible extravagance brought her to the necessity of writing her memoirs for money, a task which she accomplished with the aid of Balzac who took deep interest in his talented pupil. Possibly her incoherent style was copied from the great master. Its most striking chapter is a letter written in her own blood to her lover, Maurice de Balincourt.

Despite her tumultuous passion Laura was a woman of more than ordinary intellect. She is mentioned respectfully as an authority in Gertrude Aretz's book, "Napoleon and his Women Friends" — an eloquent narrative of the great Corsican, from his boyish affair with the little Colombier in the cherry orchard of Valence, to his second marriage with the "daughter of the Caesars" whom he passionately loved until she crowned his hopes with an heir. That he cooled to her then, that he was constant to no woman after discovering how Josephine had deceived him, does not seem to be an unpardonable sin. Napoleon concealed under a bluff exterior a yearning to be faithfully loved, and was quickly won by a show of affection and deference to his pet belief — that the sacred mission of a woman was to bear children to the state. But if a good lover he was also a good hater, who, once offended, could not forget. The woman whom he should from policy have made his friend became his most implacable enemy. In his downfall Madame Marie Walewska was the only one among the many on whom he had lavished fortunes to stand by him. There is some pathos in the recital of his last friendship, that with the impish little Betsy Balcombe he chanced to meet at St. Helena, for the English governor banished her, feeling safe only when the man all Europe feared was without friends. Madame Aretz has performed a colossal task extremely well, and has gathered with great pains such a collection of data as leaves little more to be said about Napoleon's private life. Yet memoirs continue to pour forth. Among them a small volume entitled "Napoleon in Captivity" is a collection of letters from the Emperor's jailors at St. Helena, particularly Count Balmain.

Among the epoch-making books on the period may be counted that of the Goncourt brothers, "The Woman of the Eighteenth Century", now translated in entirety for the first time. Scarcely any other similar work is to be compared with it, unless it be Balzac's "Comedie Humaine". And it is written in far better style. To attempt to describe the content of the single volume would be like trying to epitomize Shakespeare. The chapter, the "Woman of the Salons" is a whole drama by itself; then there is the "Woman of the People", written with profound knowledge and broad sympathy, the "Working Woman"; "Old Age"; the "Soul of Woman" — nothing is left out. Woman moves before us, not in the pose of the automatic doll, but living through every experience possible, and above all developing before our eyes through delightful anecdotes each of which fits into the general scheme like harmoniously arranged bits of mosaic. Here is writing of the sort that Santayana loves.

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"The eighteenth century," observe the Goncourts, "conceals among its courtesans a whole family of women who have all the appearances a woman may have when engaged in an amiable vice, all the decency she can retain in a commerce of gallantry, all the constancy in a love that surrenders and devotes itself. To their intellectual charm, to their native indulgence, to their expansive kindness, to their dreamy attitude, to their airs and to a certain taste in sentiment, they join a certain respect for the world which gives them a sort of respect for themselves." The penetrating sympathy of this comment is reiterated in another chapter where it is said that there exists among French women a talent for living that makes possible for them an absolute surrender of self along with the preservation of an "incorruptible soul". The eighteenth century, now far in the past, lives for us again in this illuminating volume of the Goncourts.

WORDS ON MUSIC

By B. H. Haggin

FUNDAMENTALS OF MUSICAL ART. *In Twenty Volumes. Edward Dickinson, Editor-in-Chief. Caxton Institute. $39.00.*

THESE books of facts about music are intended for the layman; and by the layman is meant, I take it, one who is attracted to music but has little appreciation and knowledge of it. That is, he is one who does not appreciate a Brahms symphony because he does not know what is in it.

If the layman, starting with some sensitiveness to musical sound, hears the Brahms symphony enough to become familiar with it — if, for example, he gets Stokowski's recording of the one in C minor and plays it repeatedly — then almost inevitably the essentials of its logic will impress themselves upon him. He will not know this logic as logic; he will have no name for it; but he will follow it. That is, he will not know that what his ear takes in is called a modulation or thematic development; but his ear will take in what are in effect modulations and thematic transformations. He might stop right there; for when music has been appreciated as music, it has fulfilled its purpose completely. But suppose he wants to go on; then having heard, he can be told what he has heard, and only then will this have meaning for him and be of use to him in appreciating what he hears.

Suppose the layman approaches Brahms's C minor for the first time with this explanation of the first movement:

"The introduction to the first movement foreshadows its themes and brings a chromatic phrase which figures in all the movements as a connecting link, with great variety of treatment. The Allegro is restless and passionate with a second theme of lyric character; the development is complex and has an organ-like passage suggestive of the Finale; the long coda is one of Brahms' most exalted moments." (Vol. 14, p. 48.)

Will he pick out the themes, distinguish them and recognize them at each appearance, as he must do in order to appreciate the movement — will he do all this the more easily for being told that they are foreshadowed, that one of them is chromatic, and that another is lyric? Will he follow the pattern of the Allegro the more easily for being told what he does not need to be told, that the music is restless and passionate? Will the complex development become the more penetrable for his being told it is complex? Will the long coda be illuminated by the opinion that it is one of Brahms's most exalted moments? Not necessarily. But when the layman has learned the themes and the pattern of the movement, then and then only will the explanation have for him whatever meaning and use it can have. (True enough, the one I have quoted is useless because it is not specific.) There is both good and bad material in these books — which seem to me properly designed for those who already know enough about music to read it with understanding and discrimination. Anybody else, who memorizes the facts, ideas and opinions (as in fact he is told to do), will be in possession of the verbal forms of the facts, ideas and opinions which will pass for their substance.

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SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

By Alexander Wayrill

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD. *By Friedrich Alverdes. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.*
THE LIFE OF THE WHITE ANT. *By Maurice Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.*
CONDITIONED REFLEXES. *By I. P. Pavlov. Oxford University Press. $5.00.*

ANIMAL sociology has been a favorite study with naturalists, and many a scientist has forgotten the affairs of his fellowmen and even his own to follow the careers of other creatures. Unfortunately not all investigators of the subject have been scientific.

As a result of the prevalence of the nonscientific attitude the study of the social life of animals finally became cluttered up with incorrect observations and even more incorrect generalizations, and in scientific circles it fell into a disrepute from which it has not yet entirely recovered. A process of sifting and verification has been going on, and Professor Alverdes of the University of Halle has performed a valuable service in presenting a reliable account.

The reader will recognize in animal communities many or all of the various systems of society that have been proposed for mankind; even those that we consider modern (because we have only recently in our history hit upon them) have been practiced by other species for periods of time that are measured in geological epochs. Professor Alverdes begins with an account of sexual relations. Matings are of many types — seasonal and permanent; promiscuous, polygamous, polyandrous, and monogamous. We meet with cases of feminism, as among the phalaropes, where the female does the courting and the male incubates the eggs; and sometimes it is carried to an extreme, as in the worm-like animal in which the male is parasitic on the female. This brings us to a consideration of the family and other communities. We find all gradations of social organization, from the hermit-like existence of some species through flocks and herds to the highly organized socialism of bees, ants, and termites. There are even societies composed of more than one species: these associations may be beneficial to all concerned or the benefits may accrue to one form only. Some of the associations have even been described as slavery, and slave-making ants have regular raids on the nests of others and carry away the young. It will be comforting to egalitarians to learn that in some cases the oppressors have become so dependent that they would starve to death if not fed by their slaves; and it will be equally reassuring to those aristocratically inclined to be informed that the slaves nevertheless continue to feed their masters.

Social inequality may occur also within a species. The "castes" among ants or termites perform different industrial functions; but among other animals distinctions may be entirely social, and bullying and snobbery may exist in a pure form. In a flock of hens, for example, there is a definite "pecking order": A may peck any other hen with impunity, B may peck any other except A, C may peck any other except A and B, etc. The flock is not, however, exclusive. A newcomer is admitted and soon finds her place in the hierarchy; usually this place is permanent, although sometimes a hen revolts successfully and rises in the social scale.

Professor Alverdes also discusses other interesting topics, such as mutual understanding and imitation, instinct, habit, and tradition, and human sociology from the biological point of view.

M. Maeterlinck, unlike Professor Alverdes, does not take the entire animal kingdom for his province. He limits himself to a more modest domain: the termites, a group of insects commonly referred to as white ants, although they are neither ants nor white. The reader who knows the author's "Life of the Bee" will take up the new volume with an anticipation of pleasure, and he will not be disappointed. For if Fabre is the Homer of the insects, M. Maeterlinck may be described

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as their Aeschylus or Sophocles. In his account the small, insignificant-looking creatures seem to be caught up by forces greater than themselves so that what might have been a humble chronicle of everyday life in a termitarium becomes a drama of inevitable destiny and impending doom. The spell is sustained despite the fact that the author does not anthropomorphize his subjects; he does not even attribute to them a non-human consciousness. He merely describes their homes, their habits, their social institutions. He makes no pretence to any original contribution, for — unlike Fabre — he is himself no naturalist. All his statements are based on the work of entomologists and at the end of his book he includes, in the most approved scientific manner, a bibliography of the writings he has consulted. As Aeschylus said that his dramas were crumbs from the table of Homer, M. Maeterlinck might say that he has but gathered crumbs from the table of science. But, like Aeschylus, he has transformed his material. The magic has been distilled, not instilled. Doubtless it can be found in the original pages of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* or the *Transactions of the Second Entomological Congress*. The entomologists must have felt it, for many of them devoted their lives to learning more about the insects as a child asks for more of a fairy tale. But one cannot help wishing, when one lays down M. Maeterlinck's account, that they had been gifted with some of his literary ability.

The termite, like the true ant and the bee, has achieved a high degree of civilization. A termitarium has all the essential characteristics of a civilized community: architecture, engineering, agriculture, social castes, a standing army, and morality. M. Maeterlinck describes the buildings with their labyrinthine galleries; he tells us how the termites mine and tunnel their way through obstacles of all kinds; how they cultivate fungi for food; and how they wage war against their inveterate enemies, the ants. He recounts how, when a breach is made in a termitarium, the soldiers hold back the enemy while behind them the workers wall up the opening, shutting off the defenders themselves from safety. "Is that not," he asks, "a bigger thing than Thermopylae, where at least there was hope?" And in another passage, referring to "their complete abnegation, their ceaseless self-sacrifice to the safety of the state", he adds, "In our community they would be regarded as heroes or saints. They practice the three most formidable vows of our severest orders: poverty, obedience, and chastity. . . ."

M. Maeterlinck realizes that to many human observers such sacrifices do not seem "praiseworthy or admirable because we conceive them to be mechanical, fatal, blind and unconscious". But "if someone observed us as obscurely as we observe the termites, what would he think of the morality that governs ourselves? How would he explain the contradictions, the illogicalities of our conduct, the folly of our quarrels, of our amusements and our wars?"

An answer to these questions may be found in the volume on "Conditioned Reflexes" by Professor Pavlov of Leningrad, one of the world's most eminent physiologists. Professor Pavlov's experiments dealt, to be sure, not with men but with dogs; and he warns the reader that in applying the results to man "great reserve must be exercised and the validity of comparisons must be verified at every step. . . . Nevertheless, inasmuch as the higher nervous activity exhibited by the cortex rests, undoubtedly, on the same foundation in man as in the higher animals, some very general and tentative inferences can even now be drawn from the latter to the former". Professor Pavlov's analysis does much to clarify such phenomena as habit formation, distraction, sleep, hypnosis, and various forms of pathological behavior; and it has important implications for psychology and medicine. For our present purpose, however, the significant point is that the adalysis is entirely in physiological terms: the behavior of man, like that of the termites and other animals, becomes just one reflex after another. Aristotle once quoted from Demodocus the statement that the people of Miletus were not fools but they acted as if they were. These words, with a slight change, are susceptible of a wider interpretation: man, it might be said, is not intelligent but he acts as if he were.

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AFRICANA

By Harry Alan Potamkin

TIMBUCTOO. *By Leland Hall. Harper. $4.00.*
THE BLACK JOURNEY. *By Georges-Marie Haardt and Louis Audouin-Dubreuil. Cosmopolitan. $4.00.*
THE AFRICAN SAGA. *By Blaise Cendrars. Payson and Clarke. $5.00.*
GRITNY PEOPLE. *By R. Emmet Kennedy. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.*

THE changing attitude of the white man toward the Negro is anticipated in the literary treatment of the latter by the former. Except for the burlesque acceptations that persist in the popular stories of an Octavus Roy Cohen, the treatment may be said to be more sympathetic, more appreciative and less instigated by social caste. In the kindly Southern novels the Marse-darky relationship was emphasized, inflating the self-importance of the white man. Occasionally this patronizing attitude is still to be detected in well-meaning books from the South. It is detectable in the appreciative work of R. Emmet Kennedy, particularly in the character of Mr. Amos, the white man in "Gritny People". Mr. Kennedy belongs to the class of literary men one may call the collector-commentators. In "Gritny People" he gives the superstitions, outlooks and personalities their *genre* settings. This is a step ahead in the revealing of the Negro to the world. Mr. Kennedy is direct and faithful. He has gone beyond the reportorial documentations, such as those of Gonzales on Gullah. The literary treatment of the Negro has not advanced very much beyond Mr. Kennedy's commentary, personalization and *genre*. Heyward and Van Vechten, despite their novelizing of the documents, have not transcended the details. Van Vechten has simply sensationalized them. The material awaits a synthetist and converter like Synge to do it justice.

In recent years, with the aesthetic discovery of primitive African sculpture and the investigations of Frobenius and others, the Negro's place of origin, Africa, has been visited by white men not bent on exploitation. Travellers free of the superiority-inferiority myth have discovered in the Dark Continent peoples of luxuriant and disciplined heritage, ethical and aesthetic. Mr. Leland Hall went to Timbuctoo with no purpose in mind. Endowed with an unfanciful appreciation of the actual, and unhampered by any purpose political, commercial or messianic he was able to enjoy the land and its dwellers. His record is honest, straightforward and intelligent — unified and never irksome. Timbuctoo the legendary (it is a town, not a dominion), Timbuctoo the mysterious, becomes not the less interesting with the loss of its obscuring mists. Leland Hall has written a book of travel and residence that possesses none of the traditional inflations and conceits of travelogues. If it does not contain estimates of political and social ramifications, if it is not a volume aiming through analysis toward a synthesis of African ideology, it is still a vivid work presenting the daily life of Timbuctoo.

The Citroën expedition, whose diary is "The Black Journey" was, of course, purposeful. Citroën, the Henry Ford of France, wanted to open automobile routes through Africa. He also wanted to have made ethnological, zoölogical, parasitological, graphic and cinematic investigations and records en route. The literary account of Haardt and Audouin-Dubreuil is the weakest of the three artistic records. The drawings and paintings of Alexander Jacovleff were, I do not doubt, accurate enough but hardly revealing. Poirier's cinematic record surpasses the literary and the graphic accounts. It is the finest travel-picture I have seen. There is no superciliousness in the French film and no fabricated hunt. Accompanied by Petiot's re-organization of Poirier's notes on "jazz Congolese", it is a most convincing story of the native African's inheritance and his contribution to the western dance. If

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one can overlook the tedium of technical details essential to the expedition there is much to gather concerning the ethnology of Africa and political entanglements. The writers are always ardent Frenchmen and perhaps overemphasize the magnanimity of their government. Still, their comment is often valuable, as in the distinction they make between French colonization and British. The Frenchman works through the native, the Englishman through his own emigrant. This difference is partly, of course, a result of population contrasts, but it is also a result of difference in racial viewpoint. The Frenchman is able to accept other races in the light of their own cultures. The Englishman is an exterminater. He is a good colonist — for himself. The Frenchman has allowed the African a racial and folk autonomy. It is likely that nothing more will come of the expedition than good automobile roads in the Dark Continent. This will not exactly favor the native, but I suppose it is inevitable. Still, the reader of its record will discover in it much to influence his appraisal of the Negro, and as such it is an important volume for general circulation.

The white man begins to understand the Negro pertinently and conclusively when he begins to detect in the latter's legends, songs, superstitions, proverbs, dialects their intrinsic potentialities. Documents are essential to the building up of the idea of any individual or society. They are the "case work" fundamentals. But when the inherent quality of the data reveal their convertible forms, then the full understanding and the full acceptance of the people of the data are attained. African primitive plastic art has been utilized by the western painter and sculptor, African music has been utilized by the western composer, but the legends still remain as documents for the most part. Among the few converters of this autochthonous literature, the versatile Blaise Cendrars is preëminent. He has, we are advised, lived in Africa, but it is not this experience that has served him. He went directly to the documents (see the bibliography in The African Saga) and extracted, synthetized and converted. His sensibility directed him to the essential content and form of the legends, fables and lyrics. Their rhythmic structure — the reiterations, the variations, the dictional reductions, etc. — gives them an indigenous reality in the French which is not lost in the translation. A comparison between this "anthology" and that of the German writer, Carl Einstein, reveals the excellence of Cendrars. This is the conversion — the transformation, as Roger Fry would say — that is art.

BEAUTY—IN BOOKS

By Florenz Ziegfeld

ANY GIRL CAN BE GOOD-LOOKING. *By Hazel Rawson Cades. Appleton. $1.50.*
THE ETIQUETTE OF BEAUTY. *By Dorothy Cox. Doran. $5.00.*
BEAUTY AND TRUTH. *By Lois Leeds and Hilda Kaji. Lippincott. $2.50.*

ALAS and alack, my days of hard work are not yet over. I must continue to hunt for beautiful girls if I intend to keep the Follies running, and the prematurely bald-headed row pleased. Last week I thought that all my worries in this respect were over; that beautiful girls would be as plentiful as the fish in the sea. But I was mistaken, cruelly disappointed; and the cause of my grief was the little book, "Any Girl Can Be Good-Looking".

Though I am in no way an authority on books, I venture to say that there has never been a more inviting title in the whole history of literature. I can't imagine any combination of words better calculated to stir up secret hopes, fears, doubts, and desires. The title got me. That's certain. I thought that I would never again have to

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look at a homely girl. But I was fooled. And I am afraid many a young lady will be fooled if she believes anything she sees in print. The disillusionment, however, is gradual.

The first chapter, for instance, starts definitely with the magic slogan, set in large italics: *Any girl can be good-looking.* On the next page, the blithe promise is repeated again, but in smaller type. From this point on, the diminution is subtle but certain, all hope finally trickling out with this tricky sentence: "Any girl can be good-looking. But not all girls can be good-looking in the same way".

The "easiest way", from the standpoint of the author, is evidently to talk about something else; and she straightway begins to hedge, shifting somehow from physical beauty to such faraway matters as the care of clothes, shopping, and affectation in speech. As a result, the definite aids to beautification are few, the real task being assigned to the physician. The greatest burden, however, is left finally to the girl herself, for she — poor soul — must accomplish miracles by her ability to "wish more beauty in the world". Also, she must reconcile herself to miscellaneous statements of this sort:

"Tipped up noses limit and direct one's type."

"My theory on type is that you should develop to the utmost what you have."

"Buying isn't always a virtue, sometimes it's a weakness. Frequently it's a mistake. Quite often it's a form of dissipation."

"A color is good if it is good to you."

But what of the girl who is not beautiful and wants to be? I'm afraid her only solace must be found in the author's easy question: "Don't you think it might be a whole lot worse?"

When I picked up "The Etiquette of Beauty" I felt distinctly embarrassed, for I never knew before that there was such a thing.

"Perhaps," I said to myself, "I have been neglecting all these years certain pulchritude conventions that are as essential as tipping my hat to a lady and walking out backwards when leaving the presence of royalty."

When I had finished the volume, however, I was still ignorant, for I did not find a blooming thing about what to do and what not to do. In all other matters, though, I found this the best book on beauty I have read in a long time — clear, informative and instructive in spite of a somewhat sugary style. I have taken the liberty, therefore, of selecting at random a number of sensible suggestions and adjurations that are doubtless familiar yet worth while.

"Do not risk face peeling to be beautiful. Let no one persuade you to have melted paraffin injected under your skin."

"Taking a tuck in the surface coverings does not prevent their sagging ever after."

"Use your body if you want to keep it healthy and keenly alive. Swimming makes new and unusual demands on dormant tissues. Ride horseback. Play tennis. Drink water. Walking is the best corset in the world. Begin your day with five minutes of deep breathing. Keep open vessels of water near your radiators and hot air registers. Let the sun soak into your tissues."

"Don't try to gobble life before it reaches you."

"There is real danger in being far under weight."

"Show your good taste by knowing just how obvious make-up may be and still improve your appearance."

"Extremes of coiffure are exacting. You must have perfectly chiseled features to have them become you."

"Moderation is half the secret of success in perfume. The woman who uses the same perfume forever might as well use no perfume."

"Chronic worry is the greatest mental enemy of feminine beauty. It is almost never too late to attack a mental habit in yourself."

Though there are detailed charts on calories, I found not a jot about the caloric content of alcohol. Yet the young ladies ought to know something about this, for sometimes I believe they do drink cocktails.

I fear, in passing, that the notes on making up the hands may do away with the time honored custom known as "holding hands".

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Once my lady's hands are coated with cosmetics she must necessarily keep them to herself.

The most important information that I found in "Beauty and Truth" came in the first line:

"Beauty problems fall into two groups, namely, those that can be remedied mainly by local treatments, and those that require an improvement in general health."

The local treatments as presented here consist of elaborate series of exercises for the elimination of wrinkles, and facial massages necessary for the overcoming of disproportionate growth.

Though the presentation of all these matters was simple, clear, extensively illustrated, charted, and honest enough, their efficacy, insofar as defects of the form and face are concerned, was not convincing. I have always believed that massaging out a wrinkle in one place eventually causes another wrinkle somewhere else; that tightening the pores with an astringent one day leaves them looser a year hence; that skins coated with creams, oils, perfumes and packs might be just as well off if left alone and free to the air.

In these days, when physicians announce a new corrective or cure, they confirm their theories with a record of proved cases. But instructors in beauty methods do not, I believe, follow this scientific procedure. How can they prove, then, that massaging, facial creams, exercises and lotions make a skin better or worse? What preceptor in beauty will reinforce his directions with laboratory proof; with certain evidence by actual measurement and definite change of line and texture?

Personally, I shall welcome such a preceptor, for though I believe in health and exercise as fundamental to beauty, I believe also in sane aids to beauty. The medical profession has too long neglected the continuous necessity for making homely people more attractive.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF NATIONS

By Parker Tyler

ONCE a book leaves the press, it breaks the ties of national temperament and technique and exists as a vacuum for the experiment of universal emotion. Perhaps the supreme importance of the language in which a book is originally written is an illusion. Language is simply a means of conveying modes of feeling, depending for subtlety on the original wielder. If the translator of a book be capable, that is, if he be acquainted thoroughly with the nuances of the language he is translating, there is no logical reason why the same essences of emotion may not be redistilled into another language. The book, primarily, is for the individual temperament, not for any denominated mass: certain books in their own language are doubtless incomprehensible to certain types of men.

An excellent example in illustration of the fact that language, even though it may be a competent medium, may be entirely disregarded as valuable, thus denegating the precise value of the idiomatic position, is Mr. Arnold Bennett's *The Vanguard* (Doran, $1.50). A proven man of letters and the possessor of a flexible and sometimes highly brilliant style, Mr. Bennett is notorious for doffing his literary conscience, so that at any time he may be expected to issue some fable as bedizened with cute values, yet as shallow aesthetically, as a subway advertisement. "The Vanguard" is one of them, and though it has verve, and rates as a kind of fourth class entertainment, Mr. Bennett's usual easy technical disposition of his story creates the impression of a strong man brilliantly manipulating a toothpick.

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Mr. Alexander Neweroff's *City of Bread* (Doran, $2.50) is a book that placed next to "The Vanguard" is a most invigorating experience, for it has all the stable virtues of literature that Mr. Bennett's book lacks. This book deals with the most tragic and unpleasant things of life — dirt, famine, death — yet its sense of poetry and pity is not short of masterly. It is the story of Mishka, a little peasant boy, who undertakes a perilous journey to Tashkent, the fabled city, to get bread for his starving mother and little brothers and sisters; the consciousness of the story is entirely Mishka's, and the vision, thoughts and emotions of a quick-witted twelve-year-old boy are depicted realistically and with unsurpassed imagination. Mr. Neweroff's eye for illuminating detail, or what may be called the dramatic synthesis of description, is especially keen.

Mr. Klaus Mann is an author whose youth is evident by the immaturity of his little book, *The Fifth Child* (Boni & Liveright, $1.50). In an odd blend of childhood idyll and love episode, Mr. Mann shows a fine quality of conscious skill in depicting child psychology, but his organic conception of the book is decidedly confused, since the whole thing is an irrelevantly elaborated incident, lacking even unity of moods.

The modern development of the novel along the lines of psychological verity has enabled Mr. Desider Kostolanyi in *The Bloody Poet* (Macy-Masius, $2.00) to infuse a new vitality into the historical method (O accursed method!). Nero is the central character, and it is not the schoolbook tyrant and libertine we view, but a vividly embodied study of frustrated aspiration. The emperor has everything but that which he craves with a singular ardor — poetic genius. He tries to convince himself he has it, but he is intelligent enough to be constantly haunted by the absolute knowledge of his defect. This novel assumes a subjective significance which the historical novel rarely owns, for Mr. Kostolanyi, it seems, cannot conceal a certain contempt for his tragic hero, as though he might be one of his own complexes. Despite some excellently imagined and important scenes, the mechanical puppet-like construction of Nero's character with which Mr. Kostolanyi seems to have expressed his fear and anger at Nero estranges the reader from the sense of supreme tragedy that should be conveyed by a novel in this key.

Mr. Octave Aubry's *On the King's Couch* (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) deals with a class and a generation which have probably had the most mechanical regard for love of any in history. The gaiety in these pages of Casanova's escapades has an artificial-light effect that chills one. What a frightful ritual of sexual anarchy these poor people must have endured — and for what reason? To honor a preposterous current fashion. Somewhere their hearts must have rebelled. . . . All archetypes are people who have gained distinction by a kind of madness or disease; Casanova and Cellini suffered from promiscuity.

Mr. Panaït Istrati brings a strange sensibility to literature, a curious, unsettled contribution. *Uncle Anghel* (Knopf, $2.50) is a blend of folk-realism and hero-myth. The hero-myth was meant to teach us how to live, to triumph over life's obstacles, but with an intuitive folk-cynicism, Mr. Istrati drains the high-handed passionate deeds of his hero of their essential value. The most moving thing about the book is its dismay before the pestilential evil of life — a profound innocent resentment that one associates with naïve poets. But this quality is almost lost in the latter half of the book, which recounts in a rather splendid style the deeds of a Roumanian folk-hero.

If Miss Mary Biggs had felt an exigency for style as she has felt an exigency for expression in her *Lily-Iron* (McBride, $2.00) she would have written a notable book. But her talent seems to come untutored from some place where civilization has not quite permeated the soil. One finds admirable a certain freshness of perception and a vigorous stroke in Miss Biggs's book, while one deplores the lack of sentence-balance — sentence melody, is better — which would have given its rather theatrical conceptions their inevitably demanded illusions.

Mr. Henri de Montherlant's novel, *The Bullfighters* (Dial, $2.50), centers about the psychology of (reputedly) one of the most unique and moving spectacles provided by

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the fecundity of the modern world, the bullfight. After reading the highly diverse reactions of Mr. Waldo Frank and Mr. D. H. Lawrence, neither of whom, I believe, ever faced a bull in the arena, this book of Mr. Montherlant, who is a practised bullfighter, has a pronounced air of disillusion. Endowed with neither the unctuous artistic hysteria of Mr. Frank, nor the remote godlike disgust of Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Montherlant's descriptions seem like severe technical disclosures. His hero is the actor to whom is revealed the farce behind the drama, and whom it strikes with sardonic humor and a little real remorse: ". . . the soft-colored entrails (of the bull), pink, blue, green, rainbow-hued like a soap bubble; they made one think of ripe fruit".

PEDANTIC HUMOR

PEDANTIC HUMOUR. No essential distinction is intended between this & POLYSYLLABIC HUMOUR; one or the other name is more appropriate to particular specimens, & the two headings are therefore useful for reference; but they are manifestations of the same impulse, & the few remarks needed may be made here for both. A warning is necessary, because we have all of us, except the abnormally stupid, been pedantic humourists in our time. We spend much of our childhood picking up a vocabulary; we like to air our latest finds; we discover that our elders are tickled when we come out with a new name that they thought beyond us; we devote some pains to tickling them further; & there we are, pedants & polysyllabists all. The impulse is healthy for children, & nearly universal — which is just why warning is necessary; for among so many there will always be some who fail to realize that the clever habit applauded at home will make them insufferable abroad. Most of those who are capable of writing well enough to find readers do learn with more or less of delay that playful use of long or learned words is a one-sided game boring the reader more than it pleases the writer, that the impulse to it is a danger-signal — for there must be something wrong with what they are saying if it needs recommending by such puerilities — & that yielding to the impulse is a confession of failure. But now & then even an able writer will go on believing that the incongruity between simple things to be said & out-of-the-way words to say them in has a perennial charm; it has, for the reader who never outgrows hobbledehoyhood; but for the rest of us it is dreary indeed. It is possible that acquaintance with such labels as *pedantic & polysyllabic humour* may help to shorten the time that it takes to cure a weakness incident to youth.

An elementary example or two should be given. The words *homoeopathic* (small or minute), *sartorial* (of clothes), *interregnum* (gap), are familiar ones: — *To introduce 'Lords of Parliament' in such homoeopathic doses as to leave a preponderating power in the hands of those who enjoy a merely hereditiary title. / While we were motoring out to the station I took stock of his sartorial aspect, which had changed some what since we parted./ In his vehement action his breeches fall down & his waistcoat runs up, so that there is a great interregnum.* — H. W. Fowler in "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage".

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Co-operation with the Public Libraries of America

Two new books have gained the popularity which intensive demands at the libraries indicate and make this mid-winter report somewhat more newsy than usual at this time of year. There is little to say about "Transition" and "Bismarck" which has not been better said elsewhere: but if a reporter may venture in the realm of prophecy (it has been done) the suggestion that "Transition" will not climb to a high place in the library records is modestly put forward. That does not imply any lack of merit in Dr. Durant's personal story, but merely that public library trustees, as quasi-public officials, are prone to discourage the circulation of books containing violently controversial matter. The barring of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" from the shelves of a Western library is a case in point. And while in the prophesying business, let your reporter suggest that two books, the titles of which have not yet appeared in this score, are headed towards it: Mark Sullivan's second volume of "Our Times" and John Erskine's "Adam and Eve". — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	A Good Woman	*Louis Bromfield*	STOKES
2.	Jalna	*Mazo de la Roche*	LITTLE
3.	Kitty	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
4.	Death Comes for the Archbishop	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
5.	The Grandmothers	*Glenway Wescott*	HARPER
6.	Dusty Answer	*Rosamund Lehmann*	HOLT
7.	Elmer Gantry	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
8.	God and the Groceryman	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
9.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
10.	Barberry Bush	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
12.	Wall Flowers	*Temple Bailey*	PENN

GENERAL

1.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	SIMON
2.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	HARCOURT
3.	"We"	*Charles Lindbergh*	PUTNAM
4.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
5.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	LIVERIGHT
6.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
7.	The Glorious Adventure	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
8.	Revolt in the Desert	*T. E. Lawrence*	DORAN
9.	What CAN a Man Believe?	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
10.	Transition*	*Will Durant*	SIMON
11.	Bismarck*	*Emil Ludwig*	PUTNAM
12.	This Believing World	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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BOSTON

(*Continued from page 611*)

she had not yet earned the six dollars, nor even the chance to earn them!

She put the contents of her straw suit-case away in the drawers and started to shove the suit-case under the bed, but discovered that the way was blocked by a couple of boxes containing books. This surprised her, and she sat on the bed and examined them. "Manzoni", was the first name, and she had heard it somewhere; but the title "I Promessi Sposi", told her nothing. The next was "A. O. Olivetti: Azione Diretta e Mediazione"; and that told her nothing either. The next was "Le Scuole Clericale", and she judged that must be a religious book; the next, "G. Most: La Peste Religiosa", must be the same. These people would probably be devout, and would they expect a "Yankee lady" to go to church with them? The next was "Ernesto Renan: La Vita di Gesu". She had heard of that, but had the impression that it was an agnostic book; surely her rector had spoken of it as taking Jesus for a man pure and simple. However, these people would not expect her to know about their authors.

She went outside to enjoy the evening. There was a vegetable garden in back of the house, all green and shiny after recent rains. A man was working here, with his coat off; a big fellow, with long arms flying vigorously as he threw the dirt. Cornelia was pleased by his diligence, because it promised fresh food for the table. She walked down the path and said, "Good evening", and he stopped his labors. She had given her name as "Mrs. Cornell", and now he greeted her as "Miz' Cornella". Just as the London working-classes drop the "h" where it belongs and put it where it does not belong, so these Italians did with vowels; they would say, "You lika da spagett'?"

"I am Mist' Brini," said the gardener; and Cornelia said, "I am glad to know you" — which was true enough, for she had been timid on the subject of foreign men, and this one, her future landlord, was reassuring. He was of middle age, and sometimes his face would be puzzled, and sometimes it would be amused; but always it was honest. His arms were hairy, and his large head set on a long neck. "Plenty gooda vegetable," said he. "You lika da minestrone?" He waved his arm with a gesture which seemed to sweep the whole garden into a pot, and offer it for her evening meal. Cornelia was to observe, as time passed, that Vincenzo Brini would never lose a chance to make a gesture; he would invent a whole pantomime to convey the meaning of a single word, and there was no trouble too great to be taken in these demonstrations.

"You lika da cipolla?" he inquired, pointing to another row.

"Onions?" inquired the other.

"You teacha da Eengleesh, I teach Italian." Brini grinned like a boy, and pointed to another row. "Ravanelli."

"Radishes," said Cornelia.

"Bietola," said Brini.

"Beets," said Cornelia.

This educational game went on until it was interrupted by the appearance of another man; a laborer arriving from his day's toil, with his coat over his sweat-stained arms, and a dinner-pail in his hand. Brini forgot his rows of vegetables and called, "Hello, Bart!" He added a torrent of words in Italian, evidently explaining the strange lady. "You meeta my frienda, Bart, he boarda by us, long time board."

The new-comer was a tall and somewhat stooped man; Cornelia was puzzled, because he seemed to be young, yet his face had many lines of care. He wore a brown moustache, which was left to nature, and drooped to a long point on each side of his mouth, giving him the appearance of a grave and amiable walrus. He was a dignified person, and did not indulge in the Brini fervors. "I pleased to meet you, lady," he said. "My Eengleesh ver' bad, I shame for heem."

"She teacha da Eengleesh!" put in Brini. "You teacha heem plenty, Miz' Cornella, he learna queeck, he bigga studént, got plenty book, read all time."

"Oh! Those must be your books under my bed!" said Cornelia.

"I taka heem out, lady," said the new-comer, at once, and started towards the house. Cornelia, with her woman's intuition, noted that this young laborer thought about others before he thought about himself.

"Fermati!" exclaimed Brini. "You no go in lady's room, you waita!" He grinned, and explained to Cornelia, "He no onderstand politess, he reada da book, molto studioso, all day. Getta da job, maka da little mon', give up job, reada book. He greata man, my frienda Bart —" and Brini's hairy arm went around the other's shoulders in a hug —" he gooda man — besta man — you ask all Italian in Plye-moot' — dey tella you — never soocha gooda man in all state Massachusett like my frienda Bartolomeo Vanzett'."

III

The family sat down to supper. It was not a big kitchen and they were crowded, with elbows

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touching: Papa Brini at the head of the table, Mamma at the foot, the three children on one side and Cornelia and her fellow-boarder on the other. She had been wondering what she would eat among these foreign people; she found a big bowl of salad with plenty of oil and vinegar, a chunk of parmigiano cheese, a loaf of bread in Italian fashion, shaped like a letter H, and finally a bottle of red wine, of which the children had a little and the women had one glass; the men were supposed to finish the rest. But she learned that Vanzetti would take no wine; out of the books he had got ideas about health and was a vegetarian most of the time. He explained to the new guest in his struggling English: "Poor people molto fortunato — how you say, lucky — no can buy richa food. You eata simple t'ing, you keepa da healt' all lifa long". After which ensued an argument with Papa Brini, who made it clear both by words and action that he looked upon the wine when it was any color whatever. He laughed gaily and explained to Cornelia the most elementary of Italian puns, "divino da vino".

It is customary in Italian gatherings for the women, and especially old women, to keep in the background; but these humble people were showing especial honor to their guest, including her in the conversation and making her feel at home. They had to struggle with strange words and call upon the children; and Cornelia was interested to observe these latter and their behavior. The oldest was about ten, small, dark-eyed, quiet and pretty; her name Lafevre, which they shortened to "Fay". She was going to public school, as was her brother Beltrando, and it was curious how completely Americanized they were, with the quiet reserve of the New Englander and even the broad "a" and the murdered "r". Boston was having its way with them!

"Fay" served as the dictionary for their conversation; an abridged one, needless to say. She was teaching Vanzetti English, he explained, and he was teaching her Italian — that is the Tuscan dialect, the Italian of literature. The Brinis came from the neighborhood of Bologna and spoke the dialect of that region; Vanzetti spoke as a Piedmontese, but since he had begun to educate himself he had learned the classical language and wanted Fay to know it too. It would be a poor exchange for a child to acquire American newspapers and magazines and give up Dante.

Cornelia had come among these foreign people with no little trepidation. It was the common phrase among her social set that the Italians, or "wops", as they were called, "lived like pigs". She had been prepared for dirt, degeneracy, brutality, even crime. Would she be able to stand it? Would she be physically safe in the midst of it? And now she sat, nibbling a clean salad and good bread and butter and cheese, and sipping an acceptable claret, listening to an Italian ditch-digger, who had washed at least his hands and face and put on a clean dry shirt in her honor, and now was holding forth upon the subject of the "Divina Commedia"!

Cornelia stated that she had read the poem — in Longfellow's translation; and from that moment he and she were friends. "Oh, da greata poet, da greata man! You reada heem, you know Italia, you lova da people! He was frienda da people, Miz' Cornella, he was — what you say it — ribello." He turned to little Fay, but she did not know long words, and he had to explain a "ribello" by frowning and shaking his fist. "De reecha men drive heem out, he live long time esilio, he suffer, he speaka da trut'. I no read heem till I come America. I younga man, worka by cloobba New York — great reecha cloobba, I washa da deesh. And such filt' I see, it maka you seek; you no eata da suppa if I tell it you what I see in soocha place. Beeg dining room, granda — marmoreo, how you say it? All reecha, much light, bigga men all dressa beeg shirt" — the speaker made signs to indicate an open shirt-front, and puffed himself out so that Cornelia decided her son-in-law, Rupert Alvin, must have been to dinner in that "cloobba"!

"Evening dress," said she, helping him along.

"Joosta so — aristocratico, eccelso! And in pantry, in place for washa da deesh, soocha filt'! I gotta little room, alto, high up, povero. Come home, I moocha tired, go sleepa queeck. But I come by Italian book-store, I see Dante, ver' cheap for poor man. I say, greata poet, for shame I be sooch — what you say it — ignoranza. So I take heem home, I read, forgetta da sleep, forgetta da greata reecha cloob, da padrone maledirante — I live wit' da greata soul in olda time, I fighta da priest, clericali, I see heem in da hella — scusa me, lady — we say it in Italia more polita, l'inferno."

The speaker paused long enough to gulp a mouthful of bread and cheese; then he began again: "I say Fay, I say Trando, not forgetta greata poet of old country. You reada heem, you have greata soul, you be strong, never 'fraid, you bear it — what you say it — infortunio, calamita. I go by Italian book-store, I say, You give me ever'ting Dante, I read heem all. I reada book — not poem, how you say?"

"Prose?"

"'Il Convito.' That is, you sitta down for suppa, lika dis, but gooda suppa — plenty friend come — maka feast."

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"The Banquet?" said Cornelia.

"So," said Vanzetti, and he recited a passage, and then, with many gestures, and mixing of Italian words with English, he conveyed to the Yankee lady what his great teacher had to say on the subject of riches. The widow of Josiah Quincy Thornwell, mother of three millionaires' wives, now learned upon authority of one of the world's great seers that it is the amassing of wealth which imperils and slays cities and nations; that riches do not come to the good man, because his mind is upon weightier matters; that the man of right appetite and true knowledge never loves them.

"You learn little bit," said Vanzetti, "I maka you onderstand heem Italian. No can make Eengleesh, spoil beautifool sound. You hear heem — listen, Miz' Cornella." He began to recite, lingering over every syllable, sounding all the vowels broad and long, as the Italians do:

"Per me si va nella città dolente;
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore."

"He sadda man," said Vanzetti; "never soocha sorrowful man live on eart'. He call it l'inferno — lika you say American, 'hella', but not for curse-word, Miz' Cornella, you know what da priesta teach, da place for punish badda men."

"I understand."

"But you no believa da priest, it is all same hella here, what badda men maka for poor man, killa da people in war. You reada Dante, you no t'ink l'inferno, you t'ink Italia, you t'ink America, here, now. So he say" — and the speaker repeated the verses, and painfully worked out their English equivalent:

"By me you go into da sadda city;
By me you go into da endless sorrow:
By me you go among da losta people.
Joostice it mov-èd him, my greata maker."

It is a fact that much great poetry has been written in the dialects of the poor and humble; it is a fact that Dante's own dialect was that, until he made it a world-language. But Cornelia did not know this, and did not realize that the Italian ditch-digger was making good poetry of his own. She only knew that she was managing to understand what his teacher meant to him: "Perduta gente, Miz' Cornella — it is not people what have deny da priest and go hella, it is people what is poor and no got friend, go for be shot, and kill-èd in bigga war. Dat is perduta gente, losta people; for soocha people it maka me tears in da heart."

IV

The family was stirring early. Brini did an hour's work in the garden before he went to his job and his friend Bart insisted upon helping. Mrs. Brini made the coffee and "frittata" for breakfast and would not let Cornelia help, but instead made her listen to good advice. "You no try be foreign woman, dey glad for have Yankee lady worka by cordage. You tella heem osband die, you harda luck, musta get job. But you no be 'fraid, plenty coraggio, plenty odder job. You say got to have day work, no letta heem give nighta job. Wartime maka plenty job, you no be fraid."

Vanzetti was working for the cordage company, " — worka picka shov", was the way he phrased it; digging a ditch for a pipe-line they were laying. So he walked with Cornelia, and gave her more advice. "You have harda time, Miz' Cornella, olda lady, no giovane, molta affaticata — harda work. You go easy, no be scare of boss, he no die hungry if you no killa self for heem. You worka slow, taka time. You losa job, we help, no let gooda lady hungry."

So Cornelia went boldly into the employment office and looked the clerk in the eye and said, "I would like employment".

It was the first time she had offered herself for sale, and it was a new sensation to be looked over from the market point of view. "Ever worked at cordage?"

"No, sir."

"What have you done?"

"I taught school. Then I married. Now I am a widow, and must support myself."

"This work is pretty hard for an old lady."

"I'm not afraid of hard work. I'll take care of that. But I want a daytime job."

"You might do wrapping," said the clerk. He consulted a chart. "We have no vacancy, but we might move somebody on."

"Thank you," said Cornelia. "Arrange that, if you please." She was trying a little "psychology" on him, and it appeared to work. He asked her questions and entered her replies on a card; and presently she found herself in charge of a messenger, passing through the high steel gates.

It was a long walk to her destination; this greatest cordage plant in the world extended three-quarters of a mile along the bay-front, with a covered dock to which the ships came to unload their cargos of sisal, and railroad tracks and switch-yards for the cars which carried away rope and binder twine. The roar of machinery was everywhere, and men hurrying about like busy

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ants. Cornelia stayed close to her guide, who knew his way through the labyrinth of labor, and would deliver her safely to her little niche.

The ceiling of the wrapping-room was low — no space was wasted. The coils of rope came through upon an endless platform and a row of women sat sewing burlap covers with long needles and hempen thread. Cornelia's escort spoke to the foreman, who took another woman off the job, gave her seat to Cornelia and showed her the work. She had to turn the coil of rope a certain distance, take up a threaded needle, turn in the edges of the burlap cover and sew a certain number of stitches; all this within a calculated time, before the motion of the platform took the coil of rope out of her reach and brought a new one to her.

It took an intelligent person about five minutes to learn all there was to the job; after that it was just the same motions over and over. At first it was agreeable; Cornelia's problem was solved, and she could take glimpses at the other women in the line and at the room and the machinery. But after an hour or two the unaccustomed muscles and nerves began to make protest; she was tired and her hands were trembling. The hempen thread was long and so was the motion of her arm; if you think it is not tiresome to wave your arm for several hours — try it! She began to feel dizzy and the coil of rope, which had at first moved normally, now seemed to be glued to the platform and refused to turn. She had no way to tell the time; she was at the mercy of this enormous machine which had run wild and forgotten the clock, and would go on until the row of arm-waving women were paralyzed!

But at last the siren sounded; and then Cornelia understood, without any sociological discussion, why it was that the workers leaped up in a flash and hurried outdoors. For herself, she did not move; all she wanted was to lie back against the wall and close her trembling eyelids and let her tired hands drop. She had brought lunch in a little box, but she did not want it; she only wanted to be still. She answered faintly the other women who sat near and expressed their sympathy. They knew how it was at first and sought to reassure her; it would be easier by and by, her fingers and back would get used to it. But she was an old lady, to be tackling a job like this.

Yes, Cornelia was old; she had never felt so old in her life before. She had been foolish to attempt such a thing; she might have known she couldn't see it through. But then she shut her tired fists and clenched her teeth. She had made up her mind to get a job and stick to that job, whatever it turned out to be. Now this was it, and it was do or die.

V

The siren sounded again and the great machine started to rumble. Cornelia picked up the threaded needle with her shaking fingers, and began making the motions against which her being rebelled. She saw her future stretching out to infinity; every morning from seven until twelve she would sit and make these motions; then she would rest an hour and make them again from one until six. And those ten hours would be ten hours, and no nonsense about them, no fine sentiment. Cornelia recalled her reason for selecting the Plymouth Cordage Company as her first employer. Old Mr. Perry — J. Lawrence Perry, a director of the company — was such a kindly old gentleman; she had heard him talk so much about the "welfare work" they were doing and what a beautiful plant it was and how happy and contented the workers were. It had sounded quite idyllic and Cornelia had swallowed it whole. Mr. Perry gave money to various charities, and also gave time to running them, and everybody admired him so. But now it came to Cornelia in a flash that she didn't care in the least what he did with the money he got by selling these coils of rope; what she wanted was for his machinery to stop for a few minutes! All the love and fine sentiment in the world didn't matter a particle, so long as you had to sit here ten hours out of twenty-four making the same motions over and over!

Nor did it matter that rope was clean and even romantic, having to do with ships! Cornelia had pleased herself by that vain imagining; but now she realized that she wasn't going to see any ships, nor have anything to do with the rope, except to take eighteen or twenty stitches around the edges. She wasn't going to know what became of the product after it left her fingers; she wasn't even going to know, except by hearsay, how it came to be what it was. The dear, gentle, white-haired old Mr. Perry hadn't provided any system for escorting his employees through the plant and showing them the process. Each one went to his own appointed spot and was standing there when the siren blew and stayed there until it blew again five hours later. One job was the same as the next — except for one difference, the amount of money in the pay envelope when it was torn open. Some day Cornelia would point that out to dear old Mr. Perry and see the shocked look on his placid face. The idea gave her satisfaction, helping to drive from her consciousness the clamor of aching muscles and nerves.

When at last the siren blew again, one of the other women had to help Cornelia from her seat.

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She was the last to escape from the building, and the last to reach the gates. Brini and Vanzetti were waiting for her and they ran quickly and put their strong arms under her feeble, trembling ones — and what dear, good, honest, kind Italian laborers they seemed! They could read in her face how exhausted she was and they half carried her along the street. All the way, Vanzetti was murmuring, "Poor Miz' Cornella! Too harda job for olda lady! You no keep so harda job!"

And when they had got home and she said that she did not want any supper, but just to lie down on the bed, it was the disciple of Dante who brought her a glass of milk and forced her to drink it, whether or no. While he watched her, he said, "Miz' Cornella, you no go back for cordage jobba. You do little housework, you helpa da seeck little bit, no try mill work, you too olda lady, no usèd so harda work! I got little money in bank, I helpa you little bit, we all help, you get little job wit' Yankee family — "

But Cornelia said "I'll be all right in the morning. I'm not going to give up my place".

VI

Cornelia had hoped to find it easier the next day, but was disappointed. She slept badly and woke up with every muscle in her back and arms and fingers sore. It was a continual effort of the will to make these aching muscles do their work and each hour of labor was a new ordeal. It was many days before these pains began to diminish and she paid for the effort by a sensitiveness in the shoulders and back for the rest of her life. The doctors called it "articular rheumatism" and were satisfied when they had given it such an impressive name. The patient was expected to be equally satisfied with the achievement.

Cornelia ought to have been flattered by her social success in Suosso's Lane. Each morning she had two able-bodied men to escort her to work, and the same two and a small boy to bring her home in the evening. The whole family would baby her, putting her to bed, insisting upon bringing her supper, and refusing to let her do any sort of work. She could eat lying back on a pillow, and they could talk to her from the kitchen where they ate. They made a regular function of it, with no end of fun and laughter.

Why did they do it? Was it the innate kindness of the poor? Would any Italian family have done the same for an elderly woman who was in trouble? Cornelia hoped it was true; but she began to suspect that there were special factors in her case. She was a "Yankee lady" and these people knew themselves for "wops" to the rulers of a strange rich land. It must have been evident to them that this mysterious elderly person with the slight frame and soft muscles, the gentle voice and sensitive feelings had been used to a different kind of life. She had come out into the cold world at the age of sixty, alone and friendless, to fight her own way. And why? She told them she had been left a widow and their imaginations had done the rest. She had been thrown into destitution; cruel relatives had deprived her of her inheritance! Some such simple and naïve story they had made up for her and so she stood for romance to them.

Vanzetti insisted upon heating a glass of milk hot for Cornelia because it was nice and soothing that way and easy for a tired lady to digest. Later, when he went outdoors, Mrs. Brini remarked, "He so kinda heart, no can let anybody hurt. One time we got baby cat — how you say, kitten — poor little kitten getta seeck. He molto seeck, my hosband he say, no good for suffer, he sure die, I keela heem. So he taka kitten by neck, for go outside and hitta heem on head. And Bart, he near go crazy. 'No, by Godda, you no keela kitten?' 'Buttalo gini!' say my man. 'What you t'ink, I gotta time for seecka kitten all time?' 'You giva heem me, I got plenty time,' say Bart, and he taka da kitten, he maka little box, he put heem in wit' grass for soft, he maka heem bed, and joosta soon he come homa night, he feeda da kitten wit' warm milk".

Cornelia laughed. "So that is where he learned it! I am his sick kitten!" And when Vanzetti came back, she called herself that and it gave great glee to Fay and Trando, who told her the Italian word, "gattina", and it would have become her nickname, only their mother made them stop because it was not dignified.

To help them out, Cornelia told them that at home she had gone by the name of "Grannie", and they told her the Italian equivalent, which was "Nonna", and began to call her that. Everybody had nick-names in this family and wanted Cornelia to call them by these, so that she would really belong. Alfonsina Brini was "Cicadet", the meaning of which was not clear. The youngest child was called "Dolly", because of the ragdoll she was never without. Vanzetti had a special name for Beltrando, a high-strung little fellow, who frequently did not get along with the boys outside; he would come in crying, and Vanzetti, to tease him out of it, would call him "Magoon", the Bolognese word for "sorry".

Papa Brini did not understand his sensitive child very well, so the boarder had taken over the task of his moral guidance; Vanzetti would sometimes romp with him and sometimes scold

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him, and sometimes explain life to him in serious discourses. The boy adored him and would follow him about, watching his every move. Vanzetti liked to go for long walks after his supper, to lose himself in thought; when it was stormy, he would walk back and forth in the kitchen, four steps of his long legs one way, and then four steps the other, completely oblivious to everything in the house. Perhaps because of the shortness of the space he would now and then take little steps, as if he were dancing; and Trando would follow behind him, back and forth, doing his best to reproduce each motion. The others would smile, but Vanzetti never seemed to know about it. What was he thinking at these times? What were the guiding ideas of this unusual Italian ditch-digger?

VII

One evening Cornelia sat on the steps of the porch, drinking in the soft breeze, watching the fire-flies and listening to the crickets. In the garden of the next house a woman was working and she came to the fence and said, with a substantial Irish brogue, "Good evenin', mum".

"Good evening," said Cornelia, politely; then to her surprise the woman said, "Would ye come over here, mum? I have somethin' to say". So Cornelia moved her stiff joints and limped over to the fence. "My name is Mrs. O'Dowd," said the neighbor, and Cornelia said, "I am Mrs. Cornell".

"Pleased to meet ye, Mrs. Cornell." She lowered her voice as she went on: "I have been watchin', and 'tis evident to me yez are an American lady, and perhaps ye do not know these Eyetalians. So, no offense, but I thought it might be good to give a bit of warnin'".

"Of what, Mrs. O'Dowd?"

"Likely ye did not know these Brinis before ye come to board with them — is that so?"

"Yes, it is."

"Sure, and I knowed it; says I to me man, 'She's picked them up on the street or somethin''."

"I met the little boy on the street."

"Sure I was of it. 'Tis a good lad he is, I've nothin' agin him, barrin' that now and then his ball will bounce into me garden. Well, Mrs. Cornell, ye'd ought to know that ye have fell into a bunch of dangerous people — the worst there is in this town or many another — arnychists, the lot of them."

"Arnychists?" said Cornelia, puzzled.

"The very bad kind, mum, the Eyetalian kind, the murderin' and bomb-throwin' arnychists."

"Oh, Mrs. O'Dowd! You really think they do that?"

"I've never saw them do it, mum, but 'tis what the neighbors say, and the priest he is forever preachin' agin them, warnin' us that we shall not speak to them for any reason. For, ye see, 'tis not only the bombs, but 'tis atheists they are; they do not go to any church at all, mum, and their childer have never been baptized, they are lost souls the lot of them."

"Lost souls," said Cornelia, "how terrible!" And in the back of her consciousness was an echo of a melodious phrase — "Per me si va tra la perduta gente!"

"Mrs. O'Dowd," she said, "you surprise me. They have been so kind to me!"

"Yes, mum, but a lot of us would be that if we had a chance. 'Tis easy to know a lady when ye see one, and when she's in trouble, and tryin' to make her own way, 'twould be no great thing to give her a helpin' hand. But we would do it in the Blessed Name, mum, so it would count for somethin'."

"Well, I thank you very much," said Cornelia. "I am glad to know, of course."

"I hope ye will not say that 'twas me that told about it, because I have childer of me own, and I'd not like to find meself blown out of bed by no bombs."

"I'll surely not mention it," said Cornelia. "I'll need time to think what to do. It may be the kindest thing would be for me to stay with them and help convert them from their bad ways."

"'Twould be a blessin' for fair," said Mrs. O'Dowd, "for 'tis a sore disgrace to Suosso's Lane to be havin' such a family in it. But be careful, mum, while ye argue, for ye might be the one to be converted yeself."

"Are they as dangerous as all that?"

"Well, Mrs. Cornell, 'tis somethin' I do not know of meself, because I don't know a word of their lingo and never hope to. But Father Murphy says they have the divil in their hearts, and that makes them hard to deal with, so ye had best take warnin' and be careful."

"I will, Mrs. O'Dowd, and you may pray for me if you don't mind." So Cornelia went back to her seat on the porch.

After a while she went inside, and there was Brini, with a twinkle in his eyes and a wide grin on his good-natured face. "You talka wit' Miz' O'Dowda — what she tella you? She say, no live wit' anarchista, badda people, maka di bombi, t'rowa heem in da church" — and Brini made a violent upward motion with his hands — "blow uppa da Sancta Trinita and Benedetta Vergine!" Then he lowered his voice to a whisper. "Molto secreto — no tella heem — he putta di bombi dopo la mia casa, he blow bambini alla hella!"

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Seeing from the expression of Cornelia's face that his guess was correct, Brini burst into uproarious laughter. "Ho, ho, ho! You tella Miz' O'Dowda, Vanzett' he moocha badda man — diavolo — furfante — maka di bombi, molti bombi, sicuramente! Bombi di zucchero" — and Brini made motions of sucking his fingers and finding delight in the sweet taste — "bombi di pistachio — di crema — bombi di gelati — What you say it? — ice creama — di pasticerria — in Italia he what you call pastry-cook — granda gooda pastry-cook!"

VIII

The end of the week came; and very surely Cornelia did not fail to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. It was a day of rest — and for remembering the old hymn about every day being Sunday by-and-by.

But then came Vanzetti. "Very gooda day, beautifool sunshine, Miz' Cornella. You come wit' me, see somet'ing molta bella."

"I'm too tired to walk, I'm afraid."

"No walka far — little way, I help. Show bella campagna, maka happy, gooda sentimento. You come, I carry."

At the foot of Suosso's Lane was a round knoll, blocking the view; Castle Hill, it was called, and beyond it, Cornelia realized, must lie the bay. They stooped under a fence and there was a little path and Vanzetti put his strong arm under her weak one and half lifted her up the slope. Bushes and a few pine trees grew upon it, but not enough to interfere with the view when you got over the rise. "Oh, lovely!" she exclaimed, and Vanzetti was delighted. "Shoore, moocha pretty!"

The bay was sparkling blue in bright sunshine; bounded by a long sand-spit, and a couple of rocky islands. In the distance ran the low misty line of Cape Cod and close at hand on both sides was the town, white-painted houses in a setting of green. One shore-line was occupied by the long brick buildings of the cordage plant, with tall chimneys out-towering the hill. Cornelia did not care for that, so they seated themselves on the other side, facing the monuments of Plymouth.

"Somewhere on that shore is Plymouth Rock," said she.

"I show you!" said Vanzetti, and pointed out the landmarks. "I worka one time by heem, bringa feesh from boat. Plenty people come for see all time. He looka same like any rock."

"You know what happened there?"

"Shoore, I read in schoola-book, Fay got heem. People come in ship for liva here, maka state Massachusett."

"That was nearly three hundred years ago; not so long ago as your Dante, but it seems long to us."

"Plenty long for make istoria," said Vanzetti. "Sometime I t'ink it mistake for teach istoria. People study tempo passato, make conservativo, timido — you onderstand?"

"Yes; but it depends on how you study it. The Pilgrim fathers were really quite wonderful. They came in little boats — so little you could hardly believe it. Perhaps you've seen the timbers in the museum?"

"Shoore, I see ever't'ing."

"There was nothing here but a wilderness, full of wild Indians, savages. A stern and rock-bound coast, the poet described it; and winter coming, they had to hurry and build huts for shelter. They had poor food — only what little grain they had brought and the game they could kill, and the fish. That first winter was frightful, half of them died; yet they stayed on — when the next ship came, the following summer, not one of the survivors would quit. That showed the kind of people they were."

"Shoore," said Vanzetti, "greata people — ribelli — fighta priest, fighta king — come for joostice, come for liberty. But get liberty for self, no give for odder. I say liberty for all."

"Of course," replied Cornelia; "but that is not so easy. How can everybody have liberty, when maybe there are some who won't play fair?"

"Is no soocha people, signora."

"You don't think there are bad people?"

"Some badda, sure, seecka people, must helpa soocha people, teach, put in — what you say — ospedale, 'ospital for seecka men. But mosta people be good, wanta joostice, you giva heem chance. No, no, Miz' Cornella —" the speaker became eager, the Italian in him came to life, he began to make gestures and raise his voice — "what is trouble wit' people is not badda heart, it is badda teach', badda sistema — it is power, it is go-vernment" — he accented this word on the second syllable. "It is priesta, king, capitalista, padrone — taka men, maka fight, maka war for profit."

"You think that explains the war in Europe?"

"No t'ink — I know, signora. I live Europe, I see come dissa war, I come America for evitare — how you say — get away. It is war for padrone, for master — for bigga capitalista!"

"You don't think the people's hearts are in it?"

"Shoore, some — but why? Is it not teach in school? Who maka da school? Who maka giornale, da newspaper? Always padrone, he teacha da war, he wanta da profit, he maka da people for slave, for machine — what he care for worker life? What he care for poor lady here by

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cordage? You liva wit' worker, you see heem! You t'inka for self, you reada book I geeva you!"

And suddenly Cornelia remembered Mrs. O'Dowd and her warning! "Be careful, mum, while ye argue, for ye might be the one to be converted yeself."

IX

White sail-boats dotted the bay in front of them, and majestic clouds sailed overhead, making slow sweeping shadows on the water. Church-bells sounded and little birds sang in the trees about them and wild flowers bloomed; so much peace and beauty — yet Cornelia had to remember that men were slaughtering one another by the thousands, using hideous machines they had spent years in building and generations in learning to build. She closed her eyes and whispered, "Let's be happy for a few minutes!"

The controversy died out of the other's voice. "I know, signora! I say, be happy, I no t'ink war no more, no t'ink rivoluzione, politica laida! I go picka flower. Soocha sweet flower grow here — you know heem? Mayflower — it is not only ship, it is flower. I learn time of year, I looka for heem. I taka Fay, Trando, odder piccoli, go looka flower, getta moocha bigga — what you say — gobba — bunch. I taka heem home, give Alfonsina, she happy, make home so nice, pretty. I say, get gooda book — roman — what you say, lova story — reada nice, be happy. I come here, Sunday morning, quiet, church-bell — gooda place for read, nobody here. I come holiday, all day; somatime I got no job — no needa so moocha work, so moocha money, no got family — I what you say lonely man. Alla right, I reada book, look outa for self. I healt'y man, stronga man, plenty time, gooda life — I laugha, say, war no get America — I no care Italian, let heem look outa for self. You onderstand?"

"I understand. Most men take it that way."

"I say, No be crazy, Vanzett', you no maka da world, no can changa heem. I say, You no maka da war, Vanzett', you no stoppa heem. But, Miz' Cornella, no can t'ink, no can forget. T'ink alla time fossi — what you say it — digga place in ground for fight war."

"Trenches?"

"Joosta so, I see alla time trench, see men killa brudder, see men die orribile, wounda, scream, agonia. I say, Vanzett', you no do somet'ing, you traditore, you — how you say, betray somet'ing?"

"Traitor."

"Trait'! I say, Vanzett', you no be trait', you speaka da trut', you maka da protest, da propagand', you getta da meeting, you calla da men, getta da speaker. No can speak self, Miz' Cornella, joosta lavorante, workman, molta ignoranza, povero. But we got speaker for denounca da war, Italian speaker, he come — Galleani — you know heem?"

"I never heard of him."

"All Italian man know heem — olda man, granda man, he speaka for poor man, maka da propagand'. One time I helpa heem for speech in Plye-moot'. He come, bigga meeting, molto popolo. My boss — I worka for contractor — he no like, he say 'Abbastanza for anarchista propaganda, no more jobba for you, getta da hella!' So I looka for new job, but I feela moocha good, I helpa da cause."

"What is it you expect to do?"

"Teacha da people! Maka heem no fighta da war, no fighta for padrone, for capitalista! Say people, fight real nemmico, fighta capitalista! He maka war for heemself, for hees money, bigga money — alla right, let heem fighta hees war, workman no fighta hees war, giammai, never! When capitalista no can maka fight workmen, so queeck you see stoppa da war, signora, is it not so?"

"I don't know," said Cornelia, sadly. "Sometimes I think men like to hate, they get a thrill out of it. The capitalists send their own sons to the war and they get killed, a lot of them."

"And de women — you t'ink dey lika war?"

"Some of them do — they cheer for it, and hate — even worse than the fighting men. There are women in Boston who want to get America in this war the worst kind of way."

"It is propagand', Miz' Cornella — capitalista propagand'. Why for could we not live happy in dis bigga countree — why for moosta we go fight odder countree? You go Italia, you hear say, countree too moocha people, moosta have rooma, more land, taka from odder people. You t'ink, too moocha people, too moocha bambini — alla righta, no hava so many bambini — what you say it, baby. Scusa me, signora, you olda lady, I talka plain for you — you know what I mean, no hava so moocha baby?"

"We call it birth control," said Cornelia, smiling.

"Shoore, birt' control, alla right. Now, you say birt' control Italian woman, no have so moocha baby. Butta come priesta, he say, diavolo, inferno, moosta have baby, you no have baby you go to hella! He no letta you teacha da people, he driva you out, putta jail, maka propagand', calla name, scare people, no listen. For why? Priesta say he talka for God. God, he say moosta have baby, maka beega populazione! Den God he say, no got rooma for populazione,

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moosta taka land, moosta maka war! You onderstand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Sooch imbecillità! Follia! Moosta have war for maka room, moosta have baby for filla room! More war for maka more room for more baby! E la donna, woman, what for is woman? Animal for maka more baby for warman, militarista, kill. Keepa da woman for slave, for ignoranza, for priesta, for superstizione — for maka da plenty baby for soldier! Soocha countree is Europe, signora, and soocha like America if capitalista have way. But anarchista say, No have way! Anarchista say, No die for soldier, fighta for worker, for self! Anarchista say to woman, Stand up, no be fraid da priesta, he no can hurt! Is no soocha god lika priesta preach, is gooda God, lova da people, lova da baby, no wanta heem kill-èd in war! Is it not trut', signora? Is it not joostice?"

And Cornelia realized how wise had been the warning of Mrs. O'Dowd, concerning the subtlety of the devil, and the perils of entering into contest with him! For here the devil was managing to present what appeared to Cornelia a quite reasonable argument; nor did his propagandist appear at all devilish, but rather a dreamer of dreams, so simple of mind as to have no conception of the odds against him, the forces of colossal cruelty that would sweep him away as a leaf before a hurricane.

X

Time passed, and Cornelia became a completely established member of the Brini family; also a completely disciplined worker for the Plymouth Cordage Company. Now and then she lifted her eyes from the task of needle and thread and got to know the people about her — their faces, their names, their nationalities and modes of speech. She would chat with them during the noon hour and hear the gossip of their lives, the hopes which moved them and the fears which held them back.

Also she became aware of the plant, the gigantic complex of labor which surrounded her. She learned the names of different buildings and picked up an idea of what went on inside them; the "hackling", the "cleaning", the making of the "sliver", the spinning of the yarn, the "forming" and "laying" of rope. Technical terms began to take on the shadow of a meaning; she got glimpses through door ways of "spinning-rooms" with hundreds of "flyers", as far as the eye could see down a vista, and of powerful "laying-machines" which took a hundred threads of yarn and wrought them into a heavy four-strand rope at a single process. Little by little there soaked into her mind a realization of the technical complexity of an industry whereby trainloads of hemp from the Philippines and shiploads of sisal from Yucatan evolved into cordage of every size from wrapping and binder-twine to towing-lines and sixteen-inch cables for battleships.

The human cogs who made up this machine were — at least in the lower ranks with Cornelia — very slow of wit; they labored under a load of handicaps — poverty, ignorance, a foreign language, new and bewildering customs. There were agencies supposed to lift them up, such as public schools and night schools, but it seemed to Cornelia these were countered by forces far stronger, interested to hold them down. Landlords and loan-sharks, peddlers of shoddy goods, fake patent medicines and adulterated foods, smooth-tongued agents inducing them to put their savings into non-existent gold-mines and oil-wells — there were few among these workers who managed to escape such plunderers.

And chief among the agencies of exploitation was, of course, the great rich concern under the administration of the benevolent Mr. J. Lawrence Perry. The company owned most of the houses in which the workers had to live; it owned most of the land about and it owned the government of the town — of course using a political machine as cover. It paid six dollars a week to its unskilled women workers and nine to the men, and manifestly a family could not be supported on such a wage; the tacit assumption was that the women of the family would work, and the children as soon as they could pretend to be old enough. The home would be kept by the old people and the young children and the invalids and cripples. It would not be a well-kept home, nor very attractive; and the ladies and gentlemen whose incomes came from cordage stocks and bonds would remark, some with pity, some with contempt, "Dagos, wops, hunkies — they live like pigs!"

XI

Now something more than ordinarily maleficent was befalling these humble wage-workers. It was happening all over the world, but they did not know that — they only knew Plymouth. The cost of everything they bought was going up day by day. Because of the war in Europe, the allied nations were borrowing money in America, and spending it for American goods. Exactly as Josiah Quincy Thornwell had foretold on the night of his death, it was making enormous and incredible prosperity for American manufacturers and stock-speculators; but also it was making higher and higher prices for the poor. And there was no corresponding increase in the wage, so

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close to the border-line of want, there was no authority charged with the task of calculating living costs, and adjusting earnings to them. The great industries which owned and rented tenements to their workers would raise the rents a dollar or two a month and tell the tenants that this was necessary; but they would overlook what might be necessary to the tenants.

The cordage-workers were slow of wit, yet they did know whether they had any money in their pocket-books at the end of the week. Pay-day was Thursday and when the money ran out on Tuesday night instead of Wednesday night they grumbled to one another and speculated about it; and gradually an understanding spread, a kind of crude mass-consciousness, a thing as it were separate from the individual minds, with a life of its own. These workers were entirely unorganized; cordage was one of the "open shop" industries, having the sacred "American plan" in its full and ideal perfection. The fact that the workers had no way to voice a grievance was a matter without significance, because in a land so great and prosperous it was impossible for a grievance to arise. Anyone who went to the foreman and complained was obviously a "sorehead", and the foreman would tell him to take his troubles somewhere else. That would be the end of him for the cordage industry; whatever skill he might have acquired he could throw into Plymouth Bay.

Cornelia knew little about labor matters, but the elementary thought came to her that these ill-paid workers ought to have a union. She said it to the Brini family and greatly to her surprise discovered that her words gave distress to Vanzetti. "No say sooch a t'ing!" he cried. "Organizazione is trappa for worker, make heem slave! Union is joosta same as go-vernment! Bigga, reech offeesh', putta feet on desk, smoka bigga cigar, tella worker go hella!"

Now Cornelia knew that Vanzetti had helped to unload fish and in her efforts to understand his torrent of words she had a vision of a "feesh" which had feet and put them on desks and smoked cigars. She asked an explanation, and the family burst into laughter and with Fay's help it was made clear that Bart was talking about not "a feesh", but "offeesh'", the officials of labor unions. There were hordes of them in New England and they paid themselves good salaries and did nothing for the workers, so Vanzetti declared; therefore the workers not yet organized must be saved from their snares.

"But then what are you going to do?" asked Cornelia, greatly perplexed.

"Moosta teacha worker — t'ink for self — no need offeesh' t'ink for heem. Can all stand togedder, all lika one, but no offeesh', no salary, no graft."

Cornelia had thought that a labor union was an elementary idea, upon which every kind of radical would agree. She asked and it was explained to her, with the translation of long words, that Vanzetti's kind of anarchistas did not permit organization. There were other kinds, who called themselves "communisti anarchici", and would support revolutionary unions like the I. W. W., and even back the old-line unions in time of strikes. But Vanzetti called himself "anarchico individualista", and would have no kind of organization, except a purely temporary kind to manage a strike — a "comity", as he pronounced it, to represent the strikers, and not be paid any salary, and be changed at any time the strikers saw fit.

Moreover, it was apparent that he was distressed because his friend, whose education he had taken so earnestly in hand, was dallying with the evil thought of a union. "Who talka soocha t'ing wit' you?" he demanded; and when she assured him that the notion had come of itself, he was not comforted. Cornelia laughed — it seemed to her deliciously funny; she told him he was just like "Mrs. O'Dowda", afraid she might imperil her soul by taking up with dangerous new ideas!

Censorship of course exercised upon Cornelia's mind its customary effect of awakening curiosity. She pressed her teacher for more facts, and so learned of the existence of obnoxious characters known as "riformistas"; persons who believed it possible to improve the present social system, or to change it little by little. This kind of thinking was a trap for the wage-slaves, because it led them into politics. "Politica e un perditempo!" declared Vanzetti, and the way he said the word and the expression on his face made clear that it was something very bad. "Riformista is tradditore," he went on, and repeated the English word which Cornelia had taught him, "Riformista is trait'!"

"Traitor," corrected Cornelia, and Vanzetti said, "Shoore, trait'. He is trait', because he get elect' butta no do notting, he is offeesh', he got salary, he liva by graft, he maka da promessi, he tella da bigga lie, he keepa da capitalismo. No, no, mia frienda, have notting do wit' riformista, wit' socialista, he is giallo — how you say it, color of flower — not red, not blue, what you call heem, golden-rod — yes, yellow! Socialista is yellow, he is badda frienda for worker."

XII

Soon afterwards Cornelia made actual contact with one of these dangerous characters. On Satur-

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day evening there came a caller: a short, solidly-built young Italian, marble-cutter by trade, introduced as "Compagno" Culla. He had come to see the two men upon a matter of business and they discussed it in their own language, while Cornelia and Alfonsina sat placidly sewing. Cornelia caught several times the word "picanic", but did not realize that this was an English word, until Mrs. Brini whispered that this Culla was one of the socialistas of Plye-moot', and that they were getting up a picanic. Cornelia saw that the talk was becoming more and more animated; the three men were gesticulating and raising their voices, and presently she heard a familiar word, that wicked word "riformista". Vanzetti pronounced it in a tone of scorn and lest Compagno Culla should fail to understand to whom it was applied, the speaker pointed at him, and exclaimed, "Riformista e giallo e traditore—"

Now Compagno Culla had a newspaper in his hand, partly opened; he lifted it and with sudden vehemence hurled it to the floor. In the course of the journey it came all the way open and made a great racket. "Eh via, puh!" he exclaimed. "Parlate sfacciatamente!"

Whereupon Vanzetti started to his feet, with a sweep of his arms embracing the surrounding atmosphere. "Riformista e tradittore!" he shouted.

"Diffamazione!" protested Compagno Culla.

"Traditore di lavoratori!" persisted Vanzetti. They began pouring out two torrents of vehement Italian, which met in the middle and formed a whirlpool of words, with four waving arms in the vortex thereof. The arms were coming nearer and nearer and must inevitably have met had not Brini stepped between, shouting louder than both the orators put together. At the same time Mrs. Brini sprang up and caught Vanzetti by the sleeve, saying something which contained the word "Nonna!" Cornelia had got out of her chair with a frightened look on her face — not being used to Mediterranean methods of conducting political discussion. Vanzetti glanced at her and then turned sharply on his heel and walked into the kitchen; while Brini and Culla exchanged a few laughing words and the latter went away.

Vanzetti came back and sat down, looking not a little embarrassed. "I shame-èd for bad temper, Nonna," said he — he was calling her now by the children's pet name, and she was calling him Bart. "I try for not getta so angree, but riformista is soocha badda fellow."

He explained what it was that Compagno Culla had wanted — the list of names of the anarchistas of the vicinity, so that they could be invited to the socialista picanic. Some time ago the anarchistas had given a picanic with an anarchista speaker and all the socialistas had been invited and many of them had come; now they thought the favor ought to be reciprocated — quite overlooking the difference in the situation. For the socialistas, being riformistas and gialli, were let alone by the polizia; but the anarchistas, being real and true rivoluzionarii, were always fearing trouble with the polizia and naturally could not give the names of their friends and supporters to any gialli riformisti. So now Compagno Culla was angry and thought his party was not getting a square deal.

The discussion that followed brought out a further point — that the socialistas of Plymouth had a great advantage over the anarchistas, because they believed in organizations and had a good and lively one, with perhaps fifty members; whereas the anarchistas, not believing in organizations, had a weak one, in fact little more than a list of names. Therefore the socialistas could do things which the anarchistas could not do, they were distributing their literature regularly every week and seducing members away from the anarchistas. Vanzetti said this without seeing anything humorous in it and was perplexed when Cornelia began to tease him, suggesting that it sounded like an admission that organization was sometimes useful. Her teacher would laugh and joke about all other matters except his doctrine; that was sacred, that was a way of escape from slavery, war and horror for the workers, and about it he was fanatical, implacable — he who was so gentle and soft-hearted in all other relations of life!

That was a Saturday evening; and next morning Cornelia and her teacher went for a walk in the woods and coming out met a group of four children who had been gathering flowers. Each had a bunch which they offered for sale — two cents apiece. Vanzetti bought all four and the children went off happy. Then he said, "Too many flower, I giva you one bunch, taka one for Cicadet, no wanta more". He threw two bunches into the bushes. "Why did you buy them all?" asked Cornelia, interested in his reaction; and he was a little shocked by her lack of perception. "No could buy joosta two, make odder children onhappy, dey worka so hard, da money is lika so moocha more for dem."

XIII

The bright days of summer passed quickly, and the bracing days of autumn, and then came the first threats of winter. It is nothing to joke about on this stern and rock-bound coast, where icy gales blow in from the ocean and snow piles up and blocks the streets, and the temperature goes to

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considerably below zero. Cornelia found that she had to take every cent of her savings to buy herself a warm coat, and then it was not so warm; she learned to live in it all day while she worked in the factory, a good part of the time in the home, and at night she made it into a bed-cover.

There came days when the trip to her work and back again were infernal experiences, recalling those regions of Dante where the lost souls are frozen solid in ice. But in the great poet's story it is possible to see the damned, while here they stumbled through pitch darkness, at half past six in the morning and the same hour in the evening. Cornelia would get her coat buttoned tight over a sweater and the family would pin her shawl fast over her head and ears, leaving just a peep-hole for the eyes and nose. Then with her hands in mittens, and these tucked under the shawl, she would start the long journey, staggering through snow-drifts, sliding on the ice and packed sleet; her hands would be half frozen, yet she would have to jerk them out to catch herself and keep from breaking her bones. The pitiless winds would howl and buffet her and stab through her flimsy garments; the whirling snow would blind her — yet there was not much danger of getting lost, there being a stream of bundled figures plodding to the same goal. It was January of 1916, and out across the storm-lashed ocean the ships were being sunk, so there must be more cordage to keep the world at war. Any woman who failed to complete the journey twelve times per week would not have her pay-envelope with the six dollars on Thursday night; and how then would she pay for food and bed and shawls and coats and mittens and rubber shoes and cough medicines and dentistry and surgical operations and opera-tickets?

Cornelia was changing not merely her ideas but her appearance and personal habits. She no longer took a bath every morning before she dressed. Getting up at a quarter before six, by the light of an oil-lamp and in rooms where she could see her breath, she found that her one thought was to get into the warmest clothes she had, and as many of them as possible; her second thought was to get two cups of the hot boiled chicory which serves for coffee in the homes of the poor. Thereafter she had no impulse to take off her clothes until she got into bed — and not all of them then, because her bed-covers were made of cotton, and even with all her clothing piled on top there were nights when she could not sleep for the cold. And now and then she would remember the formula she had heard the prosperous ladies repeat — that at least the poor might keep clean!

Another principle of hygiene which had been taught to her was plenty of fresh air at night. It was easy for the doctors to say it, sleeping in rooms with heat, and layers of woolen blankets and eider-down quilts. But now Cornelia adopted the custom of the poor, to seal up windows at the beginning of winter and breathe such air as happened to get into the house. If this, combined with a poor diet, brought tuberculosis, it would be called the will of God. In Cornelia's case it would be the stubbornness of a woman who had put both hands to the plow and meant to go to the end of the furrow, regardless of everything.

The cordage workers lived in their dark holes, forgotten by the world except on rent day. They grumbled and complained, because the cost of living kept on going up and in winter it was so much worse — there were no gardens with fresh vegetables, and trees with apples and pears on them, and berries which the children could gather in the woods. Now everything had to be bought in stores and the housewives picked over the meagre supplies; and when they could no longer make ends meet, what were they to do?

Some voiced their complaints to their bosses and were told to go elsewhere; and every time that happened the pot of anger boiled faster. Brini and Vanzetti came home at night, voluble and gesticulating; sometimes they would hurry off after supper — "meeting by Giuseppi", they would say, or whatever name it might be. Several times there were meetings "by Brini", and a mass of people packed themselves into the little parlor, with overflow into the kitchen, and complained and argued and gestured for an hour or two. Such was Vanzetti's solution of the labor problem, the workers to gather in little groups — "gruppi autonomi", was his phrase; each of these gruppi would decide what it wanted and appoint a representative to meet with others from the Portuguese, the French-Canadians, the Germans, the Irish.

The believers in politics and organization, the socialistas, held a meeting in a hall, with more than a thousand workers, and a speaker in English, one in Italian and one in Portuguese; those who did not understand any of these languages understood the excitement of the rest. Also came the I. W. W. with their speakers, and their program of "direct action", the taking over of the industries by the "one big union". They were strong among these New England mill-workers, having the prestige of a great victory in the woollen mills of Lawrence three or four years ago.

And of course that stirred Vanzetti and his anarchistas. They too must have a meeting and summon their leader, Galleani, to point out to the

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workers the dangers of organization, and how it was possible to secure freedom from both capitalistas and labor union "offeesh'". There was a gathering of the "gruppo autonomo di Plyemoot'", and money was subscribed to pay for the hall and for what Vanzetti called the "expensit". He contributed ten dollars himself, and explained to Cornelia that his share was greater for the reason that he was a "lonely man".

XIV

That was a Tuesday night; and next day, preceding pay-day, there appeared mysteriously at the cordage plant a force of two hundred and fifty "private police" to guard the property. Where did they come from, this hired army of capitalism, and where were they kept when they were not working? Did they travel about the country, putting down labor troubles? Had the masters got trouble so systematized that they could count upon a regular supply of it to keep their army at work? Nobody knew; but here they were, big husky fellows, bundled in overcoats and arctics and fur-topped gloves, with clubs in their hands and revolvers in holsters at their belts — in plain sight, where nobody could miss their meaning. They paced before the gates and the doors of buildings, and to make them comfortable when they were off duty the town's most fashionable summer hotel sprang into activity.

The various "gruppi" had agreed upon their demands, eight dollars a week for the women workers and twelve for the men. They appointed a committee to present the demands to the company, and the meeting took place, and the company explained that such an increase, twenty-five percent, would bankrupt it, and then no one would have any job. The company offered a raise of five percent, and the committee rejected this; there were more meetings, and crowds of people standing about stamping their feet in the snow, and the guards commanding them to move on, and getting surly answers. There were workers who said that if the company would pay the cost of these guards in wages it would help quite a little; they were even ungrateful enough to suggest that old Mr. Perry's "welfare work" be stopped, so that the people could have the money for food.

As usual, this big magazine was fired by a little spark. On Thursday morning, pay-day, one of the men in number three spinning-room got into a dispute with his foreman; the foreman told him to take his coat and hat and get out, and instead of obeying the man turned and started yelling to his comrades. The foreman took him by the shoulder to put him out, and others came rushing to his help, and there was a tumult, and above it rose the word, "Strike!" It spread like wildfire down the long spinning-room; what had been at one moment an industry became in the next a mob. "Sciopero!" yelled the Italians. "Folga!" echoed the Portuguese. "Grève!" shrieked the French-Canadians. "Ausstand!" bellowed the Germans. And "Strike! Strike! Strike!" roared Americans and English and Irish and Welsh, and all others who had learned the word. A hundred Paul Reveres set out in every direction, spreading the wildfire from room to room. The openers of the bales threw down their knives, and the feeders turned from the "breakers", and the spinners deserted their "flyers", and the engineers shut off the power, and the wheels stopped turning, and two thousand workers grabbed their clothing and tumbled outside, pouring into a few minutes' clamor the pent-up anger and misery of many silent years.

The storm reached Cornelia's wrapping-room, and the women had to quit whether they wanted to or not, because the platform stopped moving. She got her things and streamed out with the rest. The crowds were milling about, the frightened guards shouting, "Move along, keep moving there!" In various places impromptu meetings started, and the stream would be blocked. Cornelia saw a man leap upon the corner of a loading platform — a man in a worn blue "reefer", with a storm hat pulled over his ears, and a pair of brown walrus moustaches hiding half his face. "Compagni! Lavoratori! L'ora della riscossa è scoccata! Essa darà la libertá per agli oppressi" — whereupon another man climbed upon the platform and gave the orator a shove which sent him flying. "Get out, you blankety-blank, and don't show your face in here again!" And the company detective sought out one of the foremen, inquiring, "Who is that wop they call Bart — the one with long moustaches like a walrus? We'll have to keep our eye on him, he's one of the trouble-makers".

(To be continued next month)

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GLOBE TROTTING THROUGH BOOKS

By Elizabeth Stead Taber

THROUGH THE HEEL OF ITALY. *By Katharine Hooker. Henkle. $5.00.*
FLORENCE. *By Camille Mauclair. Houghton Mifflin. $5.00.*
FLORENCE AND HER TREASURES. *By Herbert M. Vaughan. Doran. $3.00.*
FLORENCE. *By John C. Van Dyke. Scribners. $1.50.*
SEEING ITALY. *By E. M. Newman. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.00.*
IN AND ABOUT PARIS. *By Sisley Huddleston. Doran. $4.00.*
A LONDONER'S OWN LONDON. *By Charles G. Harper. Cecil Palmer. London. 10/6.*
LONDON. *By George H. Cunningham. Dutton. $7.00.*
MEDIEVAL LONDON. *By Gordon Home. Doran. $5.00.*
HISTORIC STREETS OF LONDON. *By L. and A. Russan. Crowell. $1.50.*
OLD LONDON CITY. *By L. and A. Russan. Crowell. $1.50.*
HIGHLIGHTS OF MANHATTAN. *By Will Irwin. Century. $6.00.*

INTO this collection of books on cities one book quite different has found its way, a book on places so small that you can find them on very few maps, and on a countryside almost unknown to the tourist. "Through the Heel of Italy" is by a writer who knows Italy and Italians with so much appreciation and loves them with such understanding that anything she writes brings that combination of delight and longing which the best travel books can give. Here is Alberobello, "the strangest village in all Italy", where the stone-roofed houses, looking like sugar loaves from a distance, are built in the shape of clustered tents. There, too, is Ostuni, with its bright houses of yellow and blue; Massafra, startlingly picturesque on the steep sides of a deep ravine; Polignano, jutting out into the sea, its weird and beautiful architecture making it look like a strange flower bed shining in the sun; and oriental little Peschici, its white-domed houses transplanted from Asia bright against the blue Adriatic. In the Gargano, which is the spur of the boot, four and a half million sheep once grazed; today it is still the vast remote plain, isolated and peculiar in its people and customs. True traveller that she is, Mrs. Hooker finds maps the most intriguing things in the world; and she can give the feeling of the region When one comes to "Seeing Italy", one can only be shocked that a traveller can have looked at so much and seen so little. Mr. Newman has little more to give to the reader than the booklets issued by travel agencies and steamship companies. One who knows or one who wishes to know Italy will look in vain for any real feeling of the country; any delight in, or understanding of her individuality, and sensitiveness to personality, backgrounds or meanings. The most rushing, unseeing tourist, intent on "doing" Italy in ten days, could hardly bring less away than this book offers.

"Florence and her Treasures" is a revised edition of a work brought out sixteen years ago, and it has been so thoroughly revised that it is practically a new book. Although it contains over 400 pages it is small and compact and could be carried in a coat pocket or stuck into one of those gay *cestini* which enliven the life of the traveller in Italy. The wealth of Florentine history and art is here presented in a usable and enlightening manner; museums, churches and galleries could be enjoyed the better for its use, and the historical background appreciated.

Camille Mauclair recognizes the largeness of his subject and restricts what he has to say in "Florence" to the emotions which the city arouses in the heart of a poet. To him Florence is a person, a lovely lady, and he is her lover. He "cannot hope to make visible to the world the beauty of the woman [he] loves; but still [he] makes the trial, since in trying [he] is in her presence, may gaze at her, breathe in her beauty". These words give the tone of the book; it is strongly emotional, yet the emotion is combined with an intelligence that brings to the reader much pertinent and interesting information on history, literature and painting. The quickly sketched life of Filippo Lippi is a thrilling story usually left out of guidebooks; this is only one of the countless stories Florence has to tell. But the book as

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a whole is a search for the secret which shall reveal the soul of the city to the author. If one must have a purpose in writing a book, especially a travel book, could one have a better than that which the writer expresses: "If I could know that even one of my readers, not having seen her, should, after reading this book, determine to set out for Tuscany, I would feel satisfied".

In the small volume "Florence", in the series called "New Guides to Old Masters", we have in very concise form a valuable help to the pleasurable understanding and appreciation of the pictures in the Uffizi, the Pitti and the Academia. Each picture is treated separately in criticism that is clear and direct, and the brief illuminating notes, suggestive and stimulating, show discrimination and a sense of proportion. Altogether an admirable little book of its kind.

In this collection there is only one book on Paris, but it is a very good one. The author of "In and About Paris" makes the claim that those who remain long in Paris become Parisians, and he, by his definition of a Parisian, has become one. Gaiety, alertness, a *savoir-faire*, a freedom from conventionality, an appreciation of the amazing adventure of living — all these, according to the author, mark the Parisian. There is a pleasant zest about this work, and something of the individual quality of the various quarters. He who knows Paris — its history, its boulevards and restaurants, its parks and gardens, its museums and churches, its markets and its *fêtes*, the Marais and the Faubourg Saint-Germain as well as the Latin Quarter and Montparnasse — will find much satisfaction here; and for him who does not, this work would be an enjoyable introduction.

When we come to London we find a difference — the books are by Londoners; that is to say, not by onlookers or adopted sons, but by partakers who are native to the scene. "A Londoner's Own London" is a work full of real affection and intimate knowledge. The reader feels that he is rambling about on actual walks with this person of richly curious mind and is acquiring every few moments a closer intimacy with London, a fresh taste of her strangely fascinating historical flavor,

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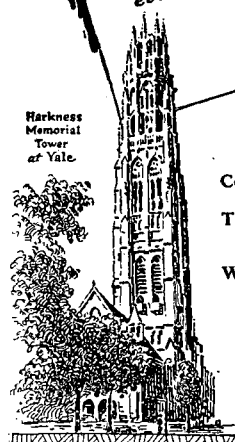

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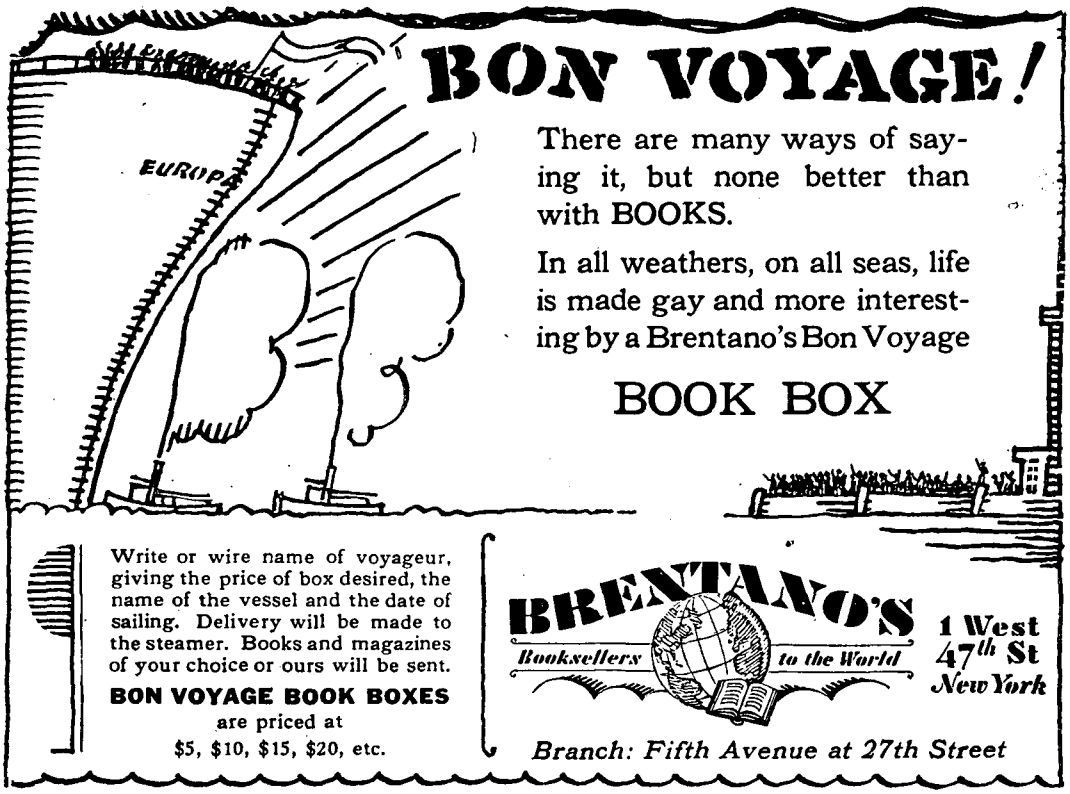

so easily and temptingly are the quaint bits brought forth for the reader's enjoyment. Much humor and a mellowness well suited to the subject are here. Again we have the purpose of a work, or the meaning of its title, stated modestly and engagingly. What does the author mean by "A Londoner's Own London"? "Just those intimate districts I have known; those streets I have walked and ridden along in all weathers, at every hour, and in all moods; those queer out-of-the-way things that only the Londoner knows — and only some Londoners; the quaint unconsidered trifles, the odd juxtapositions. . . . They amuse and intrigue me vastly; and I would like you to share some of these feelings." That the City Solicitor pays to the King's Remembrancer every October a rental of six horseshoes and sixty-one horseshoe nails for a piece of land in the vicinity of the Strand, though no one knows just where the land is, gives the reader a peculiar pleasure; and this is the sort of curious information which one finds here.

"London", by George H. Cunningham, is a sort of glorified directory, with notes on historical persons and places, as is told in the explanatory subtitle, "Being a Comprehensive Survey of the History, Tradition and Historical Associations of Buildings and Monuments Arranged under Streets in Alphabetical Order". It is too large a volume to carry easily under one's arm on walks around London, but there is here a rich reference book giving in systematic form a great store of facts which bring enchantment and romance from the past for the present day wanderer. The streets and squares and little lanes and courts which go to make up the immensity that is London, all are here.

"Medieval London" differs from these books in that it does not attempt to bring the past over into the present; instead the reader must step back into the past. He must become aware of a life less complex in its pattern but no less rich in its texture. "Medieval London" is a history, covering the years from 457 to 1485, but it is some-

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thing more than a history, for, like its predecessor, "Roman London", it gives in addition to a chronological narrative a picture of the various customs and conditions of the times. It is the result of a very wide knowledge and extensive research. Here again, even though it tells of remote days, the author writes as one at home in the time and setting.

The two companion books, "Historic Streets of London" and "Old London City", are brief guides to the vast amount of historic association which surrounds one walking through London's streets, crossing London's bridges, looking at London's signs, or hearing London's street-calls. The first is an alphabetical handbook listing every street of historical interest and giving bits of information on their names and people associated with them. The second is partly alphabetical, being so in its list of churches, and brief biographies of famous citizens. The other half is composed of pleasant chapters on bridges, walls and gates, old London signs, diversions of old London, and street cries.

In "Highlights of Manhattan" we have a series of pictures depicting the life of the most complex city on earth. It is a beautiful book and one longs to give it to the many non-travelling English acquaintances who ask, "But are the skyscrapers *really* so many stories high as they say?" and "Aren't they *rather* strange and ugly?" This for the illustrations. As for the text, which ranges from the Battery to the Black Belt and on to the Cloisters, from Chinatown to the Village and to Italy in New York — through thirty-five chapters as many facets of this flashing, fascinating and sometimes beautiful jewel are turned into the light by a good observer and reporter. Gaiety, shabbiness, artificiality, sordidness, splendor, quietness and beauty, all can be found here. Many little worlds are explored, a spirit is sought in each, a flavor is brought forth, and a color is presented to the reader. The chapters are not much more than sketches, and sometimes merely suggest the quality which may be found, but the work serves as a most creditable presentation of the almost endless possibilities New York offers to one who wishes to see and feel.

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OPEN-MINDEDNESS AND THE INDIANS

By Mary Hunter

THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA. *In Two Volumes. Edited by Edna Kenton. Harcourt, Brace. $10.00.*
GOD'S DRUM. *By Hartley Alexander. Dutton. $7.50.*

FOR a second time Miss Kenton has selected and edited two volumes of letters and reports of the Jesuit missionaries to New France from Reuben Gold Thwaites's seventy-three volume "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents 1610–1791". The book retains, in spite of extensive editing, the charm of an over-rich field of material in which the curious mind can explore and discriminate. The main unit in interest and importance in volume one is Paul Le Jeune's *relations* covering the period 1632–1649. Le Jeune, a truly scholastic mind, observed and recorded the Indian in his environment, both natural and social, with exceptionally intelligent insight considering the veil of prejudice with which his monastic training enveloped him.

The Marquette account of the exploration of the Mississippi centralizes the second volume, an account available elsewhere but given here in a particularly effective setting. Coming as the climax of a life of intense endeavor this successful and momentous voyage must have seemed like the highest earthly reward of all good missionaries. The last part of the volume contains letters of a more personal nature — Du Poisson's account of voyaging up the Mississippi in flood and Rale's letter to his brother.

Though the historical value of the "Relations" has been defined, high literary and psychological values are there for the reading. As material for historical research the "Relations" have been well known, but Miss Kenton's new edition is most valuable to those non-specialists who still like to masticate some of their information instead of imbibing it as predigested outlines. Both volumes are illustrated with contemporary maps and sketches as well as a large modern map. Miss Kenton's short introduction and the admirably direct introduction of Thwaites, together with the full but unobtrusive notes, form all the background necessary.

The open-minded attitude the Jesuits brought to their study of the Indian's language and institutions has been applied only within the last thirty years to his literature and art. Hartley Alexander in "God's Drum" joins the slender ranks of those who attempt to reveal the Indian as a poet. In a recent lecture Mr. Alexander read selections from his book and stated his intention was to transpose Indian material into modern verse and show forth its poetic possibilities. This leaves it open to doubt whether he wishes his work to be judged as contemporary poetry or as interpretations of Indian poetic concepts and rhythms.

From "Manito Masks", Mr. Alexander's previous book, one might suppose that he had drawn close enough to Indian thought and means of expression to use them as integers in re-expressing himself. But "God's Drum" shows conclusively that he is far removed from the springs of Indian imagery and only renders it objectively and imitatively. The work is extraordinarily uneven in quality — at its best when Mr. Alexander clings closest to Indian originals, at its worst when he attempts to use his Indian material freely and for his own ends. The first two groups, "The Chanting Earth" and "On the Prairie" on the whole stand higher than the rest, three of the four best poems appearing there — "God's Drum", "When We Dance", "The Winds", and the fourth, "The Last Song", in group three, "Spirit Songs". These are handled in the reproductive method of the true poet-translator. But even here in judging his work it must be considered in the shadow of the more distinguished work of his predecessors such as Mary Austin, Alice Corbin Henderson, and Natalie Curtis. Mr. Alexander gives a freer interpretation of the Indian and his background in the "Poems of Pueblo Land" and in most of the "Red Apocalypse". The illustrations by Anders Haugseth are thoughtful, intelligent, and sympathetic to Indian expression, although self-conscious and mannered. He is at his best when released from imagery to something more concrete.

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FICTION NOTES

MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM has written the prize novel in Dodd, Mead-*Pictorial Review's* second contest and called it *Rebellion* ($2.00). It is the rebellion of a headstrong daughter to a demanding parent who believes in the divine right of fatherhood. The author has realized that there is something to be said on each side and has made of her material a story that is interesting and true. The troubles of unruly youth, however, will be well championed as long as youth takes up its pen. It would seem that there is an even more poignant story in the father whose habits of thinking and sense of responsibility make his devotion seem merely tyrannical.

There is an unusual kind of parent relationship in *Venture's End*, by Karin Michaelis, translated from the original Danish (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). Meta Trap is a woman of sturdy convictions, and if each of her three daughters has a different father and she herself has no husband it is because she has deliberately managed her life in accordance with her wishes. The three fathers, though the children do not know them in this relationship, are regular and welcome visitors to the home of the Traps, but they always come separately. When retribution finally comes to Meta she takes her punishment full face and her daughters carry on without her in undiminished loyalty and devotion There is a gradual change, however, in their feelings for her as one by one each discovers her father, and it is here that Mrs. Michaelis's skill is most apparent.

Philip Kerby's *Beyond the Bund* (Payson & Clarke, $2.50) is not at all a "travel" book or a chronicle of "impressions", but a collection of short sketches and stories of incidents, trivialities, big and little happenings. They are told with skill and sympathy and the author proves that he is not a journalist for nothing. His stories are amusing, pathetic, interesting, quiet, as the mood may be, but they are the work of a man who is sensitive to the temperament of the East. His account of the fight between "The Mandarin" and "The Tuchun", two cherished crickets especially trained for the purpose, is only one of his highly diverting stories, which are all on an almost equal level of excellence.

In a book called *Corunna Road*, by G. Wyndham Haslett (Brentano, $2.50), we are given a painstaking study of types, the models being the residents along the length of Corunna Road in a London suburb. The Road is high, low, and middle, corresponding to dinner-dress, house-dress, and arrogant respectability. Its inhabitants are introduced in a series of ten separate stories and all the factions are included. The book is moved by what seems to be a "love of human nature".

The Deep End, by Patrick Miller (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is concerned with the finding of self in sex for a man and woman bound tight with repressions and fettered with irrelevant values. In this book, although the author sensitively realizes his characters, there is a confusion and lack of focus. Persons come and go with little reason, and we are permitted to see too many of them subjectively.

Alice Woods's *The Gilded Caravan* (Minton, Balch, $2.50) is a story of the poverty of wealth when it is used only for self-amusement, of the hard work of idleness, the boredom of thrills. There is good character drawing and picturing of subtle moods, squandered on a structure that is not worth them. Hampered by an obvious thesis, the characters must create the interest. They often rise to the occasion and do their part, but through much of the book they represent too accurately for one's enjoyment their own states of futility and boredom. The novel is better than its plot; the novelist is better than her book.

For a dip into the past, enveloped in a rosy haze, there is always Jeffery Farnol. This gentlemen is quite the most irresponsible romancer alive. If he were a small boy spinning tales as fast as he could talk for the delight of a contemporary audience he could not give a more grinning, barefoot, straw-hat

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impression than he does with his grown-up stories of by-gone England. *The Quest of Youth* (Little, Brown, $2.50) is the trail of adventures followed by a middle-aged gentleman bored with life, when he takes to the highway and lets come what will.

The Shadow Eros, by Henry Chester Tracy (Dutton, $2.00), is a strange little book of unusual character. In the nature of a fantasy, its theme is liberation from materialism. Such a fragile thing, however, is difficult to talk about without feeling as if one were stepping on dewdrops. "Shoes" is a little boy who escapes from Squire Canker and Miserable Magic, and goes to the woods which were made "by matching mysteries, such as Silence and Green. There was Shadow and Pool there in the meander of one slow, small stream; a solemnity of Ferns, and Noon". Shoes's love for One Maid and his persistent search for the Second World are the compelling motifs of the whole. Although the book is at times obscure and on first impression a little stilted, there is a quality of loveliness about it which cannot be denied. It is a philosophical idyll, not too close to symbolism but removed from reality.

The Story for November, 1927

(Continued from page 648)

on. Women wearing red crosses on their white veils moved about the congregation.

The minister was reading: "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I will not leave you comfortless. . . ." Then the Twenty-third Psalm, while the organ wove an ethereal woof of tone for background of the words. "We thank Thee that Thou art not far but near . . . Do Thou speak and touch and ease these wounded hearts, mother, husband, relatives and friends."

Choir and congregation sang "Time and Eternity," the voices a great swell. "I would not live alway."

"Deep River"

Eight girls in gray who had come coatless from the chill afternoon were stars of the Negro theater, friends of Florence Mills. Ethel Watters, Cora Green, Edith Wilson, Gertrude Saunders, Maude Russell, Ada Ward, Lena Wilson and Evelyn Preer, they listened while the story they knew so well was read to the congregation, the story of the life of Miss Mills, the dates of her birth and death, the names of the shows she had worked in. She was born in Washington thirty-two years ago, she had been with "Shuffle Along", with the Plantations Club, to England with Lou Leslie's "Blackbirds," and the rest of it. She had come home the picture of health. On Monday her husband gave his blood to save her.

(Continued on page XL)

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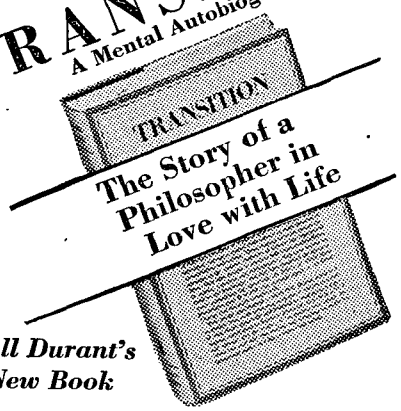

Will Durant's New Book

Ernest Sutherland Bates in the *Saturday Review of Literature* says:
Has Mr. Will Durant, after writing the most virile history of philosophers that has been produced in our period, now also written the most vital autobiography? It seems so, to one reviewer at least.

John Haynes Holmes in the *Herald-Tribune* says:
I picked it up with groans on a night when I was sick in bed with a headache, sore throat and 102 degrees fever, and finished it with shouts before the bed-lamp was extinguished.

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(Continued from page XXXIX)

The Carolina choir from one of the theaters sang "Deep River." The burden of the music was carried by a tall young woman whose deep contralto rose from the humming underbeat of the choir. She held her hands clasped before her breast, a motionless figure singing clearly the moving music. A tall young man, the leader, conducted with long hands outspread towards his choir. Tense and tall, he pulled the music toward him, the undertone of many voices, the clear voice of the contralto who stood with tight clasped hands.

The gust of noise through the doors was the storm of the crowd outside. A hundred thousand, a hundred and fifty thousand people were there in a colored sea five blocks long. Once a gust of laughter came from the sea. The pastor spoke of the loss to the race, an actress gifted by nature, a personality striking and charming, a woman whose success had never spoiled her poise and dignity, a daughter who never forgot her mother. "A promise is made unto all such sons and daughters." Our actors, said the pastor, better the relations between the races, they interpret our spirit to others. Very beautifully he read "Crossing the Bar" and the spirit of twilight and evening bell descended upon that congregation.

I Heard of a City Called Heaven

There were telegrams from distinguished persons, cablegrams, too. In the balcony there was a face that sickened, a head that drooped on the nearest shoulder. Mrs. Louise Howard sang "Face to Face" and a baritone, A. A. Haston, "Flee as a Bird," Julius Bledsoe's tenor went on in "Lead Kindly Light." Jessie Zackery sang "Come Unto Me." And Juanita Stinnette of the stage team of Chappelle and Stinnette stood forth to begin a song that her partner had written for this funeral. The singer wavered and regained control. Louder and louder she went on. She was leaning toward the bank of flowers that hid the casket. She was addressing the little dancer who lay therein. High and loud rang the last note. Down in a heap went the singer, screaming. The white glove of an usher covered her mouth as they bore her out. A quiver sighed through the church. From outdoors came the noise of the crowd.

There was more music; solos and the Carolina choir singing, "I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow. . . . I heard of a city called Heaven. I started to make it my home." The tall contralto clasped her hands and sang, the tall young conductor pulled the sound toward him. The congregation rose as the pastor read the service. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. People struggled with their coats. The bearers lifted the great copper coffin. High above the heads of people the bank of roses moved slowly down the aisle. The people pushed out into the greater crowd outside. Block after block it jostled for position. Along 137th street to the corner of Seventh avenue moved the procession and past the corner where all traffic was stalled on the avenue. As it passed through that crowding sea the hats of Harlem came off. You could see it as a great movement along the avenue. An airplane roared overhead. The police whistles shrilled, sharp, imperative. Automobiles moved noisily at the sound.

Florence Mills to whom the little chorus girl, leaning over the casket, had said "Bye, bye, Honey" rode up Seventh avenue.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

IN these days of expensive publishing it is most pleasant to find a book as well bound and printed and as authoritive as *Industrial Art and The Museum*, by C. R. Richards (Macmillan, $1.50). We are accustomed to low-priced classics, but this volume, a sequel to Mr. Richards's "The Industrial Museum" is a book of our own times. It traces briefly, but with a comprehensiveness worthy of Reinach, the history of the industrial art museum from its casual beginnings in the royal and ducal collections of the renaissance. *En route* it gives the history, present status and critical opinion of the important museums of Europe, and, with the added example of our own most progressive museums, makes these a basis for recommendations on American museum policy, especially as related to the applied arts. But, of course, as Mr. Richards says, the fine and industrial arts can no longer be kept in categories. The question is, how can the collections in all branches of conscious beauty be made of most service to artisans and to the public. It is on this score only that the volume is open to some criticism. As a whole, the book is a fine work which should prove most valuable both to curators, and to others brought by their interests in frequent contact with museums. But would not an index have been helpful?

"I have gone to many séances," said Anatole France to Marcel Le Goff, "I have been in association with famous mediums and I have seen them at work. I have never observed anything interesting, serious, or beyond the ordinary limits of our reason. . . . As to communications with the spirits of the dead I have never witnessed any that were worth talking about. Haven't you been struck, moreover, with the complete and perfect imbecility of the answers which these various personages give, even the most illustrious which are evoked? You put questions to Napoleon, to Victor Hugo, to Sainte-Beuve and the answers are so platitudinous that you could easily attribute them to your concierge."

After plowing through three hundred and ninety-five pages of *Clairvoyance and Materialization* (Doran, $7.50), by Dr. Gustave Geley, late "Director of the International Metapsychic Institute" of Paris, a poor, earthbound soul who clings desperately to common sense is overwhelmed with amazement at the good Anatole's moderation. It purports to be a matter-of-fact record of experiments in the noble "science" of spook-hunting. The tome includes, so please you, plates of photographs of materialized hands and so forth.

One of the experiments described was with that jovial fraud, Eusapia Palladino. The fact that she was publicly and notoriously exposed in New York many years ago has daunted neither the worthy professor of metapsychics nor his translator.

I have taken part in séances myself. Lacking the technical knowledge and the acumen of the late Harry Houdini, I was never able to detect the trickery. But after dallying with the sport in the utmost good faith, I was overtaken by exactly the same observation as Anatole France. All the replies obtained were stupid or meaningless, all the so-called materializations pointless. And Dr. Geley adduces nothing to upset these conclusions.

The philosophy and teachings of spiritualism from the point of view of accepted philosophy and science is the avowed subject of *The Higher Spiritualism*, by John C. Leonard (Hitchcock, $4.50). The first part traces the history of the movement, the second what it modestly pleases to term its philosophy. The only thing it proves to me is that the cult has already taken on formidable proportions.

This opus is a trifle less naïve than the ponderous tome of the good Dr. Geley. Its ultimate purpose is to advocate spiritualism as a religion, although it, too, leans quite heavily on such scientists as Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge.

Professor Frederick C. Prescott's point of view in *Poetry and Myth* (Macmillan, $2.00) is heretical to much traditional criticism. He believes, in short, that imaginative literature can be apprehended only through the imagination, that poetry must

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for a brief while at least make a poet of its reader or he loses its enchantment forever. A simple enough idea, surely, but one that annotators seem eager to forget.

In the childhood of our race, before our minds were corrupted by our inordinate propensity to rationalize, men enjoyed fully this faculty of imaginative appreciation. They lived in the wonder and the mystery of their amazing myths. Men have this faculty still, but they are neglecting their power. They are asked by the critics to overhaul the machinery behind the masterpiece instead of allowing the poet to recreate in their own hearts the mystery. Professor Prescott records his protest.

In effect the book becomes a plea not only urging the necessity of appreciating poetry and myths through their imaginative power but declaring that in our modern life we need to cleave to this power as the only way of apprehending ideal truth. Arrived at this position, it would be easy for the author to lose himself in a mystical fog. But he doesn't. His plea is supported by thorough scholarship and examination of the evidence.

An absorbing part of Professor Prescott's study is the application of his theory to the story of Christ. Neither through a primitive literal acceptance of the Christian story, nor through its rationalization by theology are our lives touched by the supreme beauty of the Christ legend. But to apprehend this legend imaginatively as a symbol of ideal truth — this is our highest wisdom.

Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century, 1879-1914 (Dutton, $5.00) translated from the German of Dr. Oskar Fischel and Max von Boehn, is the fourth and final volume of a series covering the fashions and social habits of the entire century. The volume is prefaced with the not very novel statement that the characteristics of an age are broadly reflected in its costume; and that, therefore, the study of costume is an important adjunct of the historic sense. There is entirely too much textual matter having sketchily to do with the political, social, economic, and scientific progress of Europe. The athletic efforts of the authors to make this matter essential to their main theme do not succeed in alleviating either the dullness or the misapplication. In the text there is much of quaintness and color and interest suggested and left unfulfilled. The real merit of the book lies in its illustrations, which are lavishly drawn from representative sources — *La Mode Artistique* and other fashion magazines of the times, portraits by contemporary artists, Zorn, de Laszlo, Lavery, von Kaulbach, and Sargent, photographs of fashion models, and illustrations from *Punch* and other derisive mediums of the day.

Sir Oliver Lodge in *Science and Human Progress* (Doran, $2.00) has set himself the noble task of finding in science a fit spiritual asylum for the speculative ghosts left homeless by religion. Old rusty theological arguments, new-fangled physical theories and hypotheses, fashionable philosophical doctrines, suspicious findings of psychical researchers — all are summoned to contribute bricks to the edifice. Lord Kelvin, Professor Whitehead, Professor McDougall, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle rub elbows here. As a result, science is made to yield proof for a multitude of what our author would call emotionally satisfying ideals: that the universe is orderly and purposeful, and adapted to the comfort of the living beings that inhabit it; that the human race is perfectible; that the soul survives after death; and that there exist "intelligences far above us in the scale of being" through whose intermediation our prayers can be rendered efficacious.

Sir Oliver's "open-minded" reading of such a cardinal doctrine of science as the theory of evolution, moreover, sounds suspiciously like an echo of the old songs so dear to the heart of one imbued with the spirit of good, respectable British traditions. The theory exemplifies for him the sacredness of work, the glory of results achieved through effort and at the cost of pain, the wisdom of patience, and the folly of Bolshevistic attempts at interfering with and running ahead of the natural course of things.

Many a reader will be pleased to learn that Science is much better than her reputation; that instead of being indifferent to our weal and woe, she is so anxious about our comfort that she proceeds as if she had consulted us

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as to the kind of world we should prefer to live in. Many a reader, too, will be consoled to discover that our descendants will, in the remote future, surpass us in perfection and will assume the form of semi-ethereal, semi-spiritual beings exempt from the frailties and vicissitudes of bodily existence; and that in this way the human race will be able to survive the final extinction predicted by science for our solar system. But those readers who take the title of the book seriously in the expectation of learning what science can contribute to human happiness will find nothing more instructive than a few platitudes.

In the prosecution of his character study of *Oliver Cromwell* (Doran, $2.50) John Drinkwater has aligned himself, not with the historians, but rather with that long line of hero-worshipping romantics of whom Carlyle stands forever as the archetype. He frankly disavows any intention other than that of creating a character study which shall afford due attention to the facts as history has recorded them, but which shall be free to omit such of them as do not contribute materially to his picture.

Mr. Drinkwater concerns himself largely with the establishment of Cromwell's claim to generalship, statesmanship, personal courage, and resolution — none of which the most casual student of English history would seek to deny him. The more difficult task of vindicating Cromwell's liberality of mind and disinterestedness of purpose Mr. Drinkwater performs not quite so adequately. Such success as he has with it seems to lie largely in the suppression of the more subversive evidence and the unjustifiably lenient interpretation of such evidence as he cannot avoid setting forth.

Whether the *Memoirs of Queen Hortense* (Cosmopolitan, $10.00) were entirely her own work, carelessly thrown off in the seclusion of the dull town of Constance where she spent her last years, or whether they were touched up by her reader, Madame Salvage, and discreetly edited by her son, Napoleon, boots little as to their value as a human document. It may be history colored by imagination, but as a narrative of her times, embellished with portraits

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sketched without prejudice, enriched by deep insight and broad humanity, the memoirs of Bonaparte's step-daughter stand forth with luminous clarity. Deeply affectionate, her affection did not blind her. She analyzed even her idol, Napoleon, perceiving his weaknesses beneath his shining genius. But she did not seem to divine any more than did his own family that her wildly exacting and jealous husband, Louis, was really mad. Here, perhaps, Hortense's own story may be a trifle discounted by her natural instinct to make a case for herself. She shows herself almost too meek and too patient for a woman of her strong personality. But her devotion to her religious ideals did prevent her from accepting freedom when it was pressed upon her, and she preferred loneliness in old age to the companionship of free love. There were seemingly but two men in her life — her idol, Napoleon, and her idolized, idealized friend, Flahaut. Hortense was fated to be misunderstood during her lifetime, and her ardent wish was that her memoirs, coming warm and sincere from her heart, might win from posterity a verdict that would be more just and true.

Umbria Santa, by Corrado Ricci (Oxford, $4.00) contains a number of essays on familiar subjects. One fears in the introductory chapter that the author will swamp its delicate beauties under the conventional generalities on the Dark Ages, that one will see, as it were, only the dun, moss-covered summit of Subasio, and not the blue and green plain beneath. But this passage over, he continues with some delightful pages on the Franciscan landscape, Franciscan visions in Dante and Giotto, the life of St. Rita, and the painting of Perugino, Pintorrichio, and Signorelli. Of course in these he contributes nothing new, either in appreciation or knowledge, but so simple and tender is his presentation that one recalls one's own moments in Perugia or Assisi, the steep hill down to San Damiano. There olive trees in the mist weave an abstract, linear pattern as fascinating as those of modern paintings, and on a sunny day, red tulips flare behind the wall in the grove under St. Francis. Umbria is a land of dreams fulfilled both in the past of its

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saints and painters and in the present of its tourists, and it is these which the book brings vicariously to us.

Sister: The War Diary of a Nurse (Ives Washburn, $2.00) opens with the brooding expectancy of the February of 1918. Helen Dore Boylston is not, so far as we can determine, a professional author. Here she is simply an observer with a talent for accurate description and narration. Personalities and places pass before our eyes without too affected and literary a coloring.

Of the many *affaires de coeur* she asks, "Are we a lot of silly jackasses . . . or are we just normal young people trying to have a good time under trying conditions, or are we all a little mad and chasing shadows? There is no way of knowing". And so the entries run along, little dots and dashes of life's normalities, always under the shadow of the expected "push", until we reach the 24th of March, three days after the opening of the darkest week in our whole futile and causeless Cause. "They've come! I've been working all night. Just got off." So commences a vivid chapter which ought justly be quoted in full.

And August — after her survival of the worst Gotha raids over Etaples and its vicinity, raids that literally blew patients from one bed to another, splintered huts, and snuffed out the life of more than one sister — August finds her scribbling, "It's a great life this. I'm glad I wasn't born too late . . . there are compensations after all".

After the kaleidoscope of Gothas, fevers, dances, furloughs, night and day shifts, nerve-strain and nervous ecstacy, reminiscences of home, and frequent shifts of the colorful scenery of northern France, after the Armistice had been signed and the peace assured, what has been learned? On the 11th she writes, "The war is over. I never felt so sick in my life. Everything is over. But it shan't be. I won't stop living". And later on, "The war has done strange things to me. It has given a lot and taken away a lot. It has taught me that nothing matters, really. That people do not matter, and that things do not matter, except for the minute. And that minute is always now". And again, "I can't stand it . . . where nothing happens, and every day is like every other day".

An edged note this last. An inevitable note, that we do not like and yet can understand. A keynote of all the memories of this and every other war. A note perhaps explanatory why the world can so swiftly knit itself together for another such catastrophe to come.

Conversation, by Olive Heseltine (Dutton, $3.00) is an exceedingly readable collection of almost everything which might conceivably be said upon the subject. The author yields charmingly to every tempting side-issue which presents itself. At times it seems that the book will become, variously, a guide to the etiquette of polite conversation, an essay — aphoristic as Bacon's but hardly so brief — a literary history of England from the fifteenth century, and a series of character sketches of great diners-out.

Some of the matter is new, or at least, novel in treatment, but much more of it is very familiar indeed. However, it all belongs to that order of literary gossip which is almost perennially refreshing. Dr. Johnson wields his conversational bludgeon here, and the richness of Walpole is side by side with the pat didacticism of Chesterfield, and the amazing, stuttered puns of Charles Lamb. And, in the end, we can be both surprised and grateful for the omission of the done-to-death epigrams of Oscar Wilde.

Good as the company is, the contributions of the author herself are not to be despised. Incidentally, she hits off a sentence which admirably characterizes *An Essay on Conversation*, by Henry W. Taft (Macmillan, $1.50). "Thus does a master of discourse deflect the ends of conversation from the idle graces of an art to the sober travail of a science." His style is pure and ponderous, and his result almost incredibly dull.

An inconsequential, readable volume is this group of *Recollections* by George Horton (Bobbs, Merrill, $4.00), into which he has woven his experiences as American Consul in Athens, Saloniki, Smyrna, and Budapest. Mr. Horton, himself an earnest and enthu-

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siastic student of the classics, was admirably equipped to make the most of his consular appointment to Athens, and his reminiscences of his years in Greece are the best in the book. Being a humanist as well as a classicist, his treatment of modern Greece, its royalty, its archaeology, its tourists, is equally diverting. Mr. Horton has rather more than the usual diplomatic fund of personal anecdotes about public characters, and he relates them with gusto and enjoyment. The graver portion of his recollections concern themselves with the turbulent years of the War in Saloniki and Smyrna, culminating in the dramatic burning of the latter city. Although those events were too portentous for laughter Mr. Horton does not entirely abandon the easy and whimsical manner which constitutes so largely the charm of his book.

In *The New Medical Follies* (Boni & Liveright, $2.00) Dr. Morris Fishbein launches another crusade against the cults and quackeries which victimize the American public in the name of medical science. He covers a wide range of territory and leaves hundreds of popular superstitions — from the belief in singeing as a treatment for unhealthy hair, to the use of glandular extracts for the restoration of youthful vigor — dead in his wake. He investigates the beauty-shop industry, the current dietary fads, electric therapy, devices for rejuvenation, the weight-reduction mania, psychoanalysis, eclecticism and the code of ethics subscribed to by the American Medical Association. In addition he has compiled a curious alphabetical index and exposition of nearly every well-known quackery from Aerotherapy to Zonotherapy.

Obviously, in a volume of such scope, the author does not pause to exhaust any single subject. He writes swiftly, tersely, often wittily, covering each topic as briefly as his factual matter permits, and dealing justice with an impartial hand. "The New Medical Follies" has those qualities, rare in a book devised for popular consumption, of soundness, accuracy, and moderation. But these sterling and unlovely qualities are so thoroughly sugar-coated with wit and fluency and undeniable readability that they are almost certain to obtain a hearing.

This scholarly book, *Dickens Days in Boston*, by Edward F. Payne (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00), is a very painstaking accumulation of all the available records of Dickens's activities during his two visits to America, once as a young man of twenty-nine when his fame had first come to him and again a quarter of a century later — a brief two years, in fact, before his death in 1870.

It is probable that a more brilliant reception has never been accorded to a foreigner in the United States than that which greeted Dickens on the historic occasion when the literati of Boston and Cambridge assembled to do him honor. Mr. Payne's account fairly bristles with the figures and commentaries of men now venerated in American letters. Lowell, Sumner, Holmes, T. W. Higginson, Daniel Webster, and Longfellow took active parts in the Dickens reception, and Boz's friendship with the latter poet forms a notable chapter in literary history.

The contrast with the youthful, volatile, impulsive Dickens who shocked conservative Boston upon the first visit, and the graver but no less powerful genius who moved his audiences deeply upon the second, is drawn by Mr. Payne with all the drama compatible, in this case, with sound scholarship. For unquestionably the importance of this work lies in its contribution to Dickens-scholarship. Mr. Payne has made a tireless investigation of sources hitherto unexploited, and has been, in his presentation, extremely faithful to those sources. There is some slight conjectural matter admitted to his pages, but only such as seems entirely permissable and even necessary to the unity of his subject.

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The BOOK MART

WITH the new year the book-auction business resumed its wonted aspect, and for the next two months dealers and collectors will be kept busy watching the sales lest some important offering escape them. The rare book trade, on the whole, has had a good season thus far, and indications are that the optimism of those who bought freely in England last summer and at the sales there since will be repaid. More and more the great American dealers have to watch the English market to see that a due share of the books which may be dug up from old country estates are brought to this country. In one of the London sales earlier this season a New York dealer, Gabriel Wells, captured the will of Lord Byron — a document of the highest personal interest. No document can have a much greater personal interest than the last will and testament of a celebrated man or woman. These things are preserved in English families for generations, until necessity or chance brings them into the market. Many years ago the late Daniel B. Fearing of Newport, whose fine angling collection is now in the Harvard University Library, purchased the will of Izaak Walton. Fortunately for England there is one will which the autograph-collecting Americans will never be able to purchase, for it is safely embalmed in the British archives along with Magna Charta and similar precious papers. That is the testament of William Shakespeare. Of course price would be no object. The other day, at an auction at Sotheby's, an enthusiastic American collector purchased for more than $16,000 the original proof-sheets of a part of Dr. Samuel Johnson's Dictionary. Compared with a will, a proof-sheet, however much corrected, is not of surpassing interest as a human document. But the price paid indicates the tendency of autograph collectors this season to pay any price for what they want.

The collectors of rare books are getting a lot of help this year in the way of bibliographies, and more are yet to come. R. B. McKerrow of the London Bibliographical Society has expanded a paper written some ten years ago into a volume called "An Introduction to Bibliography for Literary Students", which is a very useful book for collectors, especially of early English literature. Donald Coney, librarian of Delaware College, is trying to bring "Foley's American Authors" up to date. Miss Barr of Columbia University is at work on Voltaireana. Boyd B. Stutler of Charleston, West Virginia, is working on a bibliography of John Brown literature, and has already managed to gather some eight hundred titles. Frederick J. Shepard of the Grosvenor Library, Buffalo, has written a bibliography of Johnson's Island in Lake Erie, which was a prison for Confederates in the Civil War. Robert M. Snyder of Hahatonka, Missouri, has been working for several years on a bibliography of Missouri poetry, and another on Western Indian Missions, Albert Caplan of Temple University, Philadelphia, has been for a long time engaged on a bibliography of the writings of Sir Walter Scott, and before it is published will have to do much more work. The United States Government, not to be outdone by individuals, has had prepared by the Bureau of Railway Economics a bibliography of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. And the bibliography of the writings of A. Edward Newton compiled by George H. Sargent, with an introduction by Christopher Morley, must be added to the list of this season's offerings. It will surprise those who know Mr. Newton only as the author of "The Amenities of Book Collecting" to find that Mr. Sargent has quoted sixty-five titles.

The increased interest in good printing, stimulated by the annual exhibitions of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, has had a curious effect on the trade in rare and fine books. It has caused many collectors to insist upon having a first edition of a modern author not only in the original condition as

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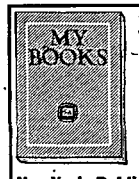

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printed, but in the original paper jacket in which it went to the bookseller. Just as the value of a book is enhanced by having the "original leaf of errata, seldom found with the book" so your modern first edition must be in "mint state, with original dust wrapper". One dealer, noting the demands of customers, conceived the idea of removing the jackets as soon as the books were received, carefully preserving them, and offering the customer a copy in original state, or "with the wrapper" for an advanced price. Maybe someone will make a collection of dust wrappers, regardless of the books which they originally encased. Fifty or a hundred years from now such a collection would have considerable interest and value — though probably not to the original collector. At any rate, some of the publishers' blurbs on these wrappers, to say nothing of the Wild West pictures, would furnish amusement for the literary historian of the time.

Whether there is a warning or not in it, the auction sales of modern first editions so far this season have furnished a notable instance of change in the fashion for books. The auction prices of first editions of the writings of modern authors have been maintained, and in some exceptional cases new records have been made. But a couple of decades ago a series of privately printed books was issued by William Harris Arnold, dealing with bookish and historical topics. They were fine specimens of bookmaking and after the first few issues the editions were subscribed in advance. Dealers put them into their catalogues at an enhanced price, and they were soon out of print and unobtainable. When they appeared in auction sales remarkably high prices, in some cases two or more times their original price, were paid for Arnold books. This season they could be purchased for about the original issue price, when they came up at auctions. Whether a similar fate will overtake Bruce Rogers books now being sold at greatly increased prices, is yet to be determined. But one thing can be said, from the collector's point of view. That

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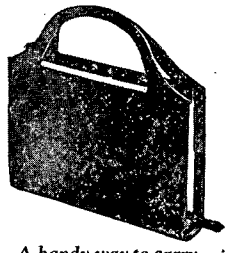

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is, that the collector who has a complete collection of the William Harris Arnold books, or of the books designed by Bruce Rogers (which will fill more than a five-foot shelf) will have a library of beautiful books, which will always be worth what they originally cost.

Never before, would it seem, have so many attractive catalogues of rare and fine books appeared at the holiday time as was the case during the late season. Books could be had at all prices from a few cents for a holiday book to $5,000 for a Milton first edition. Probably the books offered were not more desirable than those sold in many seasons past, but it is certain that the goods were more attractively displayed this year. The trade reported by the rare book dealers during December and January indicates that the fashion for better catalogues is likely to last. Certainly there seems little sense in a dealer offering specimens of fine printing through the medium of a catalogue poorly printed on cheap paper; a thing which has been done quite generally in the past.

Of newly clothed classics there is no end. Some of the loveliest of the costumes in which these favorites are now presented are designed by Random House, who a few months ago presented George Herbert's "The Temple", and now promise us Voltaire's *Candide*, with drawings by Rockwell Kent on every page.

Another work of Voltaire to appear in new garb is "The Princess of Babylon", clad by the Nonesuch Press in Kelmscott hand-made type. A miniature model from the same house is "The Pythian Odes" of Pindar, a true page of six inches high and less than four inches broad. "The Divine Comedy" of Dante comes bound in stained vellum, with forty double-page reproductions after Botticelli.

From the Golden Cockerel Press, is to come an interesting early English Miracle Play "The Chester Play of the Deluge", as well as Sir Thomas More's "Utopia".

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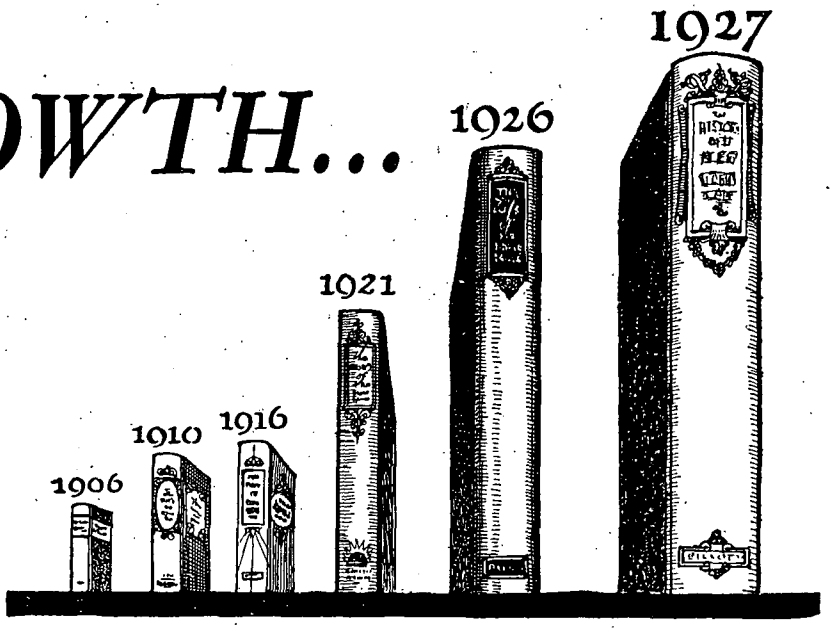

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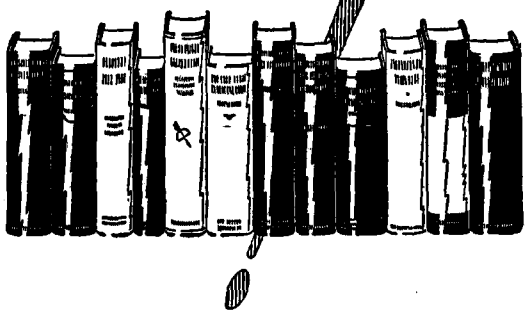

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